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WE DISCOVER NEW ENGLAND

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

We Discover New England

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THE BATTLE MONUMENT, OLD BENNINGTON

We Discover New England

By Louise Closser Hale

Drawings by Walter Hale

New York: Dodd, Mead & Company Publishers 1915

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Map of the Route

"WE DISCOVER NEW ENGLAND"

Saratoga
S. Shaftesbury
Bennington
Troy
Williams town
North Adams
Albany
Greenfield
Winchendon
Newbury Port
Ipswich
Gloucester
Swampscott
Salem
Concord
Pittsfield
Lenox
Stockbridge
Great Barrington
Chester
Northampton
Worcester
Boston
Brockton
Springfield
Norfolk
Lakeside
Amenia
Putnam
Providence
Plymouth
Taunton
Poughkeepsie
Litchfield
Hartford
Fall River
Falmouth
Newport
Narragansett Pier
Pawling
Waterbury
New London
Westerly
Danbury
Bridgeport
New Haven
Saybrook
Bedford
Norwalk
Tarrytown
Greenwich
New York
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CHAPTER I

"Plenty of Room in the Back"

Preparations for a motor trip go through three phases: the packing of too little, of too much, and just enough.

In those days prior to the start—those ecstatic days of picking routes and poring over maps on the dining-room table (the air heavy with "look out, you're tearing it," or "fold it in its creases") —the man of the party asks the woman of it, severely, just how much baggage she must carry.

And he is pleased when she tells him, proving her effort to confine herself to essentials. Sometimes a dress rehearsal is held and everything goes into the automobile trunk with room to spare. "Of course," she says to him after he has praised her, "I must have a bag for bottles on the outside."

He grants that, for he must have a suitcase—and there is the chauffeur's bag. But they comfort themselves that there is plenty of room in the back.

"Plenty of room in the back" has rhythm to it, which is advantageous if one were to set it

to music and make a pathetic song of it, but dangerous to keep running through one's head when the packing begins.

It is amazing how quickly an automobile trunk fills up when it was comparatively empty at the dress rehearsal. But then, in our case, the shoes had been forgotten. I could stop talking about motoring right here and fill the rest of the book with what I think of shoes, if my publisher would permit.

Shoes are as hard as the heart of a coquette. They are harder, for in time the coquette's heart will become worn and pliable—like a beefsteak beaten into tenderness. But no matter how old and worn a shoe may become, it never gives in an inch.

I argued with the Illustrator's shoes as I was endeavoring to poke them into crevasses better fitted to hold a shaving brush. They were so ancient that they were not valuable to him, they were already trembling on the brink of being given to the elevator boy, and I told them, unless they made some concession and "let in" a little, they could not make the trip through New England with us. Still they did not let in a lift of the heel.

Even so, I think I could have crowded them down had not W—— at the last moment, while my back was turned, thrown in something hastily.

Something that made a louder noise than he had expected, for I turned back and discovered that the few corners left, which I have reserved for evening gowns, were replete with golf balls.

And whatever I have said about the grievous footgear goes double in reference to those white implacable marbles. Not content with the refusal to compress, the golf balls refuse also to remain in any fixed place. They creep up shirt sleeves and roll out of trousers and pop at you from handkerchief cases without ever crying "fore," or exhibiting any sportsmanlike propensities.

I remember once sending a large rubber plant to the florist's for the summer, and receiving, when the autumn came, a small miserable affair which the man claimed was mine. And when I exclaimed over the condition of the plant, I recall his contention that it was a rubber plant, and very apt to shrink. But golf balls will not do this, and it is an everlasting wonder to me that they are selected for their extreme elasticity.

Since there was "plenty of room in the back," however, we managed to get all the starched clothes into the trunk, and such parti-coloured garments as might occasion comment if we hung them over the brass rail originally designed for rugs.

And at last the tremulous morning arrived

when we were to make the start. The car was before the door, the trunk sat upon and strapped, and mysterious creatures began going down in the elevator—creatures of action, although there was no evidence of legs or heads, only two arms encircling masses of coats and sweaters and rugs, while they bumped along on the floor two bags of golf clubs. When the woolly procession reached the pavement, the arms relaxed, garments were shed upon the grass plot, and the faces of the cook, the Illustrator, and myself once more saw the light of day.

Our chauffeur, a dressy young man, had added his suitcase to the impedimenta—a very large suitcase—and was caught in the act of tying a second bag to the tool chest with odd pieces of string. He admitted that it was his other hat, and at this commendable effort to make a good appearance I offered him a place in the circular hatbox, which was strapped into the tires on the other side the auto.

Both W—— and I had extra headgear, I generously sharing the box with him, for it had been a present to me with the understanding that it was for my hats—and my hats alone.

Since it was my hatbox, it was unreasonable in him to make objections to inserting the chauffeur's derby. And when I finally overcame his

prejudices he urged me to take a trip on the elevator while he opened the box himself. And this so aroused my suspicions that I was quite prepared for what I discovered twisted among our millinery.

They were inner-tubes, many of them, tubes that had refused to go under the seat, and had been given this place of honour probably when I was masked by the coats and rugs. The chauffeur had assisted him gladly in this overt act, but was now extremely anxious to get the tubes out, so that they would not crush his derby.

He was about to suggest that there was Plenty of Room in the Back for the tires, but the words froze in his throat as his eyes fell upon that commodious quarter, where we were to harbour such things as would not go in the trunk.

The elevator and telephone attendants had been engaged upon throwing in the bags and wraps while we were not looking (unmindful of loud, persistent ringing at their posts of duty), and their task completed, we saw no evidence of back seat, or any space between, or any brass rail.

Only a mountain of fuzzy things, a few umbrella heads, and the gleam of leather bags met our gaze. On the top of the mountain perched my typewriter, and this I immediately seized. It was plain to all assembled that there was no use

in the typewriter going along if I couldn't go. And it was just as plain that I couldn't go if all these wraps were to take the trip.

W—— was very fond of some of his coats, and he might have given them preference had it not been necessary for me to accompany him in order to write this book. (Although, as he is saying now, looking over my shoulder, if I am going to spend so much time on ourselves and so little on the route and the historical interest along the way no one will want the book anyway. And I have had to promise him to begin shortly to speak of these things.) But I must confess that he behaved very handsomely about the discarding of his effects.

Stimulated by his unselfishness, I too raked out a scarlet coat, a foot muff, a lace parasol, a fur stole—everything, indeed, but my warm sweater, a raincoat, the jacket of my suit, and the duster I was wearing. The Illustrator was correspondingly sacrificial, and for a summer's trip, even through the White Mountains, we found this quite sufficient.

It would seem that we were about to start. On our previous motoring experiences, limited—if one can use the word—to traversing Europe, there was a formula of inquiry that prefaced each day's run:

"Have you got the Baedeker?"
"Yes."
"Have you got the dictionary?"
"Yes."
"Got the international pass?"
"Yes."
"The Letter of Credit?"
"Oh, *yes.*"
"Well then, we'll go on."

To-day, as a matter of habit, he again paused before letting in the clutch. But he had need of no such anxious preface to our run. And, quite unexpectedly, we found the hush of the moment a thrilling one. For the first time we were going into our own country. Going into it "for better or worse," like a marriage ceremony. With something of the shyness of a bride and groom walking down the church aisle, we left the altar of our home—and swept into the unknown.

CHAPTER II

The Washington Irving Country

THERE are two ways of getting out of New York into New England, and whichever road you choose, friends will say you had better have taken the other.

That is the worst of friends. They combat you at every turn, and because they are friends you have to call their efforts kindly when they are purely officious. They will also tell you what to do after you have started, the best roads, the best hotels, and, if they are New Yorkers, the quickest way of getting back to the city. It is amazing how a man will pick a bad road and declare it is good for the reason that he has gone over it. One would think his automobile was a steam-roller.

One is not a prey to friends alone in the picking of a tour. Every hotel brochure in every part of the country can choose for you a succession of good roads that, by some curious circumstance, lead directly to the hotel advertised.

You can take either one of the two ways of getting out of New York, you can go miles in

the opposite direction from the hotel, yet there are maps in the brochure to prove that you can cross country, jump stone fences, ford brooks, and, with the greatest ease, end in that hostelry for the night. Indeed, there is no other place on the map where one *can* stop. It is amazing to unfold a large crackling piece of paper dotted with towns, and find all roads leading, like a spider's web, to the single hotel which our vast country affords. I know of one fat spider (i.e., hotel proprietor) who can produce no way of either going or coming from New England save past his house.

I would advise laying aside the pamphlets issued by a single hostelry, or a combination of them. Rather, decide upon what you want to see, buy road maps, compiled by the automobile associations, be guided by their advice as to your stopping-places, or, better, motor till you are tired, and take your chance at the inn. Automobiling, remember, is a sport, and we are short sports if we do not take long chances.

We chose our route for the reason that it comprised as great a diversity of scenery as one could find in any clime, and all of it compressed in a much smaller area than any other country could offer. It should make a particular appeal to the automobilists, for it can be done quickly,

as a purely motoring stunt, or slowly, as a summer vacation.

In ten days, or less or more, one can enjoy the mighty Hudson, sweep through the fashionable Berkshire hills, peep into the lives of the Vermont and New Hampshire farmers, fish on Lake Champlain, trace his finger on the snow caps of the White Mountains, drink the waters of Poland Spring, rough it in the Maine woods, enjoy the magnificent living of the North Shore residents of Massachusetts, and brush the cobwebs out of his brain in Boston. From here he can leave cards at Newport, visit the haven of all yachts, New London, and return through the lovely placid country of Connecticut. As the English would now say, having adopted our slang as we relinquish it, this is some trip.

Then there is the historical interest. The Illustrator was very keen to polish up on history. He has several Colonial Dames in his family, and at various reunions he has sat apart while the glories of his ancestors were sung. He was strong on foreign events.

"He knew the great uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses."

But he dared not express himself freely concerning the battle of Valley Forge in the fear of

confusing it with that of Bull Run. And he felt that motoring, and possibly golfing, over a beautiful country was as pleasant an arrangement for one acquiring historical knowledge as could be devised.

The American schoolboys have the advantage over those of Europe, for the reason that the history of our country is more limited, owing to its youth. Only the other day an English woman was commenting upon the Tricentenary celebration of New York City. She said London paid no attention to its birthdays. But London is like a woman with too many years to encourage confession.

Yet it is something to muse upon, is it not, that history began with Adam and Eve, and the very rock upon which our New York apartment sits has been the scene of a panorama of events which would be worth the agony of committing, had the historians, in the days of the dinosaur, safeguarded their records in Carnegie libraries.

Happily for the small American boy he can hammer 1492 into his brain, and hop with glad free grace from that date to the early part of the seventeenth century when the Pilgrim Fathers, aided by the French, Spanish, and Dutch Settlers, began pressing the Indians westward, and

laying the cornerstone, all unwittingly, of the Woolworth Building.

The Illustrator did not expect history to begin as soon as it did. He hoped to get as far as Yonkers, perhaps, enjoying the run along the river with no strain on his intellect beyond telling the chauffeur, who knew it already, that the glorified cheese-box, at the head of Riverside Drive, was Grant's Tomb.

But I surprised him before we had left Fifth Avenue by the suggestion that we turn into the Park to stop at McGowan's Pass Tavern for educational purposes.

One does not, as a rule, stop there for that reason. Yet the Tavern, originally built in 1750, was a famous inn, and a favourite resort for fox hunters after a meet. More than that, it was as good a place for definitely beginning a tour as we could find. The old Post Road ran through the Pass, and there was a great tooting of horns when stagecoaches and hunters met. The tooting continues to this day, but the honk is not the same, and any confusion in the traffic is regulated by a beautiful blue cop, who could tell you all the wrongs of Ireland, but would not recognise a Revolutionary uniform if George Washington himself climbed the steps of the Tavern to order a bowl of punch.

Yet authority compensates for a lack of imagination. A policeman always fills me with awe, and I am pleased, but surprised, when I find under his proud buttons that a warm heart is beating. We were just sweeping out of the Park at the Hundred and Tenth Street gate, the roadway quite full of vehicles, when the majestic hand of One of the Finest was hastily lifted.

In response there was such a jamming down of brakes that all the cars were slanted, heads were stuck out of limousines, and necks craned from tonneaus to see what lord of creation was about to cross the way. It was only a squirrel, a little grey squirrel hopping over while millionaires awaited its leisure.

Every one laughed and was happy. The driver behind us, who had nearly run into our car, not being timely with his brakes, hoped he had not hurt our lamp. And we, in turn, prayed we had not scratched his mud-guard. And there sprung into our hearts a fellowship for the other fellows in the road which was more valuable for an extended tour than all the maps of Yankeedom.

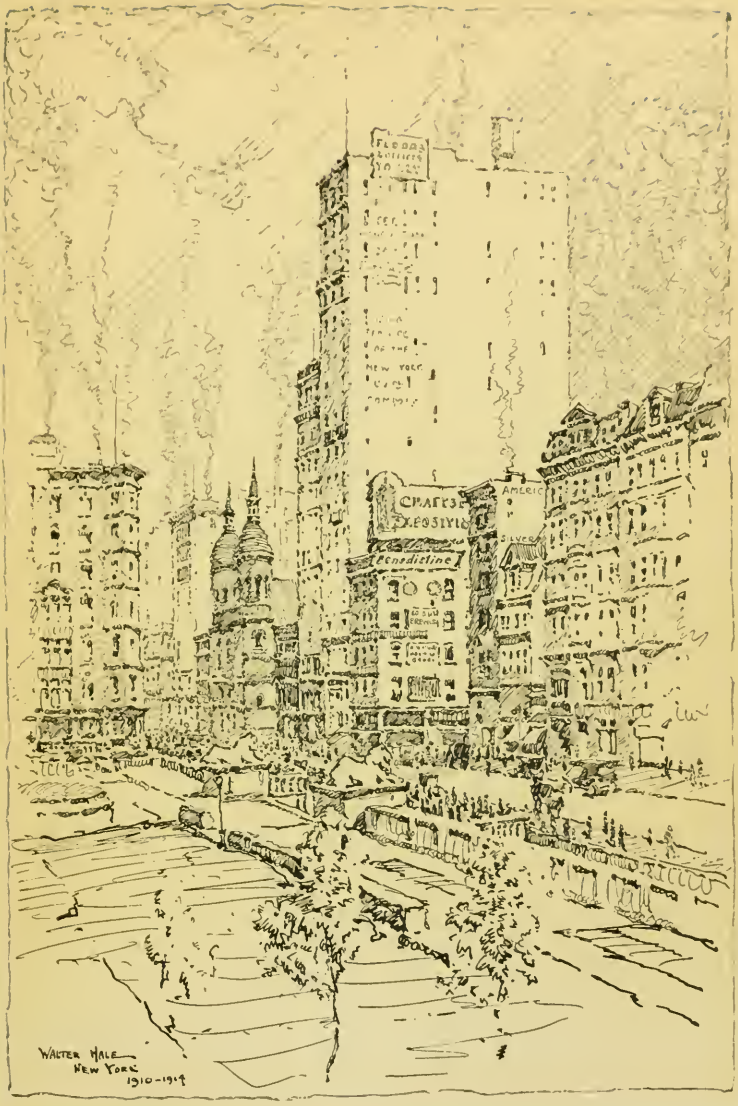
We followed the river drive for its beauty, turning into Broadway only when Lafayette Boulevard, arguing that we had seen enough of the Pali-

sades, took us willy-nilly back to the direct route. Yet there is one more divergence, for at Two Hundred and Thirtieth Street, if one wishes, one can turn from Broadway again and strike the Riverdale road, which leads straight to Yonkers.

Now that we were on Broadway we clung to it rather tremulously, as it stood for the city which we were quitting. Not that we had left but the heart of it, for its long extended arms are growing like a schoolgirl's. The development of a town is ever of interest. When it is booming the suburbs are on the aggressive. They are eating up the country with pert little houses, and the fields creep back in fear. Let the boom burst and watch the earth reclaim its lost ground. The houses of the suburbs lose their colour—their grip. Weeds grow in the roadways, and the whole town takes on the air of a poor old woman with shrinking petticoats.

There is nothing shrinking about New York. I should think that it would be Albany which would feel some apprehension. The metropolis is a natural foe to the open country and behaves so badly to the trees in our parks that the leaves never turn red—simply gasp and fall.

Van Cortlandt Park deceives us into thinking that we are out in the open, and we say good-bye to the underground, which is very wonderfully



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running over our heads. But, oh, dear no! New York will not leave us yet. More prosperous apartment houses spring up, fencing in small dilapidated farmhouses, which peep out between the interstices with a squeezed look of pain.

I told the Illustrator that Broadway, before it developed into the Albany Post Road, had been an Indian trail. As I spoke a young blood in a high-powered car cut across us without apology, and at this W—— said it was an Indian trail still. We only hoped he would continue in his speed as far as Yonkers, which is a staid town with a stern policeman.

The policeman, while severe, is polite, as he should be in Yonkers, for the word is a corruption of Yonk-Herr, which means Young Gentleman. We drew alongside him to ask where was the Philipse Manor House. Rather, while W—— was asking where it was, I was poking him in the back and insisting that we need not ask, as we had passed it a hundred times. The officer did not confuse us with directions, as he admitted he had never heard of it, although he had a feeling that it was not far. Indeed, it was not far, it was just behind him, fooling the young Irishman completely under the name of the Town Hall.

We got out to examine the Hall, for we felt

that if there was anything in Yonkers beyond hospitable friends whom we have visited from time to time it was well to know about it. I did not learn until a call at the library for further researches that one of the largest books in the world has been written about Yonkers. I did not read it all, but I learned that the cry of the Indian tribe, who often came up from New York, was,

"Wouch, Wouch, Ha, Ha, Hach, Wouch."

This interested me, for it was not spelled in any way like the sound that we, as children, playing Indians, managed to produce by patting our hands against our mouth. And I was whispering the battle-cry earnestly as I sat in the quiet reading-room, when a card was handed to me by an attendant civilly requesting my silence.

I hastened away in embarrassment, for I must have been very ridiculous with a large respectable book of Yonkers before me, aspirating, "Wouch, Wouch, Ha, Ha, Hach, Wouch," as though I were at college.

Nor have I yet found a corner in New York sufficiently noisy to cover up any further practice of the yell. The nearest approach to complete noise is a subway station with two locals and two expresses passing at once. But even then I was

not successful, for a kindly old lady interpreted my first "Wouch" as ouch, and asked if she could help me.

As I said several paragraphs back, we got out to view the old manor and to look at the soldiers' monument in front of it. It is astonishing how much time we spend staring at monuments when we are travelling, and how indifferent we are to those that grow at our doorstep. With a few exceptions I would advise one good look at the first soldiers' monument and let that serve for the rest of the trip.

This one, like many of the others, consisted of figures carrying guns and mattlasses, eager to mow down Yonkers at a moment's notice, while, underneath, ran an earnest plea for peace. Ah, well! This complete armament, with the unconscious irony of tender mottos beneath, is not inconsistent with the year 1914.

We peeped through the windows of the Town Hall and were confounded by an array of sewing machines about the walls. The rooms were locked at the time and there was no one about to tell us how the machines happened to be there. I am not sure that I want to know, for as it stands now in my mind, the Town Council is composed of able women busily making over laws and reducing rents by sewing them up.

W—— said this was ridiculous, and he hoped I would not "put it in," but he was not in the best of humour, for I had refused to be photographed standing on the Manor House porch, as though it belonged to me, and he thought I was very disobliging. I knew that I would never permit the film to exist for any length of time, for I did not like my hat, and while he contended that it was his camera, I retorted that it was my face.

This camera subject is not matter extraneous to a motor trip. No automobile is complete without one, and the hour may come when the photographic apparatus accompanies every car purchased. I have known a party to go round the world with no other evident purpose than that of choosing a varied background to be photographed against. "Here I am," said one stripling, "and here is Napoleon's Tomb."

But we must get on, for we are now striking stretches of wide lawn, and the joy of the road is beginning to permeate us. Not the joy of getting anywhere, but the pure happiness of swift motion. It is the region of great estates, where one can breathe deeply without the fear of anything but the most old-fashioned of country germs entering the lungs. These stately country places are not unfriendly in appearance, although earnest notices are

tacked over the gateways that the grounds are not open to automobilists. One fears that the manners of the travelling motor are not always of the best. Yet the owners are in sympathy with the travellers on the road, for along one stretch the telegraph poles are stained a soft green to tone in with the trees and carry out nature's colour scheme.

Some of the mansions of Hastings, Dobbs Ferry, Tarrytown, and beyond are given over to private schools. I remember reading their pamphlets, when I was a girl in the West, and feeling the impressiveness of going to an abode of learning in the heart of Washington Irving's country. What would the fashionable schools have done without that estimable writer!

I have noticed of late that they do not parade him as they once did, but this is a mistake if the pamphlets are calculated to touch the Middle West. Washington Irving is still read in Indianapolis, Ind., and Granada, Spain. We prefer the legend of Sleepy Hollow in the Hoosier State, but Spain is true to the *Alhambra,* and a copy decorates every Spanish parlour table, like the plush-covered photograph album.

A little north of Tarrytown lies the region of Sleepy Hollow, although I have heard this combated by a very fashionable and young man, who

said Sleepy Hollow was a golf club and high on a hill.

This was the region of Ichabod Crane, who "tarried" to teach the young idea how to shoot. I can remember Irving's *Sketch-Book* but vaguely, although it should be re-read before going into this part of the country. But I have always felt toward Ichabod, with his long arms dangling from his short sleeves, a passionate pity. There was a tragic year, as a child, when I shot beyond my clothes in every direction, and I know how it feels for hands to dangle miles from a friendly cuff.

The bridge of the headless horseman has been done over in neat grey stone by Mr. Rockefeller. It had grown very shaky, due no doubt to the ghostly rider crossing it every night "faster than a trot." Still I wish Mr. Rockefeller hadn't.

On the slope on the right of the bridge is a cemetery, where Irving lies buried. W—— wished to take a photograph of this gentle acre, but being nearsighted, first snapped the monument works next door. And if any sketch appears in this work of the lovely old cemetery it is only fair to warn the reader of his original inspiration.

On the left of the bridge another manor house rises charmingly from a fair acre. Like the one

at Tarrytown it was also built by the Philipse family in the seventeenth century. I had to learn at dinner the other night from a fine old gentleman, who came of Dutch stock, that these Philipses were the *nouveaux riches* of this locality, buying their way into society and upholding the Crown when the United States made its fight for freedom.

As a result of this their lands were confiscated, and the name Philipse hid its shame by degrees of corruption into just plain Philips—with whom you probably have acquaintance, and who do not know till this day that they are traitors.

The proprietor of the Florence Inn, in Tarrytown, where we stopped for luncheon, believed that the manor by the headless horseman's bridge would be the best proposition for a roadhouse in the vicinity. W—— and I, being the most temperamental and inept business couple in the world, thought we had better buy a license and open the establishment that afternoon. Our enthusiasm cooled after we had paid for our luncheon, feeling that there would not be enough money left for a manor house and a trip to New England.

So we passed hurriedly on over the County House road, which leads directly out of the right from Tarrytown, with the great Kensico Dam ahead of us, as our next prospective investment.

One cannot mistake the County House road, for it is indeed Over the Hills to the Poorhouse. The hills are poorer than the House, however, which is as shining as a Dutch doorknob. Directly across is a corner fenced off from a farmyard, making a triangular piece which faces two roads. There is the inspiring sign above it, "Horses Broke to Automobiles." The small space was crowded with bored-looking colts paying no attention to us and prancing only when a strange-looking thing, once known as a surrey, came along.

I have observed that chickens are not as foolish over approaching motors as they once were, and sometimes stay on the same side of the street; dogs are certainly wiser, and I see no reason why colts cannot be bred, in time, with a full consciousness that the automobile is a friend to relieve them of cruel labour, and not a snorting monster seeking to devour.

The Illustrator, when I leaned over and expounded this, said it was foolish, and he hoped we would reach the Kensico Dam before it was too late to photograph. I think he planned for me to be standing by it with a small trowel in my hand. But I was very firm about this, and he sketched the bridge instead.

The Kensico Dam is to Westchester County

what Gatum Dam is to Panama. To me it appeared quite as enormous and very awful—in the real sense of the word.

Possibly this was because we ran down underneath into that hollow which will some day be a reservoir. It is a great lonesome tract of country, but sparsely occupied now by homesteaders, who are clinging as long as they can to the condemned property. But the houses have an unstable air, and the sketch was so long in the making that I grew timorous myself. What if the waters should come tumbling in, and we could never go upon our trip. How unfortunate it would be to our friends in New York if, by the long arm of circumstance, we should be forced through their water-pipes some morning and spoil their morning bath.

I was glad to return to the fine highway, where, aided by plentiful sign-posts and some inquiries, we struck the Armonk road, which leads to Old Bedford. Here again we found great estates, with gently rounded hills for a vista, in place of the stretch of the Hudson. It is a sinuous way and one must drive carefully. I can imagine the upsets the stagecoaches of old were subject to, when they went bumping over the ruts that have now given place to fine macadam.

Old Bedford was the first stopping-place for

the night of the stagecoaches headed for Vermont. This is thirty-eight miles from New York and a fair run for horses over roads either good or poor. A connection of W——'s, by the name of Vandervoort, owned this line of "Flying Chariots," and out of respect for his memory his descendant hoped to find an old tavern on the village green, where he could descend as did the passengers, and drink to his memory.

It was a thin excuse to my mind and I was glad the exclusiveness of Old Bedford's summer residents has discouraged hotels. There was only a humble place which would have been known as an Ordinary in coaching days, but as we were to spend the night with friends not far from the scene, it would be as well not to be discovered wiping one's mouth while issuing from a pub.

Our run for the day was not much greater than the stagecoaches', but they started at dawn, and owing to the struggle with superfluous garments, it was nearly noon when we left. Indeed, the readers, who motor, will find that our mileage would be more limited than theirs—partly the result of making sketches and of endeavouring to force me into being photographed in an unbecoming hat.

This visiting of the county folk *en auto* is as near a revival of the days before the steam and

rail as we can institute. And the roads of Westchester County near the tea-hour are flashing with cars, all intent upon getting to other homes than their own. Like ours, baggage-laden motors twist around the lakes on the Cross River road, and endeavour to pick out from a distance the especial roof which is to afford a hospitable shelter for the night.

One cannot always tell a host by his house tree. Having picked a wrong one we rolled up a wide driveway and were before the house ere the mistake was made plain. The butler, who came out to greet us, was also in a state of confusion, as his family were expecting guests, and made forcible efforts to carry off my typewriter under the impression that it was a jewel-box.

He said we were expected and we doubtless would have gained our bedrooms had not a hostess, strange to us, happened to stray in from the tennis court.

In this—to me—very pleasant fashion of leaving guests to themselves, there is no particular reason why W—— and I could not have remained deceived and deceptive until we rustled down to dinner, like polite burglars. There are the possibilities of a play in this, and I shall go no further for the benefit of others.

With typewriter restored, we tried another hill,

which possessed more staying qualities. The dogs, the host, and the children were about, the trunk was dusted and brought upstairs, and our chauffeur, having firmly removed his dress hat, passed out of vision until the morning.

I often wonder if the chauffeur of America does not find his position trying. He is neither flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring. He is superior to the maids and men servants, yet, by education—for we should have no other standards in our country—he is inferior to his employers. Therefore, if he cannot sit at his master's mental table he is uneasy at his material one.

To depart from this figure of speech there are many occasions upon motoring wanderings when there is only one table for all of us to sit at. And at such a long board we have made many a pleasant meal, for the accommodating spirit is a good travelling asset. Conventions I take it should be but Conveniences, and we are always doing the "Right thing," when we are doing the simplest.

I remember a night spent in a small inn in the Pyrenees. At the long table with us were a French nobleman and family, with their chauffeur, footman, and a lady's-maid. And I know nothing more charming than the fashion in which the old marquis would explain now and then, in the

French tongue, to his employees, that which we were discussing in English.

Motoring is the blue blood of travelling. Blue blood is true democracy. Ergo: motoring is democracy—see to it.

We were talking of our duties to humanity during the evening until we became guiltily conscious that the servants would as soon as not turn out the lights and go to bed. It is so easy to make rules for good conduct and so difficult to follow them.

The moon was full, and from my bedroom I could see a sunken pool below me, with a leafy tree reflected in its still depths. Beyond, the gentle hills rose into the sky. It would seem a very comfortable place to spend a summer vacation, as our host had suggested. But between the hills and sunken pool, at the foot of the sloping garden, lay a white sinuous invitation to go on. It was a luring stretch of macadam, and I leaned far out, that my eyes might follow the road—the road—the road!

CHAPTER III

On to the Berkshires

The Illustrator has ever been stern regarding the morning start: it should not be too early. Never caring for worms, the story of the bird's reward leaves him cold.

Once upon a time, in Sicily, where I was touring alone with an intrepid lady, we took our coffee at three in the morning, that we might make the run from Taormina to Palermo in a day. And I remember the breaking of that day over the sea, of the first rose on the snows of Mount Ætna, of the dignity of the old Greek Amphitheatre in the isolation of the hour, of the cries of the fishermen coming in with their boats. It seems to me now, if I had missed it I would have lost, forever, the great meaning of life.

I have often spoken of this to W——, in the hope of stimulating him into earlier rising. He is adamant—although gallant. He declares he would rather have me tell of it than to have enjoyed the experience himself. He admires my eloquence. He fears that if he arose at 3 A.M., to take a morning spin, he would miss some of

those glowing features which I have so nobly depicted. As the result, our coffee trays continue to come in at nine, and when we are quite ready we go on.

I was awakened this next morning by a curious sound, which I could liken only to large bull-frogs jumping into a pond, with their croak eliminated. It happened at irregular intervals, yet was so persistent that I made a sleepy way to the window to study the phenomena.

The bull-frogs were an extraordinary size—for frogs—but mere pigmies as human beings. They were the four children of our host plunging in and out of the pool with a lack of vocalisation, out of respect for their sleeping elders, which could have been accomplished only by severe training.

I had never believed it possible before to drop into a body of water larger than a bathtub without a shriek, either of pleasure or misery, and, as there were bathing suits in the guest rooms, I shortly found out for myself that it could not be done by those out of their "teens."

My cries soon brought out the grown-ups of the household in self-defence, and there was so much high diving and drowning and rescuing that we all made as late a breakfast as W—— could desire.

After this came packing up, and "descending the baggage," as the French put it, and forgetting the hatbox, and going back for it, so that it was almost noon of an intensely hot day before we continued over the new state road in the direction of the Berkshires.

Westchester County is very proud of this perfect strip of going, as the entire state will be when it is completed. It cost twenty thousand dollars a mile, and the richest man in the county will speak of this with bated breath. He ought to—he is taxed for it.

The optimist will travel over the road in complete enjoyment, but I found myself dwelling pessimistically on the possible bumps that will some day (after the fashion of our country) mar its beautiful surface. Bumps that will be unheeded until they become ruts—and motoring horrors. It is as sad to reflect upon as the face of a lovely woman indented by time.

We were still among the lakes and reservoirs and the babbling brooks that, before evening, would be quenching the thirst of the roasting New Yorkers. When we are in the country, suffering a great deal from the heat, it is a cooling thought that those left in the cities are worse off than we are. At least we declare that they must be worse off, very often—as we wipe our fore-

heads—and very loud. We say we are glad we are not in town to-day—whew!

We passed Golden's Bridge, Croton Falls, and stopped at Brewster for lunch because it was the lunch-hour. In Europe we can be fed at any time we open our mouths like baby birds, and give evidence of money in our purse, but over here we eat when the proprietor says it is time to eat.

This was our first stop at a real country inn, for the roadhouses about New York do not—as the children say—count. And I was not so curious as to what we would find on the table as to the manner of our reception. In France we tumble out of our car, and exchange glad greetings with the inn-keeper, his wife, and the personnel, as though we had, all of us, only lived for this hour. But here in America we do not look upon courtesy as one of the essentials to a possible business. Or at least that was my impression. I am inclined now to think that I was wrong and to thank the motor for a revival of hospitable manners. Like the post-chaise of old, we come directly to the door, toot the horn instead of crack the whip, and receive a welcome in accord with the stateliness of the arrival.

The proprietor at Brewster answered my foreign greeting with an equal amount of enthusiasm.

Although the hotel was simple he conducted me to a dressing-room painted white, where, as the darky said, were all the means of "refreshing up." The automobile tourist has demanded and received this accommodation. With a reckless splendour, the comb and brush were not chained even, and the roller-towel had given place to clean little dabs of linen.

The lunch, too, was clean, and better than it would have been ten years ago under the same management, the dessert offering satisfactory evidence to W—— that we were in or near the pie belt.

The long tables have gone, but the conversation was general. The young woman who served us, as usual, knowing nothing at all about the place in which she lived, but deferring, in a loud voice, to a regular boarder at the other end of the room, regarding telegraph offices, and the hour of outgoing mail.

I suppose when a waitress concentrates on a list of edibles in bird bathtubs, there is little room left in her mind for general information.

Soon we quitted Brewster—detained for an instant by the clerk—although we had paid for our luncheon we had not registered. There are no incriminating registers in Europe. 'Tis a gay land.

THE SUNKEN POOL, WESTCHESTER COUNTY

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The S.H.D. Patrol was going down the street, and it is my regret that I shall never know what the S.H.D. Patrol really means. To the eyes of the uninitiated it was a small wagon bravely placarded, with a driver sweeping the road. In the pursuance of his duty, he threw a shovelful of dust in our eyes as we passed him.

Our direction was Pawling. A few encouraging sign-posts kept us to the path, although at every cross-road we were met by fingers of fate pointing us to Patterson. It is strange how a town of which you have never heard before suddenly appears upon the sign, continues for miles to urge you to see it, and with a last finger indicating a road which you refuse to take, disappears out of your life forever.

The plea to go to Patterson was discontinued before we reached Pawling, but at the latter place we found so little to interest us that we regret now our lack of deviation from the straight road.

It was not until my descent upon the public library that I found the town to be worthy of a chronicle as thick as that of Yonkers. Washington, that most agile of great men, slept there, and a whipping-post still stands, which was used for military punishment. This mode of procedure was one hundred lashes for various offences, only fifty administered at once. My heart

warmed toward Washington at this, but upon reading along, I discovered that the second fifty were laid on as soon as the first stripes festered.

They had also, in the community of Pawling, a custom in the eighteenth century, known as Putting Out the Poor. This did not mean out of their misery, but selling them to the Dutch settlers as slaves, where, with as little food and clothing as could be managed, they proved that they could work if work was only given them.

For a village that is fashionable in the summer, and doubtless has a thriving charity organisation, I find little to recommend in it, and if I was of another nationality, where the poorest form of wit is generally accepted, I might suggest that the present name is a corruption of Appall—but let us go on.

Go on—for beyond Pawling a thriller was reserved for us. It was a red arrow on a white ground, pointing in the direction we would like to go. "To the Berkshires" read the sign beneath. It was a recurrent arrow indicating the way whenever we grew uncertain. At times we would find such a bad bit of going that we thought we must be off the main road, but the arrow cheerfully signified: "Press On, I know the road is rotten, but at the other end are the Berkshires!"

We passed a vast preparatory school for boys along this way, although I do not know what they were to be prepared for beyond a good time. A private golf course was in process of construction for them, and the main building suggested marble baths incased in Tudor architecture. The Illustrator, to show his disapproval, stopped to make a sketch, and I asked a road-mender what he thought of such mansions for young men. The road-mender opined it was a mistake. That the boys came from just good plain families, with a bath every Saturday night, and returned to their homes too set up to do any sort of work that wasn't on a banjo.

I agreed with the road-mender. We had had two days of motoring past just such extravagant inducements to have an education, but I had not been able to put my objection into any such terse form as now expressed by my new friend. I fear we shall never meet again.

We had missed the county stone between Westchester and Dutchess Counties, but we had long known we were in the latter province by a certain businesslike quality of the farms. They had a self-supporting air that all of the Westchester country places, no matter what statistics are shown, cannot acquire. And the barns are painted red. They are not white barns nor grey, nor

boulder to match the house, nor stucco to go with the garage. They are red because it is a serviceable colour, and they are large because the harvests are plentiful.

The farms all have or were having, or are taking measurements for having, a cylindrical tower at one end of the barn. To be fair to our Westchester host he had one also, but I did not ask what it was, for at the time it did not occur to me that I would see more of these towers before the journey was over than we felt bumps in the road—and that is saying a good deal.

A New England farm without a tower is as low in the social scale as a garden without a pergola, and I besought W—— to stop long enough for me to find out their use. He demurred, for it was cool going and hot stopping, but I was insistent. And I must say here that the automobilist in America must make the most of the joys of conversation, en route, to atone for the loss of historic chateaux, walled towns, and magnificent churches, which are his rich portion in Europe.

There may be something snobbish in the expression of "Studying the People" as one journeys along. Do not let that thought distress you, for the countryman you are accosting is also studying you. The outcome of these wayside

chats do not, one will observe, result in a chuckle or a dropping of the eyelids when the ships have spoke each other and passed on; rather is there engendered a broader understanding, which comes to us in the broadening of our acquaintance.

The hermit may be wise, but he would be wiser did he extend his visiting list.

We are a conscious people in America and we must begin to talk quickly, or we will lose the courage to ask so much as the route. We sit up in our proud carriages with all the appearance of being prim and forbidding when we are only shy!

It was Barrie who wrote of a young man at a dinner party abandoning the first topic that came into his mind as being too slight to crystallise into speech. This weakened him—each succeeding idea growing more and more valueless. As the result he did not speak at all beyond asking a lady if she cared for the salt. She misunderstood him and thought he asked for it, so he used it when it was passed and there the conversation ended.

What I found out about towers was a strict utilitarian reason for these architectural additions. It seems that the day of the husking-bee is over, and that corn and stalks now disappear into the cylinder to be chopped up into fodder.

Dutchess County is a great cattle country. Black and white cows fit in nicely with the landscape, but show a disinclination to be photographed, with which I thoroughly sympathise.

At South Dover, along the stream that once fed an old mill ("Grain and Wheat Ground and Sold" on the swinging sign), we found many of them engaged in forming a composition dear to a painter's eye, yet whisking their tails busily to prevent a snapshot. There were also two goats in the meadow by the stream, and while this is of no importance, I wish to put it down in writing, I have never yet seen a goat drink.

W—— would not remain to watch if they ever did drink, and we lurched on through Dover Plains until the stern sign of Detour warned us that the way beyond was under reconstruction, and, while promising well for the future, was doubtless dreary for present travelling.

There was a country inn at this juncture with a written invitation on a board to "Rest Awhile," and we would have done so had we known of the hitherto undeveloped quarry over which we journeyed before we again struck into the highway.

The rocks of New England were now beginning to manifest themselves in the fields, gleaming through the herbage in white patches "like snow upon the desert's face"—a poor comparison con-

sidering their endurance—and we had already passed a prosperous working quarry. It made one feel sorry for the man who has endeavoured to wrest a living from the top of the earth when he could gain so much more by digging down.

The undeveloped stone industry under the country lane, which we now followed, made itself known by catching at our dust-pan, swung low for European travel, and tearing it away from us. The sun was still hot, and we were glad our chauffeur was a young man, both strong and amiable. The pause gave me an opportunity to discuss the crops with a farmer nearby. Or I attempted to discuss them, he dismissing the subjest to talk frivolously of a wedding back on the main road, which we would miss if we didn't get started soon.

He said it was the biggest event of the year, and all his family was there in a black Ford. He said I couldn't fail to pick it out as it had been washed that morning. With his eager assistance we managed to get away, rounding into the state road, exactly at the scene of the festivity.

The bride and groom were leaving. At least a large motor, hung with shoes, ornamented by white bows, and displaying a placard on the radiator of "Just Married" bore down upon us.

We could not pick a bride from the several

girls in bright frocks within, nor could we understand the roars of laughter from the guests gathered on the lawn waving them farewell. Marrying is fairly humorous, but at least a tear is expected at the hour of departure. I was anxious to know about this, but W—— said we had not been invited to the wedding and it was impossible to stop, and in this wrangling fashion we went on to Amenia.

Ah, but Amenia knew! Just as I dislike Pawling, in equal proportion do I love Amenia. Two garages were there in fierce rivalry. If we had chosen the first no doubt something delightful would have happened, but selecting the one further on we met the cousin of the bridegroom. He had just come from the wedding in a motor as high-powered as could be found in those parts, and in it he had slipped the bride and groom, rushing them to the railway station. The bridesmaids were left to follow in the rigged-up automobile, and he didn't believe the town would ever get over laughing at it.

I did like that cousin! And I liked the young man who pumped the gasoline into our tank. He had driven a car once all the way from Havre to Florence (why he stopped driving it in Florence was too delicate a question to put to him) and he couldn't see an earthly reason why we

in America shouldn't repair one-half of the road at a time and leave the other free to traffic, "as they done in Urop."

"I hold us in contempt," he added.

He also held the corner druggist in contempt. I had bought a charming post-card of a fine old house, and had asked the druggist if he knew where it was. But he didn't know—he had never seen it. And I went back, hotfoot, to the European traveller, who took a look at the card and splashed a quantity of gasoline all over us.

"Sees it every day of his life," said the live young man of the chemist. "It's down by the depot. No git up and git to him, that's the trouble. Keeps his windows dressed in Scott's Emulsion in the summertime."

During the few minutes that we were in Amenia there was also a dog fight.

The way of the red arrow was now growing compelling. A fine road invited a swift whirring of wheels until we reached Millerton. Here we turned to the right to the road to Lakeville, having been advised by a courteous gentleman, driving up in the Night Lunch wagon, to hold to the left at the ore mines.

We could not fail to recognise them, he said, although I don't know why, as I am not familiar with ore mines. And yet we did, judging, rather,

by the miserable ungarnished miners' cottages, which sagged up and down the street. A miner's abode is ever unlovely. It must be that any place above ground is bright and beautiful to him.

We were now in Connecticut, as a big stone along the way announced. A boundary line never fails to be exciting. Whether it marks a country or a state, the slipping over from one territory to another gives one the sensation of fresh adventure, a sloughing off of the old skin of existence, rendering us shining and ready for new conflicts.

Lakeville rose from a mist, a charming town with good hotels, where the motorist who leaves New York early could easily spend his first night, if he had any "git up and git to him."

A small boy was lighting the lamps before the old Farnam Tavern of 1795. He had a way of shinnying up the post and sliding down again that was not as suitable to the swinging sign of the inn as would have been the older method of the lamplighter hurrying through the street with his flaring torch. Other times—other customs.

We hurried on, for we were so near the Berkshires that we felt the tantalisation of the moment. Promptly at Salisbury the red arrow left us, substituting, laconically, "The Berkshires," as

though it had done the best it could for us and we must now find our own way about.

This is not difficult, for the highroad is as broad as the path that leads to destruction, quite as pleasing in its features, and much less direful at the journey's end. We traversed but a corner of Connecticut, and W—— said we need not watch for the boundary stone as we could tell by the excellence of the roadbed when we were in Massachusetts.

This speech was practically jolted out of him coincident with our crossing the state line. And he sighed, as though one could have too much humour, when I asked if the excellence lay in beneficial results to the liver or the car.

The ruts were not enduring, however, the run through South Egremont to Great Barrington being accomplished swiftly if in a rather teetery fashion. We were travelling toward the end of the summer, and no motor should complain bitterly over the damage his own kind has effected.

Even if you do not find the road perfect you must not tell this to the hotel clerk at Great Barrington. He will reply that about a million people have stopped in the hotel this season and he hadn't had a complaint before.

I suspended my pen in the air as I was about to register. I asked him if he had ever heard of

the Texas hotel guest who found fault that the roller-towel was not clean. "Not clean, huh?" answered the proprietor. "Well, you're the first one to kick and it's hung there for three weeks."

The hotel clerk said he had heard it often.

CHAPTER IV

Among the Hills and Colonial Traditions

Great Barrington was historical ground—even before we passed the night there. I am not sure that historical ground is especially attractive to me unless it is, as well, beautiful ground. But Great Barrington comprises open plumbing with charming views, and is so modern, yet modest, in its old worldliness that—in our comfort—we were glad to grant it a prominent place in the history of the Revolution.

The inhabitants were the first to offer armed resistance to the authority of King George. Eight months before the battle of Lexington the holding of court by the crown judges was successfully prevented.

This is easily written down now, and in a few lines. But one pauses to think of the courage of those men to withstand the awful majesty of a sovereign whom they had long served. What sentiment was it within their hearts that filled them with a belief that they could win against such odds!

I once saw a body of striking tailors pass be-

fore the workshop of their rich employer. He was looking at them from the window—and laughing. He seemed so easily secure against them, and they so poor in their armament against him. Yet they won their strike. It must be that right is might, and the consciousness of right is a weapon in itself, which makes little of standing armies, and welds caution into courage.

An earlier Civil War than the one which devastated our country in the decade of 1860 held many of its scenes of diminutive battle in this neighbourhood. I am giving space to it because I never knew what Shays's Rebellion really was until a rain of small volumes fell about me in my little corner of the library.

That an Irishman began it goes with the title. Not content to have conquered their foes, a party of disgruntled men, under Daniel Shays, became, in 1786, intent upon conquering each other.

They were not without grievance. Our government at that time paid the soldiers in notes, which had no value when the soldier, in turn, was obliged to pay his debts. Yet was the soldier punished if he could not fulfil his obligations.

For this, Shays decided to attack court houses, judges and sheriffs, and any who took sides against him—and with the government. It is

noteworthy that the opposing factions drove to battle in sleighs. This is a far cry from motor busses of the present day, if more humorous, yet with the exception of the chariots at the time of the Cæsars, I know no other instance of so comfortable a method of warfare. This means of transportation was so similar in outline that those on Shays's side wore sprigs of hemlock in their hats, while the government, quite lacking humour, sported the white feather.

The conflict is too insignificant, with the passing of time, to treat now with any great seriousness. It was war of a kind, even to a swift retreat when the rebels mistook a log for a cannon. For a sleighing party in retreat may be humorous only in retrospect.

Reading further, I gathered another important item, for in this age of slang it may be of interest to chronicle that the word "Mutt" is not of recent origin. There was one Moses Orcutt, familiarly known as "Mutt," whose performance in battle defined the character which we now see in the funny pages. He was a heroic man, and in the process of one conflict got out of his sleigh, placed his hat, powder-horn, and gun upon the ground, bared his bosom, and profanely called upon Shays's men to fire upon the body of Moses.

To his surprise, they did this, nothing deterred

by the Biblical significance of the name, and Mutt was a long time getting over it.

Great Barrington also was the first of the towns in Berkshire County to go to jail—not *en masse,* but represented by the landlord of an inn. The first indictment ever found by the grand jury of the county was against one Root, who did "wittingly and wilfully suffer and permit singing, fiddling, and dancing in his dwelling-house, there being a tavern there, or public house."

For this he was fined ten shillings, which he paid, feeling that the festivity was worth the money. And ever since then the landlords of the town, encouraged by his illustrious example, have kept their houses ringing with music and good cheer.

One of the descendants no doubt, George F. Root, lived not far from the town. And he, too, must have caught the musical infection, giving to the world that cure for weary feet: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." If one must leave a tavern enlivened by fiddling, it is good to continue to the tune of a martial strain.

There are other noises now in Great Barrington. When the music ceases the locomotives, directly back of the Inn take up the cry, and we warn those who spend the night in that most excellent hostelry to demand rooms in front.

The proprietor, when questioned as to his choice of location for a resting-place, shook his head in bewilderment. "Who would have thought," said the old gentleman, "that Great Barrington could ever support busy freight yards? Branches of bananas are the cause of that noise, the grapefruit for breakfast, the fresh fish, the lamb chops."

We felt very guilty—we had eaten all those things, which, like an inverted indigestion, occasioned us distress before their consumption.

The only advantage of rooms at the back is the opportunity of staring out at William Cullen Bryant's old home when the freight trains are too impelling for slumber. It has been moved back on the lot to make room for the hotel, and the clerks of the ménage now sleep there—if they can.

I wondered if Bryant could have written *Thanatopsis* in such a din. Perhaps, extolling as he did, in many a verse, the beauties of Death, he had a poet's premonition of a night spent in the little house. The phrase of a child's composition recurred to me as I reflected upon these things: "A sort of sadness kind of shone in Bryant's poems." Yes, he probably experienced, mentally, the freight cars.

But *au revoir* Barrington and *bon jour* Stock-

bridge. There were no green-aproned porters, as in Europe, to descend the baggage and strap it on the car. But the bell-boys accomplished this with celerity, and as in the older country, they lined up for the tips. Even the chambermaid appeared, although she did not line up. She sat in an elegant chair within the door. But, there! She herself admitted that she had "opened with the hotel and expected to close with it," and such constancy is worthy of a throne.

The morning was divine and the road good. The graceful red arrow again appeared, confining itself to towns rather than a general locality, and pointed us across the bridge and up a bit of climb, once known as the Three Mile Hill road. It has changed since the Indians made a trail of it, and later, Major Talcott, in 1676, beat it into a wider course for his little army, pursuing the followers of King Philip. It must have been still imperfect when General Burgoyne, as a prisoner of war, rode over it to Boston, and one can imagine it a mire of mud from the tramping of the armies of 1812 and the Civil War.

When one considers the history of a road, especially in this country, which has had no foundation stone of the Romans for a bed, we should be lenient with chance ruts. Think of

the fortitude of our forbears! They marched that we might ride.

The approach to Stockbridge is so delightful that the motorist fears the town will of necessity be a disappointment, under the adage that all good things come to an end. But the end is not Stockbridge. The streets grow ever wider and better and cleaner, and, to judge by the mass of evidence, more historical.

Here culture was applied at an earlier date than any to which Boston can lay claim, for, in 1736, John Sargent taught the Indians their letters and certain industries. His gentle influence and sympathy were so pervading that the Stockbridge citizen admits, on a shaft of stone erected in the ancient Indian burial-ground, that "These were the friends of our fathers."

I, for one, do not know of another such admission in all the broad country which we have gradually wrested from these savages, who might not have been so savage, after all, had John Sargents been scattered through the land.

David Dudley Field, illustrious son of his illustrious father, has erected a clock-tower on the site of the schoolhouse. The passing of time is not more clearly shown on its dial than the town itself. Yet it is gently fashionable. On the wide piazzas of the Red Lion Hotel, women were

knitting helmets and bands and socks of grey wool for the men in the present war. There was an air of helpfulness about the place.

There was even advancement in the modern schoolhouse windows, which were levelled to the vision of the children wriggling behind wooden desks within. The little faces were looking out as we passed. The high casements of my youth encouraged closer attention to one's studies, I imagine, but excluded philosophising on the passing show. And one must begin his philosophy early in life to accept, without protest, the show which passes him by.

There are two roads to Lenox. We took the one by way of Lee, on the theory that the longest way round creates a fine appetite. The only things to recommend Lee are the estates outside of it and the beauty of the Congregational Church spire from a distance. Since it is impossible to find the spire after you have entered the town, I felt that its slender, far-away charm might be fitly termed an aspiration! Or I should feel that way, save that W—— contends if I try to pun it will make the reader ill. Upon argument, however, he has allowed me to leave this in, under the plea that it will be useful as a charade.

It is a dangerous town—at least on Sundays, for a notice at the railway crossing announces that

the gates will not be operated on the Sabbath. This either to discourage driving to church or to give the gateman a chance to go.

We were deterred by a passing train, and, true to my belief in making conversation when I could, I asked the keeper of the gates if he *did* go to church. He said no, he always hung around the tracks just the same, he kind of liked to see the trains go by full of people. There was a philosopher full of years, who could watch the passing show without bitterness.

There was one household in Lee who watched us pass with real enthusiasm. We made the wrong turn going toward Lenox, and in our effort to retrace our steps, in a narrow way, had run up the carriage drive of the residence as far as the circle before the kitchen. Our arrival created hideous consternation, for the entire family were in the backyard peeling peaches for "perserves." I never saw such a hasty casting off of aprons when they thought unexpected guests had come, or such a glad resuming of them when it was made plain that we were as anxious to leave as they were to have us.

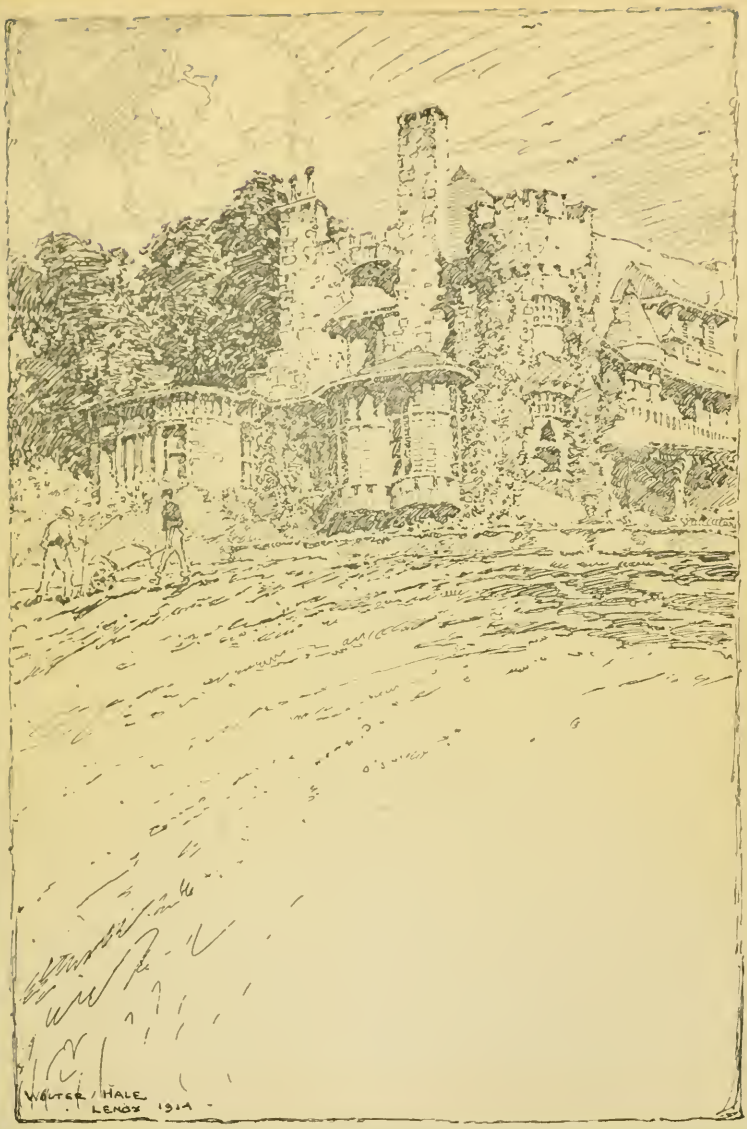
Formality grows to a Yankee's back as does a shell to a turtle. He may be any kind of a daredevil, but the deviltry goes on under a grim exterior.

The approach to Lenox was along another splendid avenue. One can find the names of all the great show places through this district by asking for a list at any hotel desk. I shall not weary the reader with a recital of them, for fear that he is an anarchist. I very nearly became an anarchist along the way myself.

There was one insufferably beautiful place before whose gateway we chanced to stop to search for my typewriter. The poor creature had shrunk out of sight, fearing its appearance might suggest that we had something to do with trade. And as we brought it fearlessly to light, a man on horseback came out of this gateway, looked at us with suspicion, and called attention to a sign by ostentatiously straightening it. "Positively no admittance except for guests," it read. Then, with a last glare, he rode on before I could tell him that it must be very uncomfortable to be a guest in his house, and that I was going to put him in a book.

The Illustrator grew so distressed over this pretentious approach to Lenox, that he changed his hat shortly afterwards, and I think the chauffeur would have enjoyed wearing his derby had he been encouraged.

What annoys me is that grass grows greener and flowers bloom more freely for those whose



A COUNTRY HOUSE AT LENOX

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lawn mowers are of the best and whose gardeners are not limited to the efforts of the family. But they cannot rob us of the delight that these visions afford us, nor can their eyesight, dulled by continual beauty, be as keen. It is only by drinking poor wine, now and then, that one can fully enjoy the richest vintages.

Lenox, though a proud city, is too fine an aristocrat to make the modest traveller uncomfortable by its wealth. And the hotels show an eagerness to serve you, which is a pleasant combination of old-time manners and new-time thrift. The Curtis Hotel rests in the town, but we went beyond to the Aspinwall, which lies on a hill, and commands—I believe, now that the trip is over—the most lovely view of any of the chain of fine hostelries.

The position from the rear of the Aspinwall would suggest that we were at a great height. The "high places" affect the observer differently. An opulent gentleman, both financially and physically, who had descended from a great motor coincident with us, regarded the valley below with such a glistening eye that I thought he was really affected by the beauty of the scene.

He spoke: "Shows how good our car can climb," was his comment.

Far below was the golf course, and it is only

fair to warn husbands playing over this ground that certain anxious wives watch them from the terrace through field-glasses. I do not think that a Lenox husband would ever do the wrong thing—whatever that is—but it is a mistake to have your wife know you have lost three balls and the game, when you are shortly coming in to luncheon to tell her you have won.

They were gathering for the midday meal as we were solemnly registering. At this hotel you do not have to pay for your luncheon before you eat it, although, farther along, we found equally proud houses which took it in advance. But register you *must*. The Illustrator was trying to extract some historical and literary information from the clerk, in the endeavour to prove that we were an intellectual couple and not bent upon frivolity. But he was a very present-day young man, limiting his knowledge to his business—which is enough for any one in life.

We knew that Nathaniel Hawthorne once lived here, and that having inhabited the House of the Seven Gables, in Salem, he came to Lenox to write about it. We did not know that his little red cottage had burned down when we asked for the Hawthorne House—and the clerk did not know it had ever existed.

"*Hawthorne* House?" he repeated skeptically.

"Never heard of it. What is it—a Blue Book hotel?"

The guests dribbled into the dining-room, and the occupation of eating was tempered by a hum of voices. We Americans are of two kinds. We either talk too loud or too low, particularly in public places. It betrays a self-consciousness that, I suppose, only the centuries will overcome. An European family will sit down in public without feeling the necessity of putting a mute on the voice and retiring as though behind a pall. They are not noisy or gay—they do not toot on tin horns—but they say what they wish without lowering the tone to that painful depth which we mistake for a cultured note. Let us be brave—and ourselves, for nothing can be better than that.

It was a charming hotel, with an arrangement of flowers throughout the rooms that would make a Japanese blush. I tried to find out who did them, and was pleased when the dressing-room attendant said she fixed *hers*. They were all the mauves of all the flowers in the garden. She said she "just felt that way to-day." We are all temperamental after our fashion.

There is a clock in an old Lenox church given by that most temperamental of actresses, Fanny Kemble. A guidebook dismisses her swiftly as "a talented young woman," as though to keep

her profession a secret. But so few actors have ever left a legacy to the people more enduring than the transient memory of their art, and so few churches would be willing to accept an offering from that class known in Delaware as "vagabonds," that it is fair both to the player and the place to make a little excursion up a little hill.

Fanny Kemble lived many years in Lenox after her retirement—in 1850, I think—and is one of those rare cases of English actresses who spend the money they make in this country. I am not sure but her form of gift is as persistent a plea not to be forgotten as any loftier monument. The pendulum swings with all the rhythm of her tragedy, and the tick-tock of the hands is as constant as the rippling laughter of her comedy.

We were some time getting away from Lenox influences, the wealth of the neighbourhood dwindling off into a recognition of it by an effort of the poorer population to "make" out of it. Farmhouses offer for sale anything from themselves to red apples. The windows of the settin'-room are dressed with jars of candy, or, as a concession to the sins of the day, with packages of cigarettes and smoking tobacco. One ambitious effort to please every taste displays the sign: "Groceries, Cigars, Ice Cream, Grain, and

Feed," and, further along, one finds an old tavern sign with a new tail offering: "Entertainment for man, beast, and automobile."

These poor farms are in juxtaposition with lands bought up by city folk, and if ghosts still walk they must haunt, not the shabby homes of the natives, but these newer estates. Bitter ghosts of farmers who, with a small capital, struggled for a generation or two to make their acres productive, and now witness the lands blossoming like the rose under a cultivation that is not limited to mean farming implements.

The heartache of these rocky pastures! The backache of these stone fences, which we so much admire! They have all been built with rocks from the soil, and still the land is sown with them. One wonders why so unproductive fields are fenced in at all. But they say that a surface may be free one year from them, and the following season work their way up from a lower stratum, as though some giant of ancient times had sown the dragon's teeth.

I never see an old farmhouse with but one "lean-to" that I do not feel the pathos of a lost endeavour. First, the main part of the house was built, full of hope, and with faith that riches would grow with the family. Every farmhouse of pretension must have a wing on either side for

balance—but these things must come in time. After a while one wing is added, and there in many instances the additions cease while the mortgage rolls on. The old house and the "lean-to" age together. The children go their ways, each year they think that the following year will leave enough above the interest for fresh paint, but there is no such thing on a New England farm as "losing interest."

When you see a house like this, get out and buy an apple. But if you bought all the apples that your trunk and hatbox and the brass rail could hold you would have left no impression on the output last summer. Most of the New England fruit goes to Europe and there was no exporting of it this year. So has the war made itself felt in every cranny of our existence.

As we rolled along our very delightful way there were orchards on every side of us, in the front yards and at the back stoops, and "apple-trees over our heads did grow," like old Crummles in the story-book. Many of the trees do not bear fruit, and one wonders if they all bore every year what they would do with their harvests. New England would probably become a hard-cider drinking community, like Normandy and Brittany.

A motor should never encourage hard cider. It

fills a man without an automobile with a hatred of the man who has one. We were sympathetically watching a Pardon in a Brittany churchyard one year. It was very touching—the simplicity of the country people with their brave costumes and long candles following the statue of St. Anne, and chanting as decorously as they could, considering the hard cider, and we made our way back to our car sombrely—to find the tires slashed! It was the work, no doubt, of some peasant with velvet strings to his hat, who was at the moment engaged in securing his "Pardon."

Hard cider is not unknown. There is a copy of an agreement between the earliest of the white men and the Indians for a portion of the land through which we were now travelling—a portion equal to a county, one might add—in which the newcomers agreed to pay the redskins four hundred sixty pounds, three barrels of "syder," and thirty quarts of rum. It appears that the early dealings were not unlike those of the government reservations of to-day.

The approach along the way leading into Pittsfield is uninspired. The town is lovelier in the centre than on its outskirts, like a plain old lady with a heart of gold. It is a sedate village, with magnificent elms lining its great main avenue, which

constitutes a park. I am uneasy as to the age of elms or I could say that they gave pleasant shade to Lafayette when he visited Pittsfield, that fighting Parson Allen, who was the minister of the old Congregational Church here, led his men under their arch of boughs, to the battle of Bennington in August, 1777. Let us hope for all the shade our imagination can give them, for it is a "long, long way" to Bennington, and they did not go in chariots or sleighs or motors.

Surely both Oliver Wendell Holmes and Longfellow enjoyed their beauty, and the Longfellow House, on East Street, still contains "The Old Clock on the Stairs," still ticking away: "Forever—never, Never—forever." Upon investigation I find that the verse runs:

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its ancient portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw—"

Mercy, and I thought they were elms!

Pittsfield is so correct in appearance that I hesitate to record one occurrence which the elms, or whatever they are, witnessed—if W——'s story is true. A lioness, which had broken from its cage in a show nearby, made a little promenade

through the town to the surprise and terror of all. Her keepers followed discreetly behind waving silently to the passerby for a track to be cleared. The animal was very savage, so goes the story, and they were at their wit's end to know how to get it back before Pittsfield blood was shed.

But the keepers had not counted on the village drunkard. He came out of a saloon, just by the Wendell Hotel, and encountered the lioness head on. The terrified guests, looking from the windows, felt as did the keepers, that the village drunkard would now go to meet his Maker.

But he did not. He took a look at the beast, slapped her in the face, and advised her, in Yankee dialect, to go on home. And this the fierce creature did, very much alarmed.

The tale has a moral of some sort, although the Illustrator was hazy about this, and as it was the best he could do toward enlightening me historically about the place, we motored on in dignified silence.

We left for Williamstown over a road marked "Passable but Unsafe," which we took, as it would seem there was no alternative. Later, we found that we could have taken an excellent road by North Adams, which would have been better going.

Still, had we gone that way, we would have

missed Lake Pontoosuc and our conversation with the old lady who had been fishing all day and declared she hadn't caught a single punkin'-seed. It was a curious thing to be fishing for with her garden full of the genuine article, but she was a curious old lady. At least she gave us a thought—or perhaps any one will give us a thought if we are sufficiently receptive.

"'Tain't that I need the punkin'-seed for supper," she said.

"Then why do you want to catch them?" we asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "Jest to come out ahead, I guess. Why do you want to win at cards when you ain't playin' for a prize? I guess just all life is a race, and we'd set down and die if we didn't feel it was nice to beat."

We moralised on this and felt kindly toward another motorist, who expressed a desire for a friendly brush. We passed and repassed each other at times, not that there was any laurel wreath for the victor, but that we were following one of life's principles. The daredevils of the road may be only a little more full of the joy of existence than are we.

Before reaching Pittsfield we had quitted the valley of the Housatonic ("The River Beyond the Mountains" is the charming meaning of the

word), and were now approaching the Taconic Range of the Berkshires through the valley of the Hoosac. It is a rich farming country with an air of money, not in the bank perhaps, but at least in the stocking under the mattress.

The farmhouses are scattered, yet the inhabitants along the way are held together by an innovation that has come but recently to our country, and does much to keep the lonely farmer's wife in touch with the world.

This is only the little tin box of the rural free delivery. All along we saw women standing in their front yards, with their faces in but one direction, and presently we spied the postman's wagon jolting along with letters and papers for the waiting ones. He did not look like a proud person, but he could well have been, for his passing was the event of the day. And his grey clothes could better have been the rosy garments of wonderful adventure.

The husbands of these women can vary their existence by making laws for the automobilist. We were continually urged by sign-posts not to go over fifteen miles an hour, and they offered a further inducement beyond a fine to limit ourselves to that modest pace by occasional ruts concealed in dust.

With less modesty than the pursued postman,

they style themselves Selectmen, and as a band of the anointed urged us at every turn to "Sound Klaxon—Board of Selectmen."

This was difficult for us to do as we have no Klaxon, and we had not the vocal chords of a certain retired prima donna, who makes a horn of her own voice, and puts to shame any mechanical device. Still we sounded as well as we could, and it is wise to do this. A city chauffeur is not always a good country driver. While exercising every care on the corners in New York, he moves swiftly around hills, as though by no possible chance could another motor be passing along that road. It is not pleasant to be dumped out on a lonely way with a consciousness that you will have to wait until the postman comes along, and that, even then, not being stamped, he may refuse to carry you.

We reached Williamstown at the tea-hour, although it seemed to me very much later in the afternoon, for the continual change of scene has a way of lengthening the day, which is confusing to simple minds.

It was not too late for the Illustrator to make a sketch, and this he did, presenting to your vision a church which is entirely new, yet clinging so firmly to its Colonial style, that the architect is to be commended for his restraint. It appears to

be a great temptation to over-elaborate a modern building in the Georgian style. One column too wide, one pediment too florid, one wreath too many.

It was the Italian, Palladio, in the eighteenth century, who first accommodated the old Greek style to dwelling-houses. He lived in Venice, and built, for the Venetian noblemen, country houses on terra firma, along a foolish little river called the Brenta. We were much amazed when, by chance, we motored out from Padua and discovered this district. Save for their dilapidation these abodes of the mighty bore the air of Long Island.

The architects of the English Georges adapted his innovation to the English landscape perfectly, and we, before we became a republic, also used it. So in our country it is Colonial, but the wise man, who is conscious of its Greek extraction, should keep his house as plain as possible.

There are no white frame churches in England, and they do not miss what they do not know: the beauty of the shadow of green trees upon the glistening surface. Some do not worship within the tabernacle, but surely he can find religion in the outside of these slender-spired habitations of the Lord.

We stopped at the Greylock Hotel for tea.

At least I stopped while W—— worked, and upon ordering it I was told that in ten minutes tea would be served in the hotel anyway. There is no arguing with Yankee ways; it is less arduous to accept them. I sat myself down to await developments which were, as time passed, a tea service, a cheery kettle, a table of biscuits, and an interested maid. (I could spend a great deal of time on a maid who is interested.) Guests began to drop into the hall, the cups went round, and before I knew it I was saying, "Two lumps, please," and conversing with a clergyman.

The clergyman asked me if I had sons in the college, and while this was trying, for I have ever (falsely) considered myself a youngish woman, I was charmed with the unaffected simplicity of the hotel that served tea for nothing and provided me with an acquaintance.

More than that, I admired the way the minister took his tea, for I think they are the only class of Americans who drink it without effort, and run no risk of slopping. I told him I had no sons, but I knew a prominent playwright whose son was there, and the lady next me had that in her face which would suggest: "Is she an actress? No. Such an old sweater. With her husband? Oh, he is sketching. Well, artists are pleasant, still one can't be too careful."

THE CHURCH THROUGH THE TREES, WILLIAMSTOWN

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Later she thawed, and I left, liking her. It is remarkable how like the New Englander is to the Briton. First one feels they are not to be endured, then one finds they are absolutely sound and simple.

The minister regretted that the mist blotted out Greylock, which is not only a hotel but a mountain. Indeed, it is the noblest peak of the Berkshires, and we were politely wondered at for not making an ascent, as it is but twelve miles from Williamstown.

Williams College has extolled Greylock from time to time in verse, and, with a certain shrewdness, began, as early as 1790, to declare that they would do honour once a year to the mountain. To do honour in this or any other country means to take a day off, and though I inquired, I could not discover whether it was the students or the professors who first instituted the holiday.

As we sat pleasantly rocking in our mission-chairs, I learned also of the "Spectre of the Brocken." It is a phenomenon occasioned by a shadow of one or many individuals hugely magnified upon a cloud. Just why this should be the rich portion of Greylock, and not of all other mountains, one can only put down to atmospheric conditions.

In a small guidebook, which they brought out,

giving one thousand, more or less, different ways of making the ascent, there are such solemn assertions of the truth of this spectre that I, for one, am willing to admit it and be done.

At least it is democratic in the choice of those it casts upon the gigantic screen. In 1907, as a certain Mr. Webster was "bringing down the summer piano," he suddenly discovered himself and entire outfit, horses, wagon, and piano, photographed in enormous dimensions against the sky.

I brushed the crumbs out of my lap and edged hastily away after this. It is bad enough to be photographed at all—but in enormous dimensions!

Even so, it was hard to leave Williamstown, full of tea for nothing and other attractions, and I advise any one else to stay over. The University buildings are very good, and delightful boys, who are probably taking summer courses for dilatory habits, mooned in and out of the fraternity houses across from the Inn. Ephraim Williams, a hero of the French and Indian wars, founded the town; and the college for the perpetuation of his name and the advancement of knowledge was established in 1750.

There is also a claim that Williamstown was the birthplace of foreign missions, and a stone, rather subtly called the Haystack Monument, gives

you, on its surface, further data. All this is not as terrifying as it sounds, only—bring your flask along for Williamstown.

Only fourteen miles ahead lay Bennington, the country opening into broad stretches of farmland as we emerged from the Hoosac Valley. We missed any definite marking between the Massachusetts and Vermont state line, but we could not mistake we were in Vermont, approaching Bennington, by a glimpse from a distance of the great monument.

This is one of the "Soldiers and Sailors" that we must stop to see. But we must do more than that: we must find the Walloomsac Inn. When one starts the day's run in the morning the wish to go on forever is all possessing, but, toward nightfall, one finds this vigorous desire departing. The mists of evening can be likened, in heavy heads, to nothing more than pillows. A waterfall is figuratively emptying itself into a porcelain tub; and the first light from a farmhouse suggests the comfort of four enveloping walls.

We did not need to enter the heart of the town. The Illustrator drew up alongside a very pretty young woman and asked the way. The impression he might have created was destroyed by a prominent yawn from me—which distracted her attention. But she pointed the way, and in a

minute we were before the old-fashioned hostelry.

The landlord was at the desk, rather sternly courteous, possibly because I laughed when he retailed the prices. *Our* living was modest enough. But it seems out of proportion to pay but two dollars and fifty cents for a room, bath, light, attendance, and two excellent meals, when our poor motor-car must disgorge a dollar for spending one night in a dull stable, with not a mouthful of good cheer.

The luggage was bumped upstairs and we found ourselves in a suite so tremendous that we could very easily have accommodated the automobile if we could have taken it in without attracting attention.

It was too good to be true for the money, and, as W—— said, something must be the matter with it. It turned out to be the bath, and I mildly approached the clerk as we went down to supper.

"The hot water won't run," I said firmly.

"Won't run or won't run hot?" he asked.

"Won't do either," I answered.

"This house was built in 1776," said the clerk.

I do not know whether it was an apology or a boast, but, as in Great Barrington, the reply at the desk "held me."

CHAPTER V

I Meet Some Innkeepers and the Illustrator Discovers a Joke

It rained in the night—rain on a tin roof. The sound was tantalising, for one would stay awake to enjoy it, yet was lulled to sleep by the music of the patter.

The Illustrator was not so sentimentally affected. I heard him sigh heavily as he grew aware of this descent from the heavens. His voice floated out from the darkness of his room: "There! I knew it would rain if I had that car washed!"

By leaving off my hair-net I managed to get down to breakfast before the stern dining-room doors were closed. W—— is always let in grudgingly after the bars are up, by pleading that his breakfast is ordered.

While touring in America, I noticed that the size of the first meal increased from the European coffee and crescent roll to fruit, cereal, eggs and—griddle-cakes. It was the prospect of griddle-cakes that got my travelling companion downstairs shortly after the closing hour.

Cakes are the breakfast specialty of every hotel in New England, and they are accompanied by Vermont maple syrup, running the whole gamut of colour, from the deep shade of New Orleans molasses to a palish tinge, like moonshine whiskey. I interviewed a number of waitresses on this diversity of colour and only one of them had any theory beyond that "it comes that way." Three days later a gloomy girl in glasses said, in defence of the paler syrup, that she "'sposed trees had as much right to be anemic as folks." It was not a pleasant thought—this drinking up the life-blood of invalid maples—and we put sugar, made from healthy beets, on our cakes that morning.

Breakfast is never a grouchy meal to the motorist. The maps are distributed among the bird bathtubs, and if one does not like his present environment, he can fix his eye on a black line, leading directly from the hotel which he knows he will soon be taking. He knows, too, that it will not be a black line on the face of the green earth, but a white highway, bordered by flowers, sprinkled with chickens, and conducting him through a lovely landscape to other hostelries where he may again play the game of chance.

Although guests stay through the summer in these hotels, and settled white-haired ladies live the year round in some of them, the feeling—to

the motorist at least—is that all are in transit. Conscious of this, we pass the biscuits to table companions politely, for no better reason than that we may be wanting gasoline, or some such commodity of them further along the route.

At our table, which chanced to be a long one, there were several sprightly ladies whom we had seen at the hotel the day before. The woman who owned the car was paying her lengthy bill at the desk as we had approached to register (!) for luncheon, and she was saying, with what might be called manly courage, that a charge for telephone to summon *her* car from *their* garage was a "bit thick," and she didn't intend to stand for it.

I hung about long enough to find out that the ten cents was removed from the main sum, and saw her leave with her friends, two men on the box, and an engine as long as a four-in-hand.

It was pleasant to see how she accommodated herself to the simplicity of this Inn. Like all philosophers who travel far (the phrase is unnecessary, for all who travel far become philosophers), there was none of that cheap belittling of modest customs which was once thought to constitute wit.

Indeed, I think we are all growing out of the

boarding-house form of badinage. Food is not as humorous as it once was. Possibly the gravity of paying for the most inconsequential steak in these days makes a direct appeal to our esteem. It is a solemn matter.

There were other women guests spending the summer in Bennington who were going off to a "circle," from ten to one, to knit socks for the Belgians. This was the real spirit for this famous Revolutionary town. Only one of them lacked the enthusiasm of citizeness Molly Stark by declaring that three hours of knitting was too much for her. "*Her* knitting," said a small lady, in a small voice, after she had quitted the room, "is too much for a Belgian as well."

Bennington is so full of historical spots that one need but look out of his bedroom window to sightsee. He can even confine himself to his room. The Walloomsac Inn was built, as I was told the night before, in 1776, by Captain Elijah Dewey, who was not a captain for being an innkeeper, but for distinguishing himself in every war to which his long legs could carry him.

While there was much assembling of officers in this hostelry, it was the Green Mountain Tavern, a little farther along, which saw many of the incidents of the Revolution. Not content with being the first Vermont state house, it was the

general headquarters of Ethan Allen. Here, after the battle of Lexington, he mustered the Green Mountain Boys for the taking of Ticonderoga; here, with drawn sword, he sent flying Benedict Arnold, who had been sent to take command of this regiment; here he made his plans for the battle of Bennington. And here so many bowls of punch were drunk, to judge by an old bill carefully preserved, that I was in a frenzy to get out and see the place. I beg that my enthusiasm will not arouse you, for, after all this, I discovered that the building had had the bad taste to burn down a year before I was born.

In the midst of the country's disorders the landlord of this tavern had placed a stuffed catamount over his door, and while it may not have been put there as an emblem of Ethan Allen, from what we gather of this vigorous warrior it was not unfitting.

Now a bronze catamount is erected on the site, serving, with Yankee thrift, the purpose of commemorating the tavern and Ethan Allen, and snarling pointedly, as well, toward the Breckenridge farm, which New York state and New Hampshire each claimed. It was on this farm that Allen and his famous Boys dispersed the New York sheriff and a posse of seven hundred men, who had come to take possession of the

land. This successful effort made Breckenridge farm practically the birthplace of Vermont, for the state then was but part of the New Hampshire grants. And it arrived at its final name of Vermont after a period of existence as New Connecticut.

It is interesting to read of the continual internecine strife among the states to claim lands as their own, and to discourage rather than encourage the development of new states, while at the same time they were in unison against a foreign controlling power. It may be some satisfaction to New York that the battle of Bennington was, after all, four miles from the town near its own village of Hoosick. But neither New York state, nor any other state nor country, for that matter, can claim as lofty a shaft of stone erected to the memory of a battle.

If one is pressed for time and the engine sings purringly, let the motorist by all means see the monument. It commemorates a battle of three days, raw boys against a trained foreign leader with Indian allies. At one time it would seem that they might fail, but Captain Seth Warner roused the tired men into greater zeal by announcing that they would soon have reinforcements, and to fight on until their arrival. The dramatic imagination of the leader was sufficient. The

British withdrew, and Seth Warner was become a hero from a well-placed lie.

Even if one does not stop for all the tablets that a growing appreciation of heroic events is placing in position, he cannot but feel the vigour of the town that has ever been contending for the right. After the French and Indian War and the Revolution, came the struggle to free the slaves. William Lloyd Garrison established his first anti-slavery newspaper here in 1828, and years later, in the cellars of some of these old houses now standing, slaves were hidden by day, and sent a Godspeed by night toward Canada. The town is making an industrial fight at present, to vie with other manufacturing centres, and this, in times of peace, is surely as fit a means of righteous advancement as any other form of development.

We were loath to leave Bennington. Indeed, we found ourselves quitting each charming old town with a regret that was only equalled by a desire to see more charming old towns. Besides, the day was coquettish, blue sky to tease you along and grey clouds, like fat policemen, hovering about, as much as to say, "Dance in the sunshine when you can, we are apt to 'close up' this nonsense."

As we turned out of the new town toward

Manchester we passed a soldiers' home, fittingly located here. One old fellow was walking feebly along the road. Both the chauffeur and the Illustrator saluted him, but he did not reply, and I felt that the Grand Army of the Republic was getting old, indeed, when it found no joy in the return of a courtesy.

We stopped at the ancient covered bridge across the Walloomsac River for W—— to make a sketch. He went about it full of revolutionary zeal, and I assisted him over a stone fence and handed him his materials. It was one of his arguments when we first tremulously discussed buying a car that it would be a great saving of expense. On pinning him down the saving was in a sketching stool and occasional pennies for the borrowing of a chair, for, he contended, he would never have to get out of the machine at all.

But compositions in nature must be wooed by sitting in damp alleys or wet fields or dirty farmyards—anywhere in fact that a motor cannot go. In this case he leaped from rock to rock in the river, seeking the best vantage points, each leap followed by a contortion of the body in the effort to recover his balance, which would have been funny except that our artist could both see and hear me.

Having explored the river he returned to the

less dangerous spot which he had first selected—the usual course of procedure—and went to work. It was very quiet. I could hear our little clock tick, and the click of golf balls on the course across the road. The tumbling of the river but added to the peace, or as some one else has more beautifully put it: "The noises that go to make up the great silence."

After a while W—— spoke, in fragments, and, to a stranger, after the fashion of a madman. "Well—don't," he said. A pause. "I'll give you five more minutes." Another pause. Our young driver looked at me inquiringly. I shook my head. "Oh, come *on*"—impatiently from the artist.

I watched the road and called to him. "It will be here soon."

"Do you see it?" excitedly from him.

"It's coming—here it is."

And the sun, creeping down the road, shone upon the Illustrator's subject. With hasty strokes he put in the lights and shadows, which he had been waiting to get.

"Got him, doggone him, but he was sickly," and the Illustrator climbed back into the car.

The sun has always been at variance with him, and in England, owing to his tenacity of purpose, I have often despaired of motoring beyond the

first sketch. And it is particularly annoying after putting in weak high lights, as it were, to find one's self in a white heat of sunshine a little further on.

A little further on the sun was shining so beautifully on a house that I begged for a photograph, and in this way we stopped and talked to Ruby, who was skipping a rope, and said the house of sunshine was hers.

Ruby was a little girl, with an old-fashioned blond pig-tail, who was uncertain about her last name. Her father worked in a mill whose wheels were turned by the water in front of her own doorstep. She had a father, but no last name, she contended, and we were much embarrassed by the social problem presented.

However, she was in those tender years when all conventions were but phrases learned in books and used at random. She accepted chocolates at our hands, and when gently prodded into a fitting reply for these benefits, hopped in the mud and said, " You're welcome." Possibly she recognised that we were the real benefactors, following the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

As she expressed a desire to dance before the wheels, when we made ready to go we took her into the car with us and gave her a little ride,

as the only sure avoidance of running over her. Her mother, who was hanging out clothes in the yard, waved to us complacently as we, in the evident process of kidnapping, went by. It is astonishing how a woman with a baby in one arm and a handbag in the other will trust any stranger with carrying the child while she suspiciously holds on to the bag.

I expressed this to W——, and the chauffeur, who is ordinarily a silent young man, burst into a story, which, as part of a motor trip, although no part of a motor, shall be recorded. It was about his aunt and dog, both of whom lived in a New York flat, and the dog "died on her." She was fond of the animal and would not consign it to the gutter. So she laid it out in a neat box and prepared for a trip to Staten Island where friends would give it a Christian burial.

It was a heavy dog, and she had other parcels, and when a kindly man at the ferry gates offered to relieve her, she, without explanation, granted him the large trim coffin. She never saw him again, or, rather, she saw but his coat tails as he flew across Battery Park with his stolen valuables.

"And everybody thought my aunt was crazy the way she laughed," he concluded, leaving the real dénouement to our own imagination. Which

was very delicate of one who does not make an income out of stories.

Wooing the sunshine became our principal occupation that day, but the country was so delightful that the Illustrator could not forbear sketching, and as I discovered that the only way to avoid being *in* a photograph was to *take* it I carried the camera.

We stopped at four cross-roads because there was a mill and a pond and ducks. I was some time learning that the place was South Shaftsbury, for I asked the name of a man driving by in a wagon, and found that he was tongue-tied. Still Thouth Thathbury was fascinating—barring the sun and the ducks. The sun would shine on the Illustrator but not on his subject, and while I photographed him a number of times in a strong high light, and told him so, he replied, rather savagely, that he could not sketch himself, and if he did a cloud would burst all over him.

The ducks, when it came time to be drawn, swam under the bridge and had to be pebbled into position. A pretty girl, of about sixteen, crossed the bridge carrying her father's dinner. She was the miller's daughter and very good at pebbling. She said ducks were "kind of unruly," and laughed pleasantly; her hair blew

THE MILL POND, SOUTH SHAFTESBURY

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about, and she was so altogether what a miller's daughter ought to be that I found our young chauffeur making frantic efforts to get out his derby before she had passed on.

Her pretty friendliness drove me into the mill to see what nice kind of father she possessed. He was a gentle little man with spectacles, who would have better fitted a high stool in a banking office, except that in New England even the road-menders have a certain mental air about them, and I put this down to a longer American pedigree than the rest of our country can boast.

I told him that I was from Indiana and that my grandfather had a flour mill, too. "Did it run by steam?" he asked. I was obliged to admit that it did. "Mine goes by the water-power and the old wheel still," he answered. He looked about the small granary peacefully. "Time has passed me by, I guess."

There was no bitterness in his voice. No man is a failure who does not lament it.

I told him that the artist did not pass him by and nodded toward the Illustrator. At which he smiled in rather an embarrassed way, and in the silence offered me some wheat that had come from Indiana. This I accepted, solemnly putting it into my mouth, and I grew very young again, as I made my way to the car munching the ker-

nels into a paste, as I had done in my grandfather's mill a good many years ago.

My grandfather and I used to drive home in a sort of phaeton that had a little seat in front which folded up, making itself small and low against the dashboard. I thought of him as we whirled on in the automobile. He died before even the electric trams were installed, but he took my mother many miles to see the first train go through their part of the country. "It's not going to stop here," she tells me he said. And I began wishing passionately that he could be enjoying the motor trip with us up to Manchester.

An old farmer, looking as did James A. Herne in *Shore Acres,* jogged by, bowing to us, a custom that is dying out since the road has become more generally peopled. But they all spoke to my grandfather when we drove out in the sort of phaeton to see the early wheat, and it got into my head, along with the sunshine, and the wind, and scudding clouds, that he was really sitting alongside of me commanding the old-time recognition.

Soon after we met a lad driving a road scraper, who cursed us so long and loud for startling his horses that I think the old, old gentleman by my side was frightened away. At all events we be-

came very material and hungry, and speeded up for Manchester.

The Automobile Club of Vermont, who, no doubt, employed the youth who cursed us, has sign-posted the roads ably, and it was near Arlington that we found a warning of a railway crossing ahead, such as we had seen only in France. It is a large painted sign of a white picket fence, which is excellent to the traveller whose pace is rapid. That is, it is excellent if the motorist knows what the white picket fence stands for. But one soon learns these symbols, and after nine years' experience, I can *almost* tell which way the road will curve when we are confronted by a large "S" and a small black dot representing the automobile.

Beyond Arlington (which has the pleasant innovation of oil-lamps bracketed to the elms in its one wide street) we stopped again, for the sun was shining and there were Alderney cows on the safe side of a stone fence in a mood for having their pictures taken. I had no sooner descended with the camera, however, than I discovered on my side the fence a young ram with an aspiration to try, not his budding wings, but his budding horns. This bucolic incident sent us on to fashionable Manchester in a spirit ready for the resumption of genteel life.

The town had been prefaced by advertisements urging us to buy Dutchess trousers on one board and twin beds on another. Our chauffeur, under the impression that the title Duchess was spelled with a "t" became wildly anti-suffragette over the sign. He said Plymouth Rock was a good enough name for trousers, but to call them after a lady was an insult both to the lady and the wearing apparel. He, for one, would never wear them.

We thought the urging of a motoring party by a shopkeeper to buy twin beds and carry them along with the rest of the impedimenta was quite as foolish, and our perplexity was not ironed out until we reached the outskirts of the village. Here we discovered that it was an inn so elaborately airing its equipment. And a very sad-looking inn it was in spite of its appealing furnishings.

We passed the famous Ekwanok Country Club on our right before arriving at the Equinox House. Here the National Amateur Golf Championship was played in July over a course as perfect as one can find in America. Indeed, this country club appears to be the *raison d'être* of Manchester and the hotel. The Equinox Mountains on our left and the Green Mountains on the right may have had something to do with the

success of Manchester some years back, but one feels that the beauties of climate and landscape are, at present, subsidiary to the value of the clicking ball.

The hotel is like a vast club in itself. A call board in the hallway is plastered with announcements of coming events and records of past contests; sporting prints adorn the wall, and I could find no stationery at the desks in the writing-room, but an unlimited number of score-cards.

The rooms were very pleasant. A selection of furniture can be harmonious yet not limited to any one period. One cannot see this more charmingly exemplified than in the present instance. Outside it was perfectly uniform, its succession of white temples added to the old building as requirements demanded, but inside was a medley of past and present with none of the air of an auction-room.

The men and women were in outing clothes, but there was the same controlled enthusiasm among them that we found in all of the hotels. It was rather a relief to hear one husband ask his wife if she had packed up everything.

"I have, cross-patch," she answered.

"Bet you left out something," he growled. But he had lost his morning game of golf.

We left just as the orchestra had set in play-

ing—for one is spared eating to ragtime—and we motored away to the tune of "He Wouldn't Believe Me." Neither "he" nor any one else would believe that, after the turn of the road at Manchester Depot, we were still within a stone's throw of luxury. It is this sudden plunging into what appears to be unexplored country, after one has enjoyed every comfort known to hotel science, that makes motoring in America so distinct from that in any other land. It is hard to find a more satisfactory combination. Rugged scenery and a soft bed at the end of the day should reach both stoic and epicurean.

We crossed the Green Mountains with Cornish for our destination—provided we were not too highly entertained en route—over the Peru Turnpike. A turnpike originally meant a road on which a toll-gate is established, and the custom is still maintained over the Peru Mountain. The collection was made by a man as ancient as the sign on which was painted the tariff, both of them disinclined to any innovation beyond an addendum in irregular script at the bottom of the list of taxable vehicles, to the effect that an automobile must pay fifty cents.

This was a "bit stiff" for a road not worth a dime, yet not out of proportion to other charges, for a "pleasure sleigh," drawn by two horses,

commanded twenty cents, and one can imagine nothing less wearing to the road than a pleasure sleigh.

For the honour of Vermont we were glad to learn that this pass over the mountains was owned by a private concern. Years back they had secured a franchise as enduring as an endless chain, and had so far defeated the legislature from taking over the road, and the care of it, by the state. There were men at work improving the way as we bumped along, wearing red flannel shirts, like individual danger-signals, each hiding his shame of the roadbed behind a fierce moustache. I caught the eye of one as it was uneasily shifting from one rut to another. "Ideal tour, eh?" I questioned. "I get you," he answered.

We have a flippant friend who has evolved a creed out of mental science, pure-food talks, and the current urgings to better ourselves. It recurred to me as we went over this pass: "Look up, not down; look out, not in; chew your food; lend a hand."

One need follow only the first mandate to feel that this five miles of poor going is worth the effort. When we looked up all difficulties ceased, for nothing could be more lovely than the woods through which we were passing or the views of rolling mountains that the cleared spaces dis-

closed. It was from these hills that Ethan Allen drew those wondrous "Boys," stern as the rock-ribbed land in their purpose, rich as the forest growth in their strength, yet with a surface equipment as poor as the road which we traversed. Come to think of it—and now that we are over the mountain—I shouldn't have that road any different.

As though we were not appreciating the landscape sufficiently, a clean new sign suddenly announced: "Go slow, you are approaching——" leaving us in delicious doubt until we had rounded the next curve and found that this was but the first installment of a series. "Some of the grandest scenery on earth—" continued the eulogy, until it ended up in a fifth placard advising us to stop at the Bromley House, Peru.

We did this, attracted by a large stuffed bear outside the hotel, with our affections held by an English sheep dog and a collie who, in the friendliest fashion, leaped upon and knocked me down.

There was a well, with a sweep, in the yard—something that our chauffeur had never seen before and who begged for an explanation of the long pole with the bucket on the end. It occurred to me of the number of things which we will have to explain to the young people who are now toddling about. The wells themselves will soon

be obsolete, many kinds of wagons and private carriages, and street-cars, with horses, are already being defined to the youngster of the alert Western town. It is only New York City which sports a small car drawn by a meagre horse with the glorious sign of "Metropolitan."

The proprietor of the Bromley Inn came vaguely down to greet us. His face had been recently cut and scarred, and it was evident that he was suffering under some mental and physical depression. As a result of this it was difficult to find his vulnerable point. The geniality of a Boniface seemed to be entirely lacking. He has on the exterior wall of his home a large fireplace of cobblestones, and although this was a novelty he was indifferent to our praise of it. Preferably we would not have praised it, as it seems rather foolish to heat all creation when, by going around on the other side the wall, one could be more comfortable with less expense for fuel.

Nor did he grow warm to our mild enthusiasm over the stuffed bear. It was not until I, feeling that it was time for the truth, admitted rather tartly that I hated to see wild animals stuffed and set up for people to stare at that he thawed at all. He said he didn't like it either, and as far as he was concerned he would rather have a live bear for a companion than a live man.

He walked down the road with us toward a large paddock, where he had brought up some deer. They came running to greet him, and leaped in the air like little lambkins at play. The dogs were very jealous, and all the animals vied with each other for his favour. He owned large tracts of virgin forests about here, *virgin* forests, he emphasised, and there was a glow in the words that set the imagination tingling. Forests where man had never trod! And if we ever had time to come back and stay with him, he would take us there.

"The animals live as they should, and as long as I can hold on to that property they are going to continue that way. A bear up in my woods," he concluded, "doesn't know what a shot means."

We shook hands at parting and he broke through his wall of Yankee reserve to ask that we pardon any stiffness we might find in his manner. "I had a bad fire last week," he said, as though ashamed of his emotion. "My ancestral home burned down. I like old things and I'm sort of lonely still. You come back in the spring. The spring makes everything all right."

Ah! the cry of us all. How we count upon recreation to stir the sluggish blood in our hearts.

We learned more of our old gentleman at our next stopping-place. We need not have stopped,

we knew that we could never get to our friends in Cornish that night if we continued puttering along the way. But puttering is one of the joys of the motorist. For years I looked from car-windows, looked regretfully as we whirled past old farmhouses which deserved a second glance, past brooks that one should sit by, woods one should enter for a while, but the relentless wheels carried us on until we had arrived at some dull wooden station which no one wished to see, bearing on the front the name of a muddy town which no one wished to visit.

In revenge for these years we now stop whenever we wish, and at Rowell's Inn, near Simonsville, we flung ourselves out and rushed upon Mr. Rowell. There is a tumbling brook within sound of the bedrooms in this spotless inn, there are mountains at the back, with a good road for good cheer in front, and there is Mrs. Rowell in the kitchen, famous for her cooking, and Mr. Rowell on the front porch to tell us all about it.

He asked immediately of the melancholy old gentleman whom we had just left and if his scars had healed. It was then we learned that he had risked his life trying to get his mother-in-law out of his burning ancestral home. "He is a hero," said Mr. Rowell. We thought it very like the proprietor of Bromley's Inn to have said

nothing of this, rather permitting us to carry away an impression of his taciturnity than any more glowing attribute.

"And to do it for his mother-in-law," delicately commented the Illustrator. All of which was very unnecessary, as he has the best mother-in-law in the world, but Mr. Rowell smiled indulgently and said he guessed the world would be a good deal older than it is before the mother-in-law joke grew stale. This quieted the Illustrator, who wants to be the original discoverer of all jokes.

We left the inn mad with regret, and we advise such of those as have no waiting friends in Cornish to spend the night there, or at least to stay for a meal. With a little connivance the traveller can avoid all the big hotels and find himself living most excellently in the country hostelries. That is, if he "loves the cows and chickens," and is not too keen "to raise the dickens."

Such a trip as the one we had just made over the Green Mountains deserves a lodge in the wilderness at the end of the run. I would not urge it should we make ourselves uncomfortable. Fresh air is excellent, no doubt, yet I find those who have been sniffing adulterated ozone ever since their birth to be in the enjoyment of as good health as those who have known only the Simon-

pure article. But lodges in the wilderness like Rowell's Inn have tiled bathrooms, running water, spotless linen—on twin beds, and there is air besides.

We departed from Simonsville, not knowing we had entered it, so minute is the village, and in this manner acquired and quitted minuter Londonderry—on past scattered houses, each with something to sell: sweet cider and soft drinks; rag carpets and gasoline; home-made pies and overalls.

There were sawmills along the route, and the only one comestible not for sale was sawdust. Stern placards at every mill absolutely forbade us to buy sawdust. As time went on we grew peevish over this, and felt the necessity for sawdust as we had never felt it before. We realised, for the first time, the various uses we could have made of a large sack of this commodity. If we broke down we could sleep upon it; the chauffeur said we could, at a pinch, extract some nourishment from it. And I argued that, with the purchase of a machine of several tons' pressure, we could evolve this shifting valuable into trays, toy dogs, Nubian boys, and, no doubt, hats and gloves.

But there was nothing to do save to drive past these lost opportunities as rapidly as possible,

concentrating on a sign which urged us to buy our soda water at Dodge's. Dodge is an enterprising man, filling the woods for miles with his impassioned plea. The only trouble with Dodge is his too early attack upon the automobilist. Long before we reached his pharmacy our thirst had so developed by the tempting advertisement that we stopped at a soda fountain this side his much-vaunted one, slaking our thirst and driving past Dodge's without the expenditure of a dime.

At Chester we stopped for the cheapest gasoline on the trip. The boy who brought it out said, between set teeth, that Chester was bound every auto would stop there if only for a minute, and nothing stopped a rich man like cheap gasoline. It was an uncomfortable truth, but one could not deny the enterprise of the village. Even those who travel by rail were not forgotten. In the shop from which our gasoline was procured was another sign indicating that mileage could be "Bought, Sold, or Rented."

And this brought us up, with a bump, against the railway once more. When one motors he immediately forgets that there is any other way of getting about, and after a day in the woods is snobbishly surprised to hear that trains are running at all.

In the growing dusk we picked our way toward

Springfield, directed, or rather misdirected, by a perfect fury of red arrows which, had they not been nailed to trees, could have slaughtered a regiment. It was this deadly insistent attack that set me to wondering who put up the first arrow as an emblem to point the way.

I leaned over and asked W—— this and, not knowing, he pretended not to hear me. But who did? Our imagination now embraces the full meaning of that sharp little point. Nothing could be more fitting. But who thought of it first? I again prodded the Illustrator. "The worst of it is," I said to him, "there isn't any way of finding out except to ask and ask and ask." Still he did not answer, and I sat back moodily.

We were approaching the mill town of Springfield, Vermont, in a thick darkness. We could never get to Cornish, and, while not admitting it, we were looking for the Adna Brown Hotel for our resting-place. It was on our left and could not be missed, and while it was not a tourist hotel, a lanky boy came out promptly to take off the baggage. I started briskly up the stairs toward the desk, as it is ever my duty to look after the rooms, but the Illustrator stopped me. He is a marvellous man—he always knows of what I am thinking.

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"I absolutely forbid you," he said, "to ask the clerk who put up the first arrow to point the way. This is a travelling man's hotel and they'll think we're crazy."

So I didn't—until morning.

CHAPTER VI

Concerning Vermonters and their Ways

THERE are travelling Americans who have never seen the inside of the hotel which depends upon commercial men to keep it going. They know the large houses of Florida, the huge structures along the Northern beaches, the caravansaries in New York, but they pass through life without experiencing the soggy "comforters" of the Middle West, the short sheets of the South, or—anywhere—the overpowering odour of an abandoned cigar-stub which cannot be found. It is a pity, for this traveller never fully knows the world.

We dined recently at a table of New Yorkers where not one of the women guests present had ever entered the Subway save myself. I realised that I should have very little to say to them, as my main topics of conversation dealt with the events that I witnessed while carrying on a mole-like existence underground.

I was sorry for them, as I appreciated how necessarily limited their experiences must be when they must ever travel to and fro segregated in

a limousine, like a lonely wax figure in a showcase. How can they possibly know how the "other side" lives when they meet it only upon platforms of charitable institutions. Even in the excellent course of settlement work, of house-to-house visiting, one endures but momentary discomfort. But a trip in the Subway at the rush-hour is a great leveller. We are a unit of misery, save that some are sitting down and some are standing.

But, more than this, what there is of humour is also for the massed crowd. I shall never forget my gratitude to one shabby shopgirl talking to another on the first day that I found myself packed in with no room to raise my head or my hand, and rather uncertain about the existence of one of my feet. The desire came to me to scream and to fight my way out, and I might have done so but for the shopgirl. Her conversation was for me, or the next one, or all of them who could hear. "My photos come out all right," she was saying, "but you should 'a' seen Gertie's—taken readin' a book, if you please. And her with a double chin."

This extolling of the seamy side of life may lead one to believe that the Adna Brown comes under the class of the hotels one misses by a strictly conventional life. Yet it is not. It stands

as a pleasant warning that these conditions are passing in America, that they have passed in Springfield, Vermont, and that one must be up and about it if he wishes to experience the full value of the poet's verse: "Short sheets make the night seem longer."

In every mill town where there is power you will find your room blazing with light, and you will find each year added private bathrooms, a decorous array of towels, and an inclination on the part of the chambermaid to let one sleep in the morning without rattling the doorknob every five minutes.

This is not due to the automobilist; rather, to the keen little men who arrive with huge packing cases, lay out their wares on long tables, and, I regret to say, leave the door open to stare out as you pass in the hall.

It is the drummer, supposed to be composed entirely of jokes, who is as vigorous in his demands for long sheets as is the motorist for good roads. His presence continues after we have entered a room and he has quitted it, for now we find a Bible in most of the hotels. "Placed in this hotel by the Gideons," is the gold-lettered explanation on the black binding.

This is an oracular statement which occasioned a prompt returning to the office-desk the first

time I found such a volume. Whereas an acquaintance of mine, under the impression that they were left as an offering to the next guest, carried off her first three copies, and has but lately stilled her conscience by locating the headquarters of the Gideons, and sending them a check. For this band, while wanderers in the days of the Old Testament, are now an organised body of travelling men, scattering stories and Bibles and all the commodities of life throughout the land. And since they possess a sense of humour they do not, as did a certain church house who made an effort to spread the gospel in this fashion, chain the holy books to the dressing-tables.

Enfin—let us thank the commercial men for an excellent night in Springfield, I comfortably in my room during the evening, and W—— making short flights between his and the office, where a number of mill-owners had chanced to drop in and, hearing of our enterprise, urged us to go over the city in the morning. We rebelled against this, as we do against all effort toward the improvement of our minds, and when morning came motored hastily away, the more hastily as I had made the blunder of tipping one of the hotel clerks under the impression that he was a bell-boy. He had been industriously serving us

in many ways, even to the carrying down of the baggage, and it is to his credit that he did not embarrass me by a refusal of the coin, but swept it magnificently into the till for the general good of the Adna Brown.

A bell-boy in a hotel of modest pretensions once told me that he received seven dollars a week from the manager and made twenty-five more out of his tips. The hotel clerks average, I believe, eighteen dollars weekly, and it speaks well for the spirits which "never, never will be slaves" that many bell-boys aspire to be clerks, but no clerks are tempted, by monetary considerations, to be bell-boys. The latter class in America are purely in a transitional stage. Their present servitude does not seem to bar them from a future position when they will be the employers and not the employed.

In spite of their alertness, however, I have not found them a promising set of young men. And I have talked with them of their ambitions until the Illustrator has "ahemmed" at me loudly. After a little practice one can make successful deductions without interrogation. If their hands are large they wish to become prize-fighters; if inclined to stale jokes they are contemplating the gay life of a drummer; and when the hair on the head is long and wavy they expect

to go on the stage. I did find one bright-faced lad who was struggling for a college education, but the reason for his efforts was to "put it all over the gang," and while this may be a more general aspiration among university men than is admitted, it is not, let us hope, the spirit of an embryo president.

At this point I have been gently reminded by the man looking over my shoulder that our story was primarily a motoring one, and any wide divergence is not only a breach of style, but one of faith to the man who might wish to know the road to Cornish.

This brings me promptly back to the road, which was a very good one out of Springfield, with the sun shining on both the Illustrator and myself—the unjust and the just—and our chauffeur so elated that I hoped he might be feeling, although a phlegmatic youth, the jubilation of mere living. But it was not that—his deep satisfaction was occasioned by a reduction in the garage bill for the night, as the proprietor had inferred that the chauffeur was hacking the car "because it looked so awful." And while we endeavoured to beam back at him, we were both entertaining the shame that a parent must feel over a dirty baby.

We went on, feebly polishing the brass rail,

and not crossing the two bridges when we reached the Connecticut River, but on up the left bank, which affords good going and few travellers. There were skittish horses along the way, which occasioned a gentle manipulation of the car and a great deal of patience. We were reminded of the questions put to a young chauffeur applying for a license.

"What would you do if you met a frightened horse?" severely asked that power that issues licenses.

"Slow down the car," said the aspirant promptly.

"And if still frightened?"

"Stop the car."

"And still frightened?"

"Stop the engine."

"And still frightened?"

"Get out and lead it past."

"And still——"

"Oh, thunder! Take the car to pieces and hide it in the grass."

This was told us in the desert of the Sahara, as we were coaxing a caravan of camels past our automobile, so I do not present it as a fresh incident—it takes many repetitions before a story reaches the Sahara.

With a like benevolent intention, we stopped

the car for a black dog, which held to an inclination to suicide by racing us under the wheels. Life seemed uncommonly good to him after his rescue, and he twisted himself gratefully when we descended to sketch his ancestral mansion.

The owner of the black dog (the black dog's name was Brownie) also lived in the house and took me up to see his wife, who thought—out loud, through the window—that she ought to change her apron, but was induced to let it remain, clean and blue-checked.

She was wiry and grey-haired and cheery, and we hippity-hopped together among her flower beds. Many of the posies were planted in old stone jars, which they had found in the house when they took it, and "he" had painted a blue design on the surface, for his father had been a sea captain and he had always liked the Chinese ginger-jars that he once brought home from a cruise. She feared an early frost, as the nights were so cool, and that her late roses might get a nippin', and we deprecated the chill of life, which must "blight us all," as she put it.

I congratulated them upon having a stone house in which to keep warm, and it was then I learned that stone houses were not warm and had an unfortunate, if industrious, way of storing up damp, and letting it out when the winter

fires began. The farmer was in a position to know—they had had thirty years of it. The property wasn't "quite clear" yet, he said, with that tight-lipped New England dignity which must tell the truth though it hurt him.

The pathos of thirty years of mortgage! And to think that we ask for them at the bank as an investment, and are disgruntled when they are paid off.

The farmer had a niece in Indiana who was married to a jeweller, but with his honest grey eyes looking at me I could not say that I was acquainted with them, although I should have enjoyed doing so, that we might both exclaim, "How small the world is!" I could truthfully report that the crops had been excellent, for I remembered a phrase in my mother's letter (who writes me solemnly of the crops once a year) to that effect. And he said, rather wistfully, that he guessed they always were good out there.

I looked over his domain, the settled beauty of the old house, the taste of the blue-painted jars, the shimmering river, the stretch of the Connecticut Valley, the hills prodding the sky-line gently, and in all sincerity I thought him better off than in the rich, flat world of the unimaginative Middle West. I said this, and he asked me hesitatingly, as though he ought by

right to be talking of pumpkins, why so many authors come from these parts—then.

So I expounded to him my theory: it was because the country was ugly, and living rather mean, that the mind must create its own beauty and the soul must imagine what is not there, giving expression to its fancies by writing them down rather than by experiencing them.

We were quite caught up in the clouds until it came time to shake hands and say good-bye. Shaking hands in America makes us conscious. It is like going to the train to see people off—there is nothing more to be said after the touch of palms. Only the Arabs do this with enthusiasm, the adieux growing to a full crescendo after the hand-shaking. It is their cocktail of good-bye.

"There is no doubt about it," I said to W——, when we were on our way once more, "I like these Vermont people."

Before he could reply our car slacked its pace to ask a pedestrian if we were "right" for Windsor. Yet we were not answered immediately, for the eye of the one accosted lighted upon a friend passing in a buggy, and he put us aside to parley.

"Got a new buggy?"

"Yep," said the occupant of the buggy.

"What you done with the old one?"

"Kep' it."

"Want to trade it?"

"Nope."

"Go on."

"Getap."

Then we were advised of the route laconically.

"Like 'em still?" asked W—— of me.

"Yep," I answered stoutly.

At Windsor one must cross the river for Cornish, thereby quitting Vermont and entering New Hampshire. Our mapped-out itinerary demanded this, but if we ever find ourselves with leisure on our hands again, we will devote it to the Connecticut Valley, from the source of the stream far up on the Canadian line down through its three hundred sixty miles of sinuous beauty.

As Doctor Holmes says, "it loiters down like a great lord," which, at this point of the river, is a most perfect simile. A historian goes further, recommending it for "the frequency and elegance of its meanders," this praise being sustained by a native along the way, who claims that it meanders so utterly at one point that a man with a gun can stand on the river-bank in New Hampshire, fire across Vermont, and lodge his ball in New Hampshire again. The solution of this can be worked out only by pen and pencil, lacking the

gun and particular spot where the river so twists, but it is no more perplexing than the antics of the sun at Panama, which stubbornly sets in the East.

I had been polishing up on the history of the Connecticut Valley while rocking in my comfortable chair (secured for me by the insistent drummers) back in Springfield, and as we went on through the beaming sunlight I almost wished that I hadn't read it. For this gentle length of road over which we were "elegantly meandering" was the trail of the Indians who drove their captives from the settlement in lower Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—the trail on which they beat them, tortured them, abandoned them to die, selling into slavery to the Frenchmen of Canada such poor fragments as endured.

Whole villages were at times rounded up like cattle and started northward. Each Indian was allotted one or more prizes, and while it was to the interest of the warrior to keep the settlers alive, at the end of every day's march such captives as gave evidence of flagging strength were killed. And yet it was these savages, these creatures of instinctive poetry, who called the river The Smile of God.

I often reflect, without dawn of reason on

the subject, upon the white man who gave the first gun to the first Indian. Who began it—what was the value of the bundle of furs that he probably received in return? It is well known that arrows were comparatively ineffectual against guns—it would seem to be the one method of safeguarding the white settlers—yet the exchange of some commodity or other for muskets must have become general, for even in the wars of 1675 many of the red men possessed firearms.

The number of settlers killed during the early wars is so small to us now, in this age of complete annihilation of regiments, that I hesitate to put it down. Yet, while the toll of dead during the uprising of the Indians under the Massasoit, Philip, was but six hundred in all, that represented one man out of every twenty living in New England. And the expense of the war, put down as half a million dollars, all but beggared the community.

The Indians may have come down the river in canoes, but one does not read of any such comfortable transportation up the stream with their prisoners—possibly for the reason that it *was* up the stream, and there may have been a stern resistance in the current of The Smile of God.

Freight as mournful has rested upon the

bosom of its waters, mournful if one can apply that word to effort unrecognised. Fourteen years before Robert Fulton paddled his boat, the *Clermont,* up the Hudson, under steam, Samuel Morey set the Connecticut Valley gaping by a small steamer of his own invention.

He had but one paddle-wheel at first, and his speed was hardly that of a motor-boat. There were some solemn conclaves among the capitalists of the Valley over the advisability of financing this young man toward further endeavour. And it was decided if he could manage to attain a maximum speed of eight miles an hour that the queer craft might have possibilities which would be worth developing.

Morey then added a wheel to the other side of the boat, attained the eight miles, and was deserted, for some reason or other, by his cautious friends of high finance. The history in which I found this story went a little further than chroniclers of dry events generally do, and, entering the realms of psychology, told the reader that the inventor accepted his defeat with great philosophy, sunk his boat, and lived to a genial old age as a market gardener.

I was grateful for this dénouement, as it was the only optimistic note I could catch in all the sad story of this peaceful farming country. Yet

to see the land itself, evolved from the wilderness by a patience and fearlessness of which a quaking motorist has no grasp, is possibly the cheeriest symbol of optimism to be found in or out of a chronicle.

It was something of a grief to the Illustrator, who still thrills at Indian lore, that Windsor, which we were rapidly approaching, bore no marks of tomahawks on old oaken doors. Indeed, we have found that the most dramatic events of which we read take place just this side of the point where we "turn in," or just beyond the point where we "turn out."

I tried to tell him that we should be glad we were spared any more definite visualising of the cruelties his own forbears suffered (he is from Vermont—and Virginia—and other states), and he replied that he didn't want any one to have been out and out killed there, but scalping does not necessarily cause death. I sat back sternly. It is amazing how men refuse to grow up.

And yet they do! With the sure instinct of mankind he picked out some one in the far distance to ask more of Windsor, and she was, again, a very pretty girl. She said we could go to the hotel if we wanted to, but she advised the Windsor Club—she was going there herself. So the Illustrator thought that the Windsor

Club was much the better place, and we went her way—where she turned out to be a waitress, but, undoubtedly, a head waitress.

The Club has been erected by the mill-owners for the men, and the public have only the privilege of the restaurant and the telephone. We telephoned to our long-suffering friends in Cornish, who had ceased to become friends, we discovered, and had gone off for a day and night. We were sorry to lose them, but there was a sort of motor press on, press ever gleam in our eyes, which placed friends as something better than a dog, but not as dear as a good day's run.

Since our destination was Rutland, we could have motored on up the Valley on the Vermont side, or could, after crossing the river, cling to the river-bank and continue over the excellent Lebanon Turnpike, recrossing the river at West Lebanon.

But it is foolish to be so near Cornish and not become part of it for a moment, no matter how indifferent the Cornishmen may be about having you there. There is something rustic in the name Cornishmen, but there is nothing rustic about them in reality, with the exception of their gardens—and those are as beautifully cultivated as the minds which own them.

One does not think, as a rule, of minds owning

A GARDEN AT CORNISH

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beautiful stretches of property, and houses containing chairs, bolsters, flat silver, Oriental rugs, vacuum-cleaners, a phonograph (behind a Japanese screen), and other essentials to living. We see fat people owning such comfortable resting-places. But Cornish contains a summer colony, noted for minds, and for the best ones, which means that they are not dull, ponderous masses of grey matter which confound you with facts, and fill you with a panicky feeling that you will not understand what they are going to say next.

One of the rewards of increasing years is an experience in proportion, and I have found, with relief, that the really great brain is not wrapped in a garment of perplexity, but is as simple and understandable as a nude figure.

The quality of a retiring mind is charming unless you are a motorist trying to see the great estates in Cornish, then you become exasperated, as the gardens for which the locality is famous are so retired from the road that one gets nothing but R. F. D. boxes, with magical names on the outside to show that any one lives beyond the iron gates but Mother Nature.

We wished that all of the houses could be inns, for an inn may be as modest as a daisy, but, like a daisy, it is indigenous to the roadside and in plain view. We had no sooner crossed the river

than we came upon one little white tea-house, with blinds the colour of fresh green lettuce, and a swinging sign painted, we knew immediately, by Maxfield Parrish.

A few yards further on, overlooking the river, is another where one may dine as well as tea, and the traveller would do well to take a meal there. He may argue that he is not hungry, and I can only reply that he will be so by the time he reaches the hotel at White River Junction. Whereas if you are not hungry when you arrive at the Junction you need not stop at that unromantic spot, but can motor on to Woodstock, and replete with food, remain sensible to the beauties of nature. It is difficult to lay too great value on a well-filled stomach when one is out to admire scenery.

We still had a friend—or two—left in Cornish, in spite of those leaving hastily whom we were about to visit. And we asked the way of a delightful miss, on the edge of long skirts, who was sitting on one of the few porches exposed to the naked eye of the passing visitor.

She was bursting with knowledge, for she had often visited our acquaintances, she said, but nothing could have wriggled more in the imparting of the directions unless it was the dachshund squirming in her arms.

"You go," she said, "yes—you go at least two miles—pretty straight—and then you come to a church"—she hesitated—"or do you? That's just it." Her agony of mind was terrible to witness. "And then, supposing you *do* come to the church, you turn to the right. Yes, you do, but oh, horrors!" she pressed the dachshund to her brow. "Is it *before* the graveyard or *after* it?"

As the result of this complete revelation we thought it safer to inquire further at the post-office, and found it was after the cemetery, which was satisfactory in a way, proving, as W—— said, that these friends would remain friends even beyond the grave. Yet the government official (also a dispenser of garden seed, underwear, and photographs of President Wilson's summer residence) was not entirely right, and it would seem that it is as difficult to define a country residence as to tell the truth in a witness chair.

But we found it, first climbing a little hill to the second house and, being wrong, descending it again to the third house, where we were immediately encircled by a garden, puppies, sleek cats, and our friends. The scene was so lovely that, for an instant, we wondered why our particular inclination has kept us always in a sort of perpetual motion, instead of settling down with one vista for contemplation instead of a ceaseless

demand for a continual unfolding of new landscapes.

The regret for our unsettled condition was only for the instant, however. Soon we were in the car again, philosophising that we wouldn't be moving about in this fashion if it was not best suited to our dispositions, and rather blaming it on the Lord. I don't know how some of us could quiet our conscience if we did not reflect that the Lord made us.

Through lovely country lanes we twisted ourselves in and out of various towns, all called Lebanon, and, crossing a bridge again, were reluctantly at White River Junction. I defy any one to name a charming town, or a moderately pretty one, or even a stylish village, that staggers under the appellation of Junction. It is as cruel as naming a girl Eliza or a baby boy Methuselah. The town could as well have been one of the Lebanons—West—West Lebanon possibly, for, while locomotives were busy running up and down in front of the hotel—after the manner of junctions—the name is not the result of the meeting of railroads, but of the engulfing of White River by the waters of the Connecticut.

Although we were hungry, and White River Junction ugly, and the locomotives noisy, we found occasion to liken humanity to this merging

of one defined river into another. How the weak feed the strong! How unconscious the strong are that they, in their greed, have sapped up for their expansion all the little thoughts and the individual efforts of such mortals who, by their situation and equipment, can be but tributaries in the scheme of life. And, even so, how right it all is! The great stream serves great purposes—but it is a sustaining thought that it could not do without the little tributaries.

There were several parties of motorists in the hotel dining-room, and out of each party was one fat woman. I have never failed to observe this, although it is still an open question as to whether one acquires flesh from motoring or that one motors who has acquired flesh. It is an uneasy question and has a tendency to the curtailing of soup while touring, and by a hurried exit resisting the seductive New England pie.

It was our waitress at luncheon who urged the pie upon us. She said it was "all right"—and it was. I had not lifted my eyes to her face until we had reached the sweets. Her body was so trim that I thought her young, but her face was of an alarming plainness, and she went about her work with a sad elimination of bantering, as though such things were not for her.

I thought of the unlovely way that the truth

about herself must have been thrust upon her when she was a young waitress, with an inclination to doubt her mirror and a secret hope that some one of the commercial travellers would find her worthy of his light admiration. But that was long ago, and now with an appreciation of her limitations she wisely chose the air of an ascetic.

Even at her age she could not escape the material sizing up of one gross guest at table. His eye, like mine, had first embraced her delicate waist, but as he worked up to her homely features he winked openly at his companion and gave a loud guffaw. She was impervious to his humour, however, and brought him everything for which he had asked—and this was Christian charity to the limit.

We turned sharply at our right upon leaving White River (I cannot say Junction again) along the valley road of the—a halt to verify the spelling—Ottaquechee.

Two late haymakers, or, rather, two makers of late hay, told us the name of the river. Strangely enough for those who live in the valley, they stumbled in the telling, and, while I am no farmer, they presented an equal incapacity for haymaking. Since their wagons were picturesque, I asked if they would allow me to photo-

graph them. This is not an unusual request in the country, and in any clime the mention of a photograph is a sign for a quick acquiescence, and a certain setting to rights of one's clothing.

But these incapable haymakers continued amazing by a burst of laughter and an acceptance of our offer without the hitching of a suspender. It was trying to my vanity, but I followed the usual formula, and upon the clicking of the camera offered to send them prints if they would give me their names. And at this there was an ill-concealed attempt to muzzle more laughter, consequent with a removing of old straw hats to beg my pardon, for, they told us, they were moving-picture actors rehearsing a scene, and they averaged about ten thousand pictures of themselves a day. The Illustrator rummaged for his flask, and we chatted a little until a large motor came up with their camera man and director.

On the outside was painted the name of the concern in vulgar lettering. There were other actors in the automobile going to their various "locations," and they were so sober and industrious about their "job" that we thought it a pity they must be labelled like zanies in a circus. One might as well paint "Attorney" across the car of a gentleman of that profession, or "Spe-

cialist in Ears," or "Minister of the First Baptist Church." Surely the actor is the servant of the public!

But on we went to Woodstock, with our disapproval unexpressed and futile save that no mental disapprobation is without action of some sort, and in a few minutes we were mentally and vocally disapproving of each other in the sketching of an old doorway, which I thought an excellent bit, and the Illustrator said was a "bust." If it is presented here I leave it to the public to judge of my taste.

Besides a doorway I acquired some hairpins in Woodstock and a new valve for my hot-water bottle. One need not feel the necessity of carrying from her native city every essential, as though bound for desert places. Shopping in small towns is pleasantly simple, and the choice, being restricted, is quickly accomplished. We also found ourselves drifting into a carelessness as to our personal appearance that gives us many extra half hours in the open, far from mirrors save those that Nature provides in the stilly pools.

I would never have believed that the correctly veiled person who quitted my apartment four days before could be the same who, with hat on one ear, and an unbecoming hat at that, listened

shamelessly to the conversation of others in the delightful inn at Woodstock.

Listening to conversations may be as base as peeping through windows, but it is endlessly amusing. The Illustrator is immediately surrounded by other motor enthusiasts who talk roads, but my sex are not so friendly.

"She looks like a nice woman," one said faintheartedly of an absent creature who was laid upon the dissecting tea-table.

"Her first name is Cora, isn't it?" inquired Cora's accuser severely. "I never trusted that name."

And that took me back to White River Junction again, although unwillingly. I really think mothers should be more careful when they thrust the nominal sign of the adventuress upon a red, squirming infant. I suppose it is difficult for a mother to imagine a red, squirming infant an adventuress at all.

After Woodstock we began a steady ascent toward the Green Mountains, again over a road much better than the Peru Turnpike—and which cost us nothing at all. The stretches of farmland were rich and ever richer. The lush grass grew smoothly to the edges of the streams, and the hills, bounding the valley, resembled a little the lower stretches of the Alps. Yet only a *little*

little, for each country enjoys a topography peculiarly its own, and America is, to me, more individual than any other.

Strange, is it not? Trees with leaves, cows with horns, dogs with four legs, men and women with two—strange that we should be so similar! I confided some of these musings to the front seat. I told the chauffeur, for his own enlightenment, that his country could not possibly look like any other country. He replied that he didn't want it to, but he hoped, when he visited other countries, that he would find them all looking like his. And as this was ridiculous, I sat back without any further promulgation of thought.

W—— was willing to continue the discussion for the hidden reason that, busied with contention, I would not observe the life of the road and call a halt for a further investigation of events along the way. He had secret hopes of arriving, for once, at the end of our day's run before nightfall.

But his methods were too vigorous. At one lonely spot he began to question me so eagerly as to my opinions—opinions in which he had never taken any interest before—that I peered suspiciously over his broad blocking shoulders just in time to espy a very quaint little sign set

stiffly on a post in front of a very shabby little house, which he was trying to rush me past.

The sign was gleaming with fresh paint, applied colourfully, but untruthfully, to a row of animals, with the announcement beneath that Home-made Toys were for sale. Knowing that he was worsted he backed back, and we were shortly afterwards on the shabby porch, surrounded by carved dogs, horses, dolls' houses, dolls' chairs, cows, and what I think were bears.

The maker was a man of huge stature, but so crippled by rheumatism that he could no longer work at his trade of carpentry beyond carving out his small wares through the winter and selling them to those motoring past in the summer. I found our young chauffeur looking at him with a sort of sympathetic contempt, but it was as remarkable as it was touching to W—— and myself that this great creature, this maker of homes, was now producing tailless dogs and tailful horses with the enthusiasm if not the skill of an artist.

"The point is," he said, "it's my job. He's a poor man who won't like the thing he can do, and I've grown to like them. It's kind of vain, I guess, but I take a sort of father's pride in them. Oh, yes, madam, people are very kind. The only time my feelings get hurt at all is the

way some of the visitors can't tell the dogs from the horses."

I hastily put down one—or other—of these quadrupeds, for I was a little uncertain beyond its being of the animal kingdom, and I bought, after that, creatures with horns, unquestionably cows.

I also took a little chair with a Greek cross cut out on the back. "I like to see a cross on a chair," he said, handling the toy delicately. "It seems to be resting there—kinda, somehow."

"You carry your cross," W—— responded.

"Always, sir," with a hand to his twisted spine.

We talked of rheumatism and he told us of the man from Bridgeport who had passed that day and, before whirling on, advised the invalid to take a cure in Russia.

"But I couldn't get along without the automobilists," he added gratefully. "Once I thought I couldn't stand the pain, now I know I can."

I told him of one Marcus Aurelius who says: "The pain which is intolerable carries us off, but that which lasts a long time is tolerable, and the mind maintains its own tranquillity by retiring into itself, and the ruling faculty is not made worse."

It did not seem unusual to be quoting the Roman Emperor to this bent giant of Vermont, nor

astonishing that he accepted the philosophy with understanding. The man from Bridgeport might be out of place in the Green Mountains, but the Ancients are perfectly fitted to any habitation where dwells the simple spirit.

We put our names in a little book before we left. He showed with the greatest pride the signature of one who had been the First Lady of the Land. He knew the weeks and the days that had passed since her death. In the outer world the transition of her soul had come at a time when grief from appalling havoc made small by comparison any less international sorrow. But here in this quiet countryside we felt that we had stumbled upon an altar to her memory, covered over with fresh flowers.

As a result of the protracted call upon Mr. Bailey, we, as usual, reached our night's resting-place as the electric lights were changing the dusk into an admitted blackness. The authorities of Rutland point the way intelligently by signs arrowing (I have coined this) the business portion of the town and that of the residences. I had hoped the hotel would be on a hill, or a meadow, or even a park, for we were permeated with a sense of the country, and were impatient at the prospect of the lights of the moving-picture houses shining in upon such respectable

early-going-to-bed tourists as we had become. But it was squarely in the centre of all the lights in Rutland. A commercial hotel with a stern disinclination to hearken to the appeal of the drummer for its self-improvement.

A disinclination, indeed, to hearken to anything save the honk of the motor horn, and to boost up the prices with the ascending of the motor trunk. It is not that they charge so much, but that they charge too much. Too much in proportion to the comforts to be secured for the same sum at other hotels along the way, which are also recommended by the emblematic shield of a certain Association.

I have long known that a shield signifies protection, and as we went through the country largely influenced as to our choice of stopping-places by this emblem, I had cherished the idea that the armour was to protect the guests. But, arriving at Rutland, I learned that it is the hostelry which hides behind the shield.

Rebellion was not enduring. If we had stopped anywhere else in the world I would never know how, in Rutland, a man can care for a woman. I knew it would be a confidence by the way he glared at me when I chanced to stray into the parlour. I knew she was expecting a confidence by that glad questioning in her eyes and her utter indifference to me. I knew, too,

that she cared a lot more for him than he did for her. I could have told her so in advance, but we must learn by our own experience.

"I've got a new horse," he told her.

"Do you drive it to your buggy?"

"You bet I do," he answered.

She beamed upon him.

"Will you be at home to-morrow at four?" he asked.

She said she would.

"You be on the porch."

She said she would.

"I'll drive past and you can see it," said the swain.

If I had not left the parlour there would have been a dead Rutlander.

CHAPTER VII

Scenery Everywhere, Especially "With the Top Down"

We left Rutland late the next morning, for the reason that the chauffeur was not to be found. As a rule the earliest bird at the garage, he was not there when W—— went over finally to see what was wrong.

Nor could he be located by telephoning to the various small hotels patronised by chauffeurs. I was sitting in the lobby, surrounded by bags, when W—— returned expressing the conviction loudly that the boy had been "done away with." It was very absurd for one who had been born in New York to go to Rutland, Vermont, for the drinking of knock-out drops, and I said this by way of calming the Illustrator.

While it did not calm him it did inspire him, and he went on to develop a theory that this disappearance of our young man was probably the result of an extraordinary justice. Think, he continued, of all those from the country who have, from time to time in New York City, drunk of the cup of oblivion in a rear saloon, and been relieved of their small roll.

For all we know there is now a secret society among the Green Mountain Boys—who have had small opportunity to right wrongs of late—a society whose members carry small vials containing sleeping potions. And these they pour into the coffee cups of visiting chauffeurs as they sit on the stools of the Owl Lunch Wagon.

The Illustrator had a little difficulty in continuing with his theory after this, as he did not know how the Green Mountain Boys could get their victims out of the Owl Lunch Wagon. There is no more respectable place in the world than a night lunch, especially if it is called the White House. Besides, the genial proprietor, making egg and onion sandwiches in a very compressed space, could not allow them to sleep away on the few stools, as it would spoil trade. Yet, on the other hand, it would attract attention if the city men were dragged out and robbed under the wheels of the wagon.

We grew very uneasy over the situation, bellboys were beginning to gather about us, and I don't know how we would have worked the thing out had not, at that moment, a perfectly new White House passed along the street with a number of children sitting up in front, going into the country for a Sunday's airing.

In swift sweeps of the mind we then decided

that the Green Mountain Boys controlled one or more of these wagons, and that it was their custom to daze the New York chauffeurs as they drank their coffee, then hastily drive out of the town, deposit them on the ground (generously leaving a nickel in their pockets for carfare), and return to the village for more strangers to the great country.

"And it is particularly fitting that Rutland should be the first to establish this sure justice," completed W——, "as the Howe scales are made here. Did you ever see a statue of Justice without a pair of Howe scales in her hand?"

This appeared to settle the matter, and we were so enjoying our extravaganza that it was a little disappointing to us when our car bounced before the door, and the driver, knocked out by nothing but the sleep of beautiful youth, began to cry hurried apologies.

It is but fair to Rutland County that it has overcome its ominous name by good roads, in spite of the fact that this part of the state has been largely quarried. I recall the fearful condition of the roads in Italy near the great Carrara marbles, cut by heavy hauling and liberally besprinkled with samples of their *spécialité du pays*. Possibly the American is too thrifty to scatter about pieces of marble large enough for grave-

stones of—at least—inconspicuous mortals. Since the quarries of Vermont *are* marble, I asked a clerk in a beautiful inn at Brandon why it was called the Granite State, and he replied that he did not know it was.

This so confused me, fearing I was wrong, that I backed away and confined my observations to visual, not mental, efforts. There was a series of excellent prints on the wall, pictures of gentlemen with side whiskers and silk hats racing one another in quaint sleighs, while Central Park was fully expressed by ladies in hoop-skirts whizzing along in cabriolets.

I looked at them rather wistfully, for there was a great deal of action in the pictures, whereas Brandon, although decorously beautiful, was choked into insensibility by the Sabbath calm.

The man who must spend a Sunday in New England is fortunate to be motoring in and out of the villages. In the country there is the continual assurance that life is going on, whereas there is no such optimistic note in a village. And, mark you, it is the houses that are to blame. Not even people are as deeply affected by a strict closing as are habitations. They are in natural opposition to nature anyway, for they have no individual power to expand into more rooms, or a new porch even, while a mustard seed goes on

expressing itself as extensively as it wishes—and with no regard for Sundays.

I admit that the residents of houses are frequently affected by the stiff manner their enveloping walls acquire on Sunday. But to justify my contention I beg the automobilist to watch the houses of the small town on Sunday, and on Monday. Then, even if it be wash-day, he will observe a certain winking joyousness about the windows which was not manifest twenty-four hours before.

Such inhabitants as we met upon the street were all going to or from church, glad to be out of their stiff homes with such narrow views. Even through the country they were walking along the paths, and, apart from the ethical advantage of church-going, I was impressed anew with the great social opportunity that worship offers to the isolated. Men in this district once carried their guns on their shoulders when they escorted their females to and from the service. And I wonder if it was not the pleasant mixing of humanity, as well as the God-fearing impulse, which brought them to court an Indian attack by their weekly assembling.

To the traveller of the road a church generally stands as a landmark, past which you go or don't go. In Brandon we were to go past it,

and would have done so without difficulty but we were detained by the falling of a trolley wire upon the top of our car. It was the only live thing in Brandon, yet had we not been travelling with the top up we might have been less alive now than we were then.

The top subject is not extraneous matter. It is, strangely enough, considering its position on the car, the base of many an unsuccessful motoring day. I like the top lifted and W—— does not. He says one cannot "see up," that it is not going to rain, but if it does the canopy can be raised in less than a minute.

This is not the truth and he knows it. It takes longer than a minute; indeed, in our particular internecine strife it covers an indefinite period. If, by chance, we should start off on a cloudy day with W—— as conqueror (that is, with the canopy folded up) and the rain, in spite of him, should begin to fall, he does not see it or feel it.

It does not seem to rain on the front seat and he is surprised when I call attention to the fact that I am getting wet. He is very cheerful over my damp condition. He says he thinks the storm is passing, anyway that we are passing, and will soon be "out of it." He says, too, that the wind will dry me off in no time.

As we go on and the downpour continues, he

sometimes shakes the raindrops off his lashes surreptitiously, and asks me if I want the top up. And when I answer, frozenly, that I *do,* he wonders if I would mind taking from the receptacle formed by the folds of canvas the laundry bag, his golf shoes, a bottle of whiskey, one of hair tonic, and some old shirts to be used for waste while he and the chauffeur make ready to lift the thing.

This frequently weakens me in my resolve, but if I hold out and the top is put up, as sure as my cause is just and life is an enigma, the sun will come out, and the scenery be limited to mountain peaks overhanging the road. W—— will then sigh deeply. "It must be very pretty along here," he says.

However, you have all had that experience and wonderfully enough gone on speaking to each other, so I need spend no more time on the subject, and did not in this present instance in Brandon, beyond asking the Illustrator three times if he was not glad the top was up, and our lives saved.

On we went, wireless, stopping as little as possible, yet continually, like an accommodation train that has acquired the habit. Beyond Pittsford was a roadside monument to Caleb Houghton, who was killed by the Indians—not at this

point, but half a mile away, for the monument served the double purpose of commemorating his death and the site of Fort Vengeance.

Fort Vengeance! Not a lovely name for the conciliation of two races, and in this land now oozing peace and plenty a name seemingly remote. In spite of historical records and such wayside tablets, it is difficult to imagine New England as ever the home of the red men. The wide plains of the far West lend themselves more perfectly to savagery. There is a sense of breadth and space in the topography which one can associate with the uncontrolled spirit. And I am inclined to believe that, in time, the Indians of this locality would have become civilised by the limitations of their environment if continual warfare had not exterminated them.

This may be only foolish conjecture. One historian so disagrees with me as to state that "war is the delight of the savage. It furnishes an excitement necessary to his happiness." While this is opposed to my theory, I would like to agree with the chronicler. We all have something of the savage within us, and in these distressful times it is a relief to believe that the warfare of to-day may be in the nature of a joy to the man in the trenches.

We were now heading for Lake Champlain.

The tall peaks of the Green Mountains which enclose Rutland still watching over us, while, as we slipped over the curve of the earth, in the far West we espied the faint outlines of the Adirondacks. Between the two ranges lies the long lake, and at its southernmost tip is old Ticonderoga, a fort on the alert for three centuries and now, alas! sleeping lazily through the Sabbath day.

It is dangerous to have this generally known, for any one of the enemy—Indian, French, American, or Briton, to name the besiegers in their turn—could seize the fort, single-handed, as it snoozes through a Sunday.

We did not learn this until we had turned south at Sudbury and descended at Hyde Manor for luncheon. It was Mr. Hyde who told us. From father to son for over a century this fine old house has been open to guests. It is far enough from the centre of things now to satisfy a Thoreau or John Burroughs, but once it was the main posting inn on the highway leading up from Albany.

Summer boarders are now entertained there—summer boarders with "references"—the only chilling thought to be associated with a place of so much evident good cheer. By assuming our best manner we remained for an hour or two without

creating distrust, and so far as I am concerned I could have put off our trip indefinitely to sit by the side of the present Boniface and learn of Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Skenesborough, and all those acres round about, which had been fought over from the wars of the seventeenth century to the last battle on the lake in 1814.

In the writing-room of the Manor there is a high black marble mantelpiece. We were accustomed to smaller affairs of this Victorian mould in our houses of the Middle West. But this generously proportioned specimen had been made for a Southern plantation in 1860, and the Civil War, enforcing camp-fires for warm hearths, had so curtailed the orders that Vermont householders had been able to buy—no doubt at a bargain—the extravagances of their enemy.

There was a scrap of a fire in the grate, and comfortable chairs of an earlier period drawn up before the blaze, and there is no more comfortable way of acquiring knowledge than to sit in one of these chairs and listen to Mr. Hyde as he sits in another. Mr. Hyde's father was one of those who carried a gun when he attended service on Sunday, and he knew what he was talking about. But I did not always agree with him, although I did not say so, mindful that we

had no "references" with us and must be circumspect in our behaviour.

Although "Fort Ti" was built to resist the French and the Indians, our most thrilling association with it is its surrender by the British to Captain Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold. I did not know until recently that Benedict Arnold accompanied Ethan Allen on this expedition. As far back as Bennington I fear I spoke of Allen sending him flying with the flat of his sword when he presented his commission which gave him the right to take charge of the Green Mountain Boys for this attack upon the British. Bennington would probably say, "That's my story and I'll stick to it," but I always felt uncertain about the facts, as Arnold was a soldier of fortune, accustomed to swords, and in the end had the temerity to turn traitor. I do not admit that turning traitor is commendable, but I still claim it takes courage, as he courted death and, needless to add, received it.

According to my latest historian it was left to the subordinate officers of Allen's regiment as to the disposal of this question of leadership, and, with a good deal of tact for *green* Mountain Boys, it was decided that they should both be leaders, Arnold acting as assistant to Allen.

This worked fairly well until they neared the

fort, when an altercation again arose as to which leader should go first. Once more the subordinates were consulted, and once more it was decided that they should go shoulder to shoulder, not one before the other. This they did, crossing the lake in boats, and leaving Seth Warner with another detachment to bring up the rear.

There was no resistance made when they arrived at the fort, and while I am a good American, I don't see how there could have been. Allen had two hundred seventy men in all and there were but forty-eight garrisoning a fort largely gone to pieces.

Although I would not say this to Mr. Hyde, I can go further as an iconoclast, and venture that if any one at all cried, "Surrender in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" it was as apt to be Benedict Arnold as Ethan Allen. Perhaps, upon the advice of their men, they said it together, or, quite as likely, it was never said at all.

I have noticed (in my limited attendance upon history-making moments) that men are particularly inarticulate under great stress. It is afterwards, in the polishing of the tale, that rounded aphorisms steal in which one cannot decry, for the nobility of the phrase stands very fittingly for the nobility of the deed.

It is an awful thought, however. *Did* Nelson exhort: "England expects every man to do his duty." *Did* General Stark utter: "There are the Red Coats, and they are ours, or this night Molly Stark sleeps a widow." And did, oh *did* Admiral Dewey quietly command: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

I hasten to add that, on second thoughts, Admiral Dewey probably uttered this order. There are too many alive to rise up and confute me. Indeed, there could be no simpler method of expression—nor one more modest. It is not the form in this instance, but our admiration of the man, that has given the words any great significance. Yes, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," savours of the inarticulate. I trust it will go down in history without further trimmings.

This leaving behind of Seth Warner was no fault of the gallant officer, but it recalls an expression of one of the Revolutionary leaders, which I did not glean from Mr. Hyde, but by predatory raids upon the Public Library. In a later conflict, which ended in victory for the patriots, Seth Warner, in coming up with reinforcements, "moved so extremely slow that he saved his own men and hurt none of his enemy." And it passes through my mind—a mind averse

to warfare of any sort—that a little less activity in "getting there" might be the solution of most of our contentions in life. A little late with the hot retort, a little late with the "comeback," and when we did arrive to find the difficulty adjusted by the dignity of silence—and of absence.

But I am moralising again! I venture into this imaginative realm only to show that one can glean even from chronicles anything he wants to find. And there is humour in all things. I like to think that our ragged soldiers in those days got some fun out of it—fun besides the savage happiness of warfare, which remains debatable.

They had fun at Skenesborough. We visited the hamlet mentally with Mr. Hyde before the high black mantelpiece. The patriot, Captain Herrick, with thirty men, acquired this nearby village, taking the Tory, Major Skene, twelve negroes, and thirty dependents. In searching the Major's house they found something more.

In the cellar was Mrs. Skene, deceased for many years, but unburied. She was the elder Mrs. Skene, and "sojourning in Europe" was her husband, collecting an annuity which was granted her, so ran the will of a relative, "as long as she remained above ground." It is said that Captain Herrick buried her immediately in the gar-

den, thus, like a good patriot, cutting off the enemy's revenue.

After luncheon I was pulled away from Hyde Manor, feeling the desire to go limp like a bad child clinging to the hand of a parent. On we went up the post road toward Burlington, wonderfully early for us, as I was lured into the car by the promise that we would go out in a small boat on the lake if we arrived before dusk.

The Illustrator was as full of hope of arriving before dusk as though he had ever done it. He said, while he had sworn to travel by no method of transportation other than a motor, that we could doubtless get a motor-boat. We met a party on the road just beyond the Manor with this usual determination of the automobilist. At least they were sticking to the car, although a pair of horses was drawing it.

We could hear them laugh consciously as we passed, but we did not look their way—we had been in that same predicament ourselves, and we could see, without looking, that gay defiant expression which each was wearing. Why do we take mechanical misdemeanors so much to heart? It isn't as though a motor had been born and brought up with us. As the wife said of her husband: "Thank heaven he's no blood relation."

Possibly it is not wounded vanity, but a more right-minded sensation in finding ourselves worsted by a few cogs, a blue spark, and an ill-smelling commodity. Even the occupants of the back seat share the shame of the mechanician, and feel enormously tall when other motorists meet them.

I have often wanted to lean out, in passing such unfortunates, and ask them if they were ever pulled by a cow which the owner insisted upon milking en route in the streets of a French village, but W—— declares that the retailing of the episode would be too magnanimous for any one to comprehend. The incident recurred to us, however, revivified by the presence of many cows in the pastures. The fields were no longer enclosed by stone fences. The roots of trees, resembling lines of unbroken cacti, made the barriers. There were few fences in front of the houses, the green lawns sloping charmingly to the white road. On each porch there were milk pails, huge ones, such as drive through our New York streets.

In truth, they do drive through our streets, for the milk of this district is bought up by a great concern who tempt you with picture displays in the Subway of their own cows and their own pastures. The farmers' cows seem quite as

sleek as the cattle in the advertisements, and as all of the milk undergoes some process of renovating, like a continual spring house cleaning, I suppose it matters very little who owns them.

Before we reached Vergennes the Illustrator made a sketch—and swore at the sun. It was a lovely silent old farmhouse, with nobody at home save the cat, looking severely at us through a closed window. There was an old sofa on the porch. There are old sofas on most of the porches, and an odd rocker or two, but I have no recollection now of any one resting on them.

I have thought much of the chairs of the rich. It is rather a mania with me. The chairs of those rich who have no social place, chairs all over the house that have never been sat upon—nor ever will be sat upon. Gems of chairs, with inviting arms, in a far corner of a drawing-room that no one ever visits—hospitable creations unfulfilling their mission. But these unoccupied couches are just as disquieting, for in every house is a woman too busy to drop down and rest for an instant. Surely a woman's work is never done.

We stopped at Vergennes for post-cards, but found the day bitterly opposed to any purchasing. W——, who is a hysterical lover of boats for a man born inland, had hoped to find some prints of the old American fleet of 1812 that had

been fitted out here. Vergennes is some distance from Lake Champlain, but Otter Creek, as well as many another inlet, is navigable, and while our men were busy in the shipyards the British were taking apart their ocean-going vessels, carrying them over the rapids of Richelieu, and economically putting them together again for use on the lake.

One may wonder why this ninety miles of glittering water, looking now as though created only for summer visitors, should have been for so long a bone of contention. But before the days of steam and rail it was considered the key between Canada and New York. More than that, it was necessary for the Americans to prove themselves victors on the lake to encourage the uneasy settlers round about into believing that patriotism, like honesty, was the best policy.

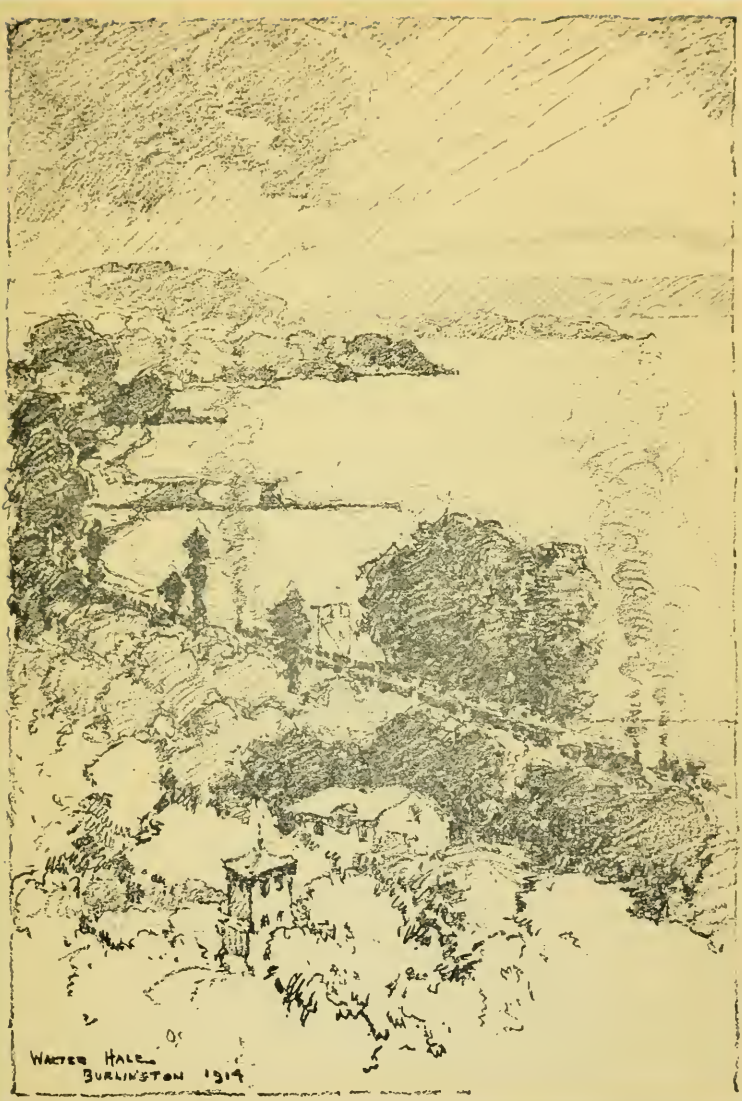
It was evident, as we continued on the long white way, that *our* best policy was a moderate pace. Along the miles of good turnpike were posted signs at regular intervals forbidding us to go faster than six miles an hour, which is but the jog trot of a slow horse. And while we did not heed the mandate entirely, one is always affected by it. The Selectmen who made the laws—and were probably scooting around the country in Fords—are as cruel in giving us good roads and

forbidding us to enjoy them as would be a host who prepares a feast for a hungry man and dares him to eat it.

We suffered as did Tantalus most of the day, for everything we wanted as we passed through the villages was staring out at us from show-windows, while the doors remained locked. Even the road-houses were forbidding, one displaying the sinister sign, "Auto parties kept here," which too ominously suggested the county jail to encourage lingering.

Back at Middlebury (it came before Vergennes, proving I am a poor pathfinder), we had taken on gasoline, filling the tank to overflowing in the desire to buy something. I understand that the best day in the shops of any city is Monday, the result, I now deduce, from that enforced inactivity of the purse-strings during the day previous. To get out and BUY something—that is the craving of the American.

But nature continued prodigal without price. We now had the Green Mountains to the right of us, while beyond the shimmering water on our left were the well-defined ranges of the Adirondacks. The valley between was green and fertile. We felt that the ground had been worth fighting for, and were selfishly glad that it had all been arranged before we came a-motoring



FROM THE HOTEL ROOF GARDEN, BURLINGTON

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along. Then, too, the sun was still shining and we were not far from Burlington.

"Boat, boat, boat," the Illustrator cried enticingly whenever I wanted to get out and watch the cows—on the other side the root fences. In fact, he said boat once too often, for our present vehicle, resenting his desire to abandon it, saw a nail in the road, picked it up with great skill, and in a few moments was lolling wickedly at the wayside with a tire down—and I was going up to a kitchen door to talk to the children.

There was a choice of kitchen doors, for houses lay on both sides the turnpike, but a white placard was tacked to the porch of one, and, while I could not read it from a distance, I feared it might bear an inhospitable reference to visitors. It might only be "Cream separator used here" (which is not conducive to my mind to the buying of milk), yet it might read: "No conversation on Sunday."

So I straggled past a porch with a shabby sofa, up the worn path to the kitchen of the placardless house, and I nodded to the children peering through the closed window—although the day was mild—and I waited.

I knocked twice. The dime in my hand for a glass of milk began to grow smaller, and I was wondering if I could not hurriedly substitute a

quarter, so nervous does one become when one feels unwelcome (How generous are we to the indifferent!), before I was heeded.

The door was opened by a tired young mother with the north New England accent, which is very pleasant to the ear. I had a chance of judging, for she talked more than I did—and seemed glad to do it. But she would not let me in, for her children had been exposed to infantile paralysis—yes—they had it across the street where the placard was. I asked a question—yes, where the milk cans were waiting. Her children had played with their neighbours' children—and her baby wasn't very well. Her voice did not break, but all the wires of her soul were taut.

With an over-dramatic imagination, prompted by a desire to be of service, I admitted the disease in my own family—a family particularly free from such ailments. And to encourage her completely I added that they all got well.

She considered me gravely. "There is a sight of it in this part of the country," she said. "There are two little boys near by. They lived too. But they never got over it."

I suggested that she had everything on her side. I tried to enumerate them, but I could find nothing on her side save country air. It was very lame. I didn't believe it any more than did she.

The older children came out and I gave them chocolates. They were thin-chested as was the mother. She eyed them—and then me, to see how much she could let herself say to a stranger. "Could it"—she ventured—"could it come from tuberculosis?"

"No," I answered, stoutly concealing my ignorance, "from a weak condition of the bones."

Her face cleared for the moment. "Our *bones* are strong," she said.

It was dusk when we reached Burlington! And too late to go out in the boat, but I didn't care much. It seemed that the joy of going out in the boat, added to this swift flying away from sorrow, was too much for an individual replete with blessings that she did not particularly deserve. I was almost glad that the rooms shown us were not attractive. And I was straightway rewarded for accepting them in the proper spirit, as a very pleasant clerk quitted his desk and came up jangling keys himself to show us others that looked out upon the lake.

This was more after the fashion of foreign inns. Although Burlington was a city and this a commercial as well as a summer hotel, I was glad we stopped at the Van Ness, instead of the newer house across the way, for there is nothing so effective as courtesy.

After supper I sent off some letters from the writing-room. I could look into the lobby and watch W—— being strongly advised to take certain roads on the morrow. The adviser was a brisk young man who knew so much that, mindful of my own imaginary flights, I held him in poor esteem. And, at that, as it developed the next day, I esteemed him too highly.

A local politician who had successfully overcome the Sunday liquor law came in, dripping cigars. W—— avoided him, but later I discovered our young chauffeur, with his derby on, smoking a large one (cigar, not derby), while two more protruded from his pocket. I think the general impression was that he owned the car and was taking us on a trip.

The roof garden was but a flight above our bedrooms, and we sat there for a while, watching the lights of the ploughing steamers, which would have filled even the stout heart of General Champlain with fear, could he have awakened from his three centuries of sleep. But all else was so quiet that he probably would have put down this progress as a bad dream and turned and slept again.

CHAPTER VIII

Adventures of the Road with the White Mountains on Ahead

I WAS awakened the next morning by a song. It was a pretty song, although not well sung, for the Illustrator was making the music.

"Down the mountainside we will smoothly glide," he warbled, ending up in a series of fearful yodelings spelled something like: "Ede-la-y-la-y-la-y-ooh."

I did not remonstrate with him, for this burst into a Tyrolean air at such an hour was an indication of the complete immersion of the artist into the motorist. He no longer awoke for the delightful purpose of turning over and going to sleep again. He now opened his eyes with the immediate intention of bathing, breakfasting, and getting into the car as soon as possible.

He was a man with a Purpose. I am not sure that it makes much difference what our purpose is in life so long as we have one. This morning it was the attainment of the White Mountains.

A definite point ahead is a stimulus to the mind. One must have a goal in motoring, as in

life. The achievement of it earns a night's repose, and the failure to realise it but increases our endeavour. It is the best inducement I can offer a traveller of the road for a mapped-out itinerary.

The White Mountains was some goal. The prospect rendered our previous meanderings among the Berkshire and the Green Mountains, along rivers, around lakes, and across valleys, weak and inconsequential.

Soon we were eating griddle-cakes lavishly garnished with Vermont maple syrup (very pale) and I was asking the white waitress why they never have coloured girls in the dining-room when they have coloured boys in the office. She looked at me in frozen horror and withdrew. And, although I lingered to assure her that I didn't want coloured girls—I simply wanted to get her opinion on the subject—she did not return. So, no doubt the coloured boy, who, as omnibus, gathered up the dishes, gathered up my quarter intended for her.

But why is it that we never see negro waitresses when in almost all of the large hotels in New England we find negro boys double shuffling about with bags and stationery and ice water. The darky never ceases to be a joy. His presence in America atones, in a measure,

for the lack of Roman ruins, which besprinkle Europe. No negroes are there except a few also riding in motor-cars.

I watched one as he put on the luggage. He described so many curves during the operation that an Efficiency Expert would have gone mad over the lost motions. He skated, he slid, he swooped bags about, and, as he packed each article around me, he so alluringly bowed that I felt every coin in my purse trying to get out and reach his palm.

Tips are said to be an evil of our times, but the man who has to give them makes the statement—that vast number which receives the largesse has probably found it no crime. There is much to be said on both sides, but I cannot think that it is a system which should be, indeed can be abolished, for the giving of a tip is the recognition of personal service. It is the only way one can thank a man who is not, in his present capacity at least, in the class of the one who dispenses the coin. And there is another reason—to argue for the other side—that was most beautifully exemplified in a story which came to me recently.

A friend of mine took into service as indoor man one who had attracted her attention as a most perfect waiter in a hotel. She paid him the

same amount that he averaged as a waiter, and she found him as satisfactory in her own home as she had expected him to be. Yet at the end of a few months he begged to return to his more exhausting duties in a great caravansary.

"I don't know as I can make it plain to you, madam," he said to her earnestly. "But it's the tips that I look forward to; not that they are any more on the whole than I get here, but there's always an uncertainty about it. I keep wondering if I am to get a good deal, or very little, and it makes the day interesting. It's a kind of an adventure, in a manner of speaking, madam."

Ah, the Great Adventure! not so much of a one but his, and life would be flat, indeed, if we were not playing a game of some sort. Remember this: each time that we dig into our pockets we add to the romance of greyer souls than ours.

While W—— admits this he regrets that it requires larger and still larger sums yearly to colour these grey souls. He is glad that a quarter still lends a rosy tinge, but deplores that a ten-cent-piece adds so little nowadays to the glow of the spirit, and he broods sadly over the good old days when a five-cent-piece would have metamorphosed the dullest of shades into a crimson rambler.

This extravagance is the fault of the giver—

fearing to be niggardly we grow lavish. And if there are any of us left who tip in accordance to the service bestowed, he is still contributing to the pleasure of the dependent, for I infer from the story of the waiter that it is the element of chance which composes largely the joy of the adventure.

Satisfied, satiated, the domestic scraped up the steps backwards as we left the hotel, and a traffic policeman bade us keep straight on for the White Mountains. We had no thought of making any detour about the charming town, although we should have done so. We have learned little of Burlington beyond the fact that the first town meeting was held in 1787, and a gentleman named Orange Smith ran the first store—presumably a fruit store.

We have put down Burlington for a future attack. In pursuance of some such idea, I have in a drawer of my desk a mass of clippings, programmes, and various souvenirs that I plan pasting into a scrapbook—when I break my legs. I did not know why I am counting on this enforced idleness which will come to me, nor is there any place for the discussion of it here, but it is with some such sop to my conscience that I hasten away from the New England towns which particularly attract us. As surely as I am going to

break my legs, I shall return to these places—with a like leisure and a great deal more of enjoyment.

We swept into the East with greater success than another car which stopped firmly on the crossing, in spite of the traffic policeman, who said it couldn't be done. The husband was driving while his wife, shrouded in a green veil, sat in the back seat. (I know it was his wife because she *was* in the back seat.) There is a satisfaction in sweeping around another car while they are trying to awaken it to activity again—a satisfaction that is always punished. But one does not reflect upon this as one sweeps.

A block or so on we made another quick curving out to avoid a sawhorse, which fell from the rear of a cart. The carter was unconscious of his loss, nor did he awake to it when I oracularly cried as we passed him: "You have lost your horse." He had not lost his horse, as he was driving it, and he looked at me in disgust, continuing on without recovering the sawbuck. We never saw the carter again, so there is no end to this slice of life, but—alas—we again saw the wife with the green veil. A few miles out of the town an old friend of ours passed away, bursting with a loud report. It was not an unexpected death. He had accompanied us for over

a year, developing protuberances which were unlovely as time went on, and, of late, a flapping elephant ear. It hit the ground with a resounding whack more often in a minute than one would have thought possible for a car of moderate pace.

As there were children about, I hoped to give the old casing to them, and the Illustrator hoped that he would be generous enough to do it also, for he is fond of children. You could see him struggling with his love for children and his love for old things, but he strapped it on the car in the end because "I have had it for so long." It is a family trait. He has a great-aunt who boasts that she has never thrown away a cork.

He placated the children by sending in some magazines to their mother. Never leave a magazine in a hotel for an indifferent chambermaid to pitch into the waste-basket. I believe, with chocolate in one hand, magazines in the other, and six courteous phrases of the language of the country in your mouth, you can make friends in any clime.

The wife with the green veil sailed past us as I was looking for an inner-tube in the hatbox. She did not stop nor glance our way, but a young man, driving a gay little nag, drew up alongside, and we fell into violent conversation. I found him a most pleasant young man in the beginning.

It was evident from his first speech that he kept abreast of the times.

It was not until later that I discovered he not only kept abreast, but outstripped them. At least he outstripped me, and now that I look back upon our swift meeting and parting I realise that the young man and I were extraordinarily alike. So alike that we could never have hit it off very well anyway, so perhaps it was best that we separated when we did.

There was nothing I had ever thought of that the young man had not thought of before me. We were applying the engine to the tube for the pumping up of the tire, and I told him that I had declared seven years ago that this should be invented. He said he had told his wife the same thing eight years back.

I then remarked that nine years ago I had insisted to the Illustrator that there ought to be some way to generate sufficient electricity to start a car. He remembered that he had spoken of the same thing to his cousin ten years ago—he wasn't married then.

In a great rush so as to get ahead of me he now quickly claimed he was the first human being to think of using the batteries for lighting the car, and the invention of the Klaxon was all in his head. I swallowed the statement, for it

was beneath my dignity to question his being the very first to ponder on these things when I was older than he and may have worked it out in my cradle. But I triumphantly hinted that I was at present working on a device for signalling automobiles behind us as we turned to the right or left. I would not say overmuch, for one should not who has an invention still unperfected.

I shall never forget the way he gathered up the reins—just as an actor leaves the stage upon the delivery of an exit speech. "I got one of them on my car already," was his parting shot.

W—— endeavoured to soothe me when he had gone out of my life. "All that either of you did was to think of the inventions," he said; "why didn't you work them out?" Yes, why didn't we? That young man and I were too much alike.

I turned my attention to the landscape. Who was it said, "Nature never did desert the heart that loves her"—or words to that effect? I know nothing more remarkable than the way we fly to her when mankind disappoints us. Nothing more remarkable, at least, unless it is the way we fly from her when mankind again beckons his finger toward us.

After all, I wonder how much are green fields and wide vistas food for the soul. We were now

in a broad fertile valley with far views of lovely hills. Sleek cattle were in the pastures, but the farmhouses were poor and mean. Even those with the large milk cans before the door had broken window-panes stuffed with sacking from the ever-useful Minnesota flour mills. We could look into the uncurtained rooms of the upper stories and see ill-made, sagging beds.

The views from the doorsteps were inspiring, but I wonder if a View carries much solace when the comforts of the creature are lacking. Can the soul feed the body? It is one of my eternal questions—I cannot answer it. But I have an uncomfortable suspicion that a decently-nourished body will go as far as a mountain view toward elevating the spirit.

The valley that I am now iconoclastically traversing is that of the Winooski River. The name fills me with regret, regret that we did not cling to this Indian appellation for the vegetable we designate as onion when we took upon ourselves the Indian country. Much of the prejudice against the homely bulb might never have developed had we termed it by this fanciful word.

There is an elegance about it that would nullify criticism. We would feel more lenient toward our neighbour in the next apartment when, as we entered our hallway, it was made certain that

THE ROAD TO THE EAST THROUGH THE WINOOSKI VALLEY, VERMONT

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they were having winooskis for dinner. The young man could take longer chances with his dinner before going to call upon his inamorata, although he takes fairly long chances now. "Excuse me, I have been eating winooskis," would win an instant pardon. Even the young woman who, in terror of "losing him," circumscribes her diet closely would be forgiven for anything as charming in sound as a "winooski breath."

I spoke of these things to W——, but he was indifferent to my suggestion that we have the name changed by Act of Congress. This was the result of selfishness. In the adoption of another name it would do away forever with his own Bill, which he has been for years eager to bring to Washington. One of the Illustrator's noblest aspirations is to have one night of each week devoted to the eating of onions. Actors, artists, mere business men—with money—can all breathe upon one another without apology. The whole world would be full of the odour of onions and no one would know it. It is, upon reflection, rather a gigantic scheme and I admire him for it. So much so that I have not blackened his dream by asking what he will do with those who cannot partake of the delicacy.

But I can go no further with this thought.

He has called in from his workroom to ask what I am writing of now, and in a terrible panic I have called back Jonesville. Jonesville is part of our motoring day, and keeps him placidly at his drawing-board, whereas "Onions" or even "Winooskis" will bring him raging in to say I am ruining the sale of the book—and who will see his illustrations?

Jonesville is in no way worthy of commemoration beyond the general store which sells clothes-dryers. As this was wash-day we discovered a curious type of clothes-dryers all along the route. It is a most excellent arrangement of wooden strips, which let down and unfold and pull out, until it holds a washing heavy enough for the most representative of households. Yielding to my earnest plea we slacked our pace before one farmhouse long enough to enable me to ask of the apparatus and to suggest delicately that I would like to know where it came from.

I had visaged it arriving parcel post from a great mail-order house. I could imagine the triumph of the first resident of the valley who had chosen this particular kind of dryer from out the printed catalogue, and had set the fashion for the country-side. I spent a year once in a lonely orange grove, and I remember the blissful evenings hovering over the catalogue of these mysterious

shops where the purchaser is never seen, and the clerks must be the greatest readers in the world of character from handwriting.

So it was a surprise to me to learn that I could buy them at Jonesville and at Jonesville only. True enough, when we passed through the hamlet, there was one alluringly displayed on the sidewalk. I stared at it longingly. I stuttered something to W—— about its being no worse in appearance if tied to the car than an old tire. He grew very excited. He said it would be impossible to go to all those fashionable hotels in the White Mountains with a clothes dryer strapped to the tire case. "I am not up to it—I am simply not up to it!" he cried despairingly. I gazed at him with pity. He saw that I knew he was a coward, and he grew cunning. He slowed down. "But get it if you want to. It's no doubt invented by that friend you made when our tire burst."

"March on," I said sternly.

There was an inclination on the part of the citizens at Waterbury to keep us there for luncheon when we stopped to ask the distance to Montpelier. We did not ask a "grown-up" at first how to get to Montpelier, for the reason that we did not know how to pronounce it. We knew the Montpellier of France well, but we hesitated

to plunge into a French accent, yet there were so many other ways of pronouncing it, if it was Anglicised, that we would be sure to be wrong.

We did not deplore this accommodating of a French word to an English-speaking people. We Americans, or such of us as are familiar with another tongue, find it amusing when a foreign word, employed in social usage, is pronounced after our own fashion. Yet there is no reason why we should not cling to our English rules. The French never embody an English word into their language without sounding it after their own laws of pronunciation. In this way they keep their language pure and their accent inviolate. Let us do away with "restaurang," "valeys," and, as in this case, "Mong-pel-ya."

We picked upon a boy, in the far distance, before reaching Waterbury, with the idea of pointing out the word on the map and repeating his pronunciation after him. He was a pleasant but stupid little boy, who excused his inability to read by saying he was in the "C" grade, and when we enticingly asked him to name some towns roundabout, he could think only of Jonesville.

We spied another boy a little further on, but he was not in a mood for answering questions. He was standing on the apex of a woodpile pitch-

ing sticks of wood into a shed, and he was very much annoyed at being obliged to do this. One cannot blame him, as it was the noon recess and the workman's hour of delightful ease. He was red in the face, and muttering horrible things about his cruel mother, and, just as we passed, he inadvertently hurled a neat little log through the kitchen window. Above the crash of glass we could hear the expostulations of the tyrant who had set him to work, but a curve in the road blotted out the scene—which probably became, very shortly, more painful than it had been. That is one of the drawbacks of motoring: we rarely see both cause and effect.

It was a garage-keeper in Waterbury who finally set us straight, by informing us that the hotel of his town was better than the one at "Mount-Peel-yer." Garages are dispensers of information to motorists, just as drug stores are to pedestrians. They are generally truthful, although it is hard for them to admit that the roads are not excellent going in and out of their town, and that their hotel is not the best in the state. With a rock-bound civic pride they will not even give you the distance to the next town, if the traveller asks at meal time. Nothing extorts the truth from them but our intimation that we do not lunch.

We acquired Montpelier before the dining-room doors had closed, although they were closing as we slipped through them, and banged so vindictively after us that we felt like unhappy flies in a spider's web. A very amiable spider reversed the order of things which generally goes on in a web, overcoming as much as possible the dreariness of the architecture by an array of food which might be put down as agreeable interior decoration.

This building of oversized hotels and opera houses in undersized towns is done, I imagine, to lure the village to growing up to them, unmindful that there is nothing so dwarfing as a standard too high to reach. Since Montpelier is the state capital, the hotel may be full of Solons (as we insist upon calling them in the newspapers) when the legislature is in session. Legislators, especially when called Solons, are so important in appearance that a very few can fill the largest hotel to repletion.

We walked over to the State House to see the statue of Ethan Allen in the portico. An art editor once told the Illustrator that the sculptor had managed workaday clothes on the figure, and, more than that, he had suggested, by the rugged appearance of Allen's countenance, that he was probably one of the most profane men of his day.

This last was undoubtedly what held the Illustrator. He has some faults of his own, and while not sure of the statue to keep his memory green, he intends forbidding any possibility of one in his will if those irascibilities peculiar to him were going to be put out in marble, and set up for all the world to stare at. Reflect upon the endurance of a marble fault.

This statue is not the only artistic display in Montpelier. By fishing out the Baedeker I made a discovery all my own. There has been no mention of the Baedeker before, as I have been rather shy about admitting that we needed a German guidebook, compiled by an Englishman, to get us over our own country. Indeed we have not needed it, but our motor-car felt so much at ease with the familiar red book in its tonneau that we took it along as a sort of coach dog.

It is not an enthusiastic volume—it dislikes our cab system—but it is honest, and no town is too small for a word as to its merits or demerits. It was in a Baedeker that we learned of the art gallery of Montpelier "chiefly consisting of paintings (original and copied) by Thomas W. End." I did not tell this to W——, for I knew it would embitter him to have Thomas W. End go down to posterity when from cover to cover

there is no mention of his name, and, unless he can manage a beautiful untruthful statue for himself, there probably never will be.

But I thought long after we motored on of the Thomas W. Ends in life, and of the quality they have of getting into print. In the home towns of all of us there is ever an individual who appears in the papers oftener than we do, and, since we are not that man, he seems to be in no way worthy of such attention. In this case, as long as Baedekers are bought by tourists visiting America Thomas W. End will be esteemed as a painter, and, since he furnishes a complete art gallery, as a prolific one. They may even buy his pictures, and, on the boat home, ask one another if they were so fortunate as to secure a Thomas W. End. There will be no finality to the man at all—except his name.

But, seriously, or as seriously as one can be who is going blithely over a good road toward the White Mountains, how little stress can be or should be laid on the artistic endeavours of our young country when so much can be said of its natural beauty. How little the height of the dome of a court house matters when that court house is in a long street shaded by elms, in the possession of a loveliness that no other land can

claim. For of this I was sure at the end of eight days of motoring in "my ain countree."

Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion we sank into the mud beyond Danville and gave every evidence of remaining there indefinitely. We need not have gone this way; it was not the right way, but was the result of the Smart Alec back in Burlington who knew all about routes, and whom I had suspected from his verbosity of never having been in a motor-car. We were warned that the road was in process of new construction, but the Smart Alec had told us to pay no attention to these signs, so we had bumped along over broken stones with workmen stepping aside for us until the rich soil of Vermont took us unto itself.

The roadmakers behaved very well about it and our chauffeur worked like a fiend tearing down some farmer's carefully-built wooden fence, and making a little plank path for our car to walk. It was one, two, three, let in the clutch, and all push, and just as we were getting out the wife with the green veil passed us, triumphantly making the turn we should have taken. We had seen her at Montpelier, as she and her husband were going in to view the Thomas W. Ends, and the hope that we had met them for the last time was engendered not only from an antipathy to

green veils, but to the conclusion that the green veil brought us misfortune.

After we were out of the worst of the mire we stayed so long offering sustenance to the road-makers from a flask that we sank into the soft road again and were pushed out of it once more by our new friends. I wished to repeat the convivial offer, but as they themselves unselfishly reminded me, any further lingering would bring the same results, we finally wavered up the hill, crossed a pasture, and worked back to the main road.

Still we didn't regret meeting them. They were fine, capable young fellows, much more worthy of a place in Baedeker than the height of a court house dome, and to be classed with the landscape as part of the charms of American touring.

The valley had been narrowing since Montpelier, and by the time we reached St. Johnsbury we were quivering with the certainty that the White Mountains would be ours—and before dusk. It was not our intention to pass the night in the heart of them, rather in the foothills, giving up the next day to peaks and fastnesses.

I should have enjoyed stopping over in St. Johnsbury. The hotel was new and shining, but it was not yet dusk and habit was too strong for us. Besides, the Illustrator was impressed

THE OLD TOWN OF ST. JOHNSBURY

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by the placarded appeal Bethlehem was making to us from every fence rail. It was brief and unvarying, and to my mind not stimulating, for its continual boast was: "Bethlehem—Thirty Hotels."

I pointed out to him that we could spend the night in but one of the hotels anyway, but he had visions of driving slowly through the town before we made our choice, with all the porters of all the Thirty running out to meet us, and twenty-nine of them being disappointed. Hotel porters in America do not run out to wave you into their courtyards as they do in Europe, and he had missed this attention. And he figured if we were ever to receive it, it would come to us in Bethlehem.

We strayed into a bakery in St. Johnsbury where coffee was served, and drank the mildly-concocted beverage, while the chauffeur went among the shops to buy a new shirt. I do not know what this boy did with all the shirts he bought, but he had a way of collecting them with the same fervour that other travellers buy souvenir postal cards. It is not a bad idea—this purchasing of raiment en route. For years afterwards each day's equipping of himself can bring to mind his trip.

"I bought this shirt in St. Johnsbury," he can

say to his wife—for all chauffeurs marry young. Then he will sigh, and she will be delicately piqued into loving him the more as she wonders what dear association he holds for the purple and green stripes.

There was love in the bakery. The young lady who was doing up the evening's bread for various customers never turned her face from the street. She found bread, paper, and twine with the sureness of the blind, and when criticised rather irritably by one dyspectic old gentleman, admitted brazenly that she was watching for her sweetheart.

"Didn't know you had one," said the dyspeptic, laying down ten cents for his gluten bread.

"Didn't?" she answered. "Look at me."

We all looked at her. She was plain, yet there was that about her which, we knew, meant sweethearting from the cradle to the grave. I did not begrudge her this quality. It was highly satisfactory to see a woman commanding attention whose hair was not curly and whose wrinkles were rather ensnaring than otherwise. Both W—— and myself felt more comfortable over our faces which Time had already begun to pat and paw with firm if kindly fingers.

We left the bakery, mentally at least, hand in hand. As we came to a long hill which we must

climb, we met a young couple in a roadster who might have been ourselves ten years back—except that a smart bulldog was riding cosily between them. But as we had always wanted a dog, we felt that the picture of this pleasant trio was a mirroring of what we would have liked to have been.

Their car was covered with banners, "Safety First" being prominently displayed, and they were living up to this by turning back to St. Johnsbury for the night and leaving the steep hill for broad daylight. Our cars stopped by mutual consent. And quite without preface we talked together for some time. They said they might see us on the morrow, although we would probably outstrip them. As we had outstripped nothing but a steam-roller so far, owing to our predilection to lingering, we assured them of another meeting. We parted without any exchange of names and this is the true spirit of motoring, the young couple scampering back over the easiest road, our older selves climbing the long hill, for life has taught us that we must go forward.

We were rewarded by an orange sunset from the mountain top, which brought warmth to the chill of our years, and coincident with the dwindling of the day came the lights in the houses along

the roadside. We peeked in curiously. Some were at supper, some weaving rugs, a hand was lifted to a sick face, a baby in a mother's arms—we flashed by them. Ah life! a moving picture that never tires, and grows richer in interest as we grow older.

Before Littleton we came suddenly upon a toll gate. We would have passed it unwittingly had not the pole been swung across the road. A young woman came from out the little lighted house. She said she did not as a rule put down the bar, she trusted to one's honour, but a car had just passed without so much as a howdy-do. She dwelt a good deal upon this breach of country etiquette, and as she had bounced out in time to get the number she was about to paste it up on the board for all the world to read their shame. She was very proud of this method of degradation.

It was not surprising to me that the occupant of the rear seat had been a lady with a green veil. Apart from the satisfaction at hearing of her dishonesty, I was full of the fear that we might sail past her again, and swift retribution follow in a third accident to us.

Tremulously we approached Littleton, and just as we left Vermont and acquired New Hampshire our headlights picked out a floating

green veil. W—— was very bitter. He wished to get to his "Thirty Hotels" before thick night. To do so he must pass her, yet if he did pass her he would probably crack the cylinder and never get anywhere.

I will say this for the lady: she got us out of the difficulty herself, for her car suddenly took a fork to the right, and as our course was over the other road we left her far behind without arousing her malevolence.

Even so, we had some trouble reaching the "Thirty Hotels." We had made a wrong turn and found it strangely difficult to get the proper direction for our destination. Our young driver obligingly descended to make inquiries at doorsteps, but the result was a curious confusion both on his part and that of the householders. At one long parley W—— climbed out after him —I heard murmurs, ejaculations, laughter. The Illustrator returned to the car in advance:

"Did you know this boy's last place was with a Jewish family?" he asked me.

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"He's been asking for Bethelheim."

CHAPTER IX

Motor Mountain Climbing

Owing to our arrival at Bethlehem under cover of darkness there was not the gratifying effort to secure our patronage that W—— had counted upon.

But the Sinclair House atoned for it by giving us ecstatic attention from the bell-boys. They denuded our car with a tenacity of purpose that only armed resistance could have withstood. They were mindful that twenty-nine other hotels were ready to receive us, even if the porters, and waiters, and guests were not out in the road making fin-like movements with their hands toward their wide porticoes.

They even pulled from the receptacle which the top (being down) formed the old shirts and the whiskey bottle and that of hair tonic. They marched upstairs with the chauffeur's new shirt, neatly done up in a package, and had to be marched down again with it. Before I could say I didn't like the rooms (which I did, but one has a formula while travelling) the bags were unstrapped, and my dinner gown was popping

enticingly out. More wonderful than all this, they did not linger about for tips, but disappeared as soon as their work was done.

Only the captain remained—to assist me, I should judge, in dressing. He told me that he went South to work in winter and to school in the spring and autumn—he had a stepmother and was fond of her. And all the time he was fixing shades, and turning on lights and seeing if we had sufficient stationery. Upon reflection I put it down that he was the most complete bell-boy I have ever met although, curiously enough, lacking an ear.

When the Illustrator upbraided me for my sudden friendship with him, I argued that as our stay in Bethlehem was short, I could not find out about the ear without compressing the right of several years' acquaintance into fifteen minutes. Even so, I never discovered how the accident occurred, in spite of the fact that I told him of our losing a tire early in the day. This was in the hope of delicately leading up to that member of which he had been so unfortunately bereft. I might have learned had not a waitress arrived with the news that they were keeping the dining-room doors open for us, and this new attention so touched me that I bowed the complete bell-boy out of my life forever.

The head waiter was taking his evening meal when we gained the dining-room, sitting in a far corner with his napkin carefully spread over his shirt front. His kind is so majestic when he is in action, so supercilious, so gravely critical of any breach of table etiquette, that it was rather a pleasure to find him humbly trying to make his dress shirt last another day.

I never could see just what started this hideously dignified air of those who serve us in life —just how it began, in the first place. It must be that they ape a manner popularly supposed to belong to their superiors. Yet what caused the first butler in the world to adopt a frozen dignity. Whom did he emulate? And why—oh why are we willing to pay more for this joyless, mummified type than for those who serve interestedly, and who are not above laughing at our best jokes?

Certainly it cannot be that they have borrowed their grand manner from those upon whom they wait, for it is an optimistic and relieving thought that those who are grandest in the social scale have the least manner. It is only the great who can afford to be simple. Therefore we saw the head waiter, eating wheat cakes with his napkin tucked under his chin, in his finest moments.

His assistant served him, a young woman in

white, with no enthusiasm for her job, and when he had finished she sat down and was served, in turn, by an ordinary waitress—in black. She was not so indifferent, for she was of that age when the woman higher up commands a deep admiration. She called attention to her hair which she had dressed after the style of the head waitress who, I thought, was rather languid about it. I asked our handmaiden what girls served those in black when it came their turn, and she said the kitchen maids, and when I asked who served the kitchen maids she replied, scornfully, that nobody did. So one infers that the scullions are on the lowest rung of the social ladder in hotels, and do not eat at all.

I fear it is the contrariness of my nature that occasions me to cover all the pages allotted to Bethlehem with the doings of the servants' hall. Here we were in the White Mountains, a locality that, from my earliest recollection, stood for all that was elegant in the world of fashion, yet I could find nothing of interest in the guests, and very little in the village of hotels. We walked about the streets before going to bed, almost alone in this mild pursuit of pleasure. The houses were glaring with lights, and discords from a medley of orchestras smote the ear; through the windows we could see couples limping back-

ward and forward in the employment of a dance-step which must be a severe strain on the tendons. In a gymnasium the "lame duck" would be considered far too fatiguing for steady exercise.

As we gained the steps of our own hostelry hideous screams from the main parlour filled us with dread—a dread that we must hear, if not see, a visiting Elocutionist giving an imitation of Richard Mansfield as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It was Mr. Hyde going on at the time, wallowing on the carpet and eating the body Brussels roses. It was a long while before the gentler and quieter personality of Dr. Jekyll overcame the wallower. There was peace for a moment when the Doctor gained the ascendency.

Through all this babble the stars remained shining in the sky. Nothing frightened them. But if stars think, they must marvel that this little town, named years ago by pious settlers, could so lose its beautiful significance.

I am guiltily mindful that the history of my country was greatly neglected in the last chapter, and that I shall have few, if any, dates sprinkled through this one. W——, who is fond of mountains, and would not exchange a foothill for the finest date in history (even 1066 or 1492), argued gladly that we were too far north for any of our

wars, and that we had best abandon ourselves to peaks.

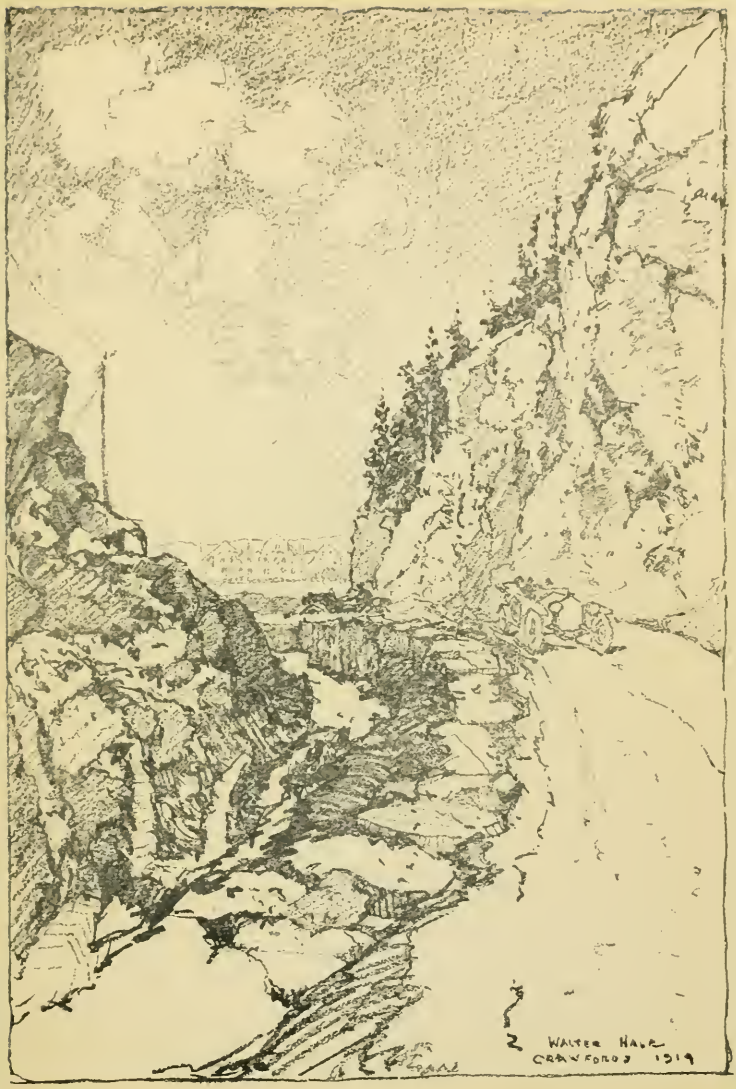
The morning dawned splendidly for the abandonment, and we got away in excellent time considering the hampering of the cohort of bell-boys who slung everything on wrong. They were alert, however, as every one was, and we put it down to mountain air, for we were feeling very elastic ourselves and bounced around in the car like rubber balls.

We took a turn to the right at McKenna's Store for the Profile House, turning again to the right when we reached the main road. The highway was not without its sign-post, but this sign brought a lump in my throat for an instant. W——, pointing to it, asked if I wanted to go there, and I said "no," but I think if I had been told that I should never see "New York" again the lump would have come to stay. Recently, while travelling across our Continent, I chanced to glance from the window of the Pullman, and my eyes fell upon a sign-post quite as thrilling. The new Lincoln Highway was under construction, and at this point in the desert, sticking up from the sand, were two hands, and one pointed to the West and the other to the East. "San Francisco—New York—Half-way" read this message in the desert.

We were immediately in the mountains when we turned toward the Profile House, mountains which we have endeavoured to garnish by fine roads and civilise by great hotels. But a mountain is uncompromising. One can wreathe it in garlands like a Roman Emperor and it will not lose its grimness. I am rather in awe of these great creatures, and I marvel that so many silly people can spend the summer among their heights and not grow uncomfortable.

It is said, however, that the rocky profile of the Old Man of the Mountain is scaling off a bit. Possibly its steady contemplation of the world is effecting a gentle softening toward mankind. He knows that all of us men and women, wriggling down below, are made of meaner clay, and he may appreciate that it is not so easy to be good and resolute when our hearts are not of flint.

The motorist could not very well miss seeing this great rock, but, for fear one should, an enterprising arrow marks the best view along the road by pointing heavenward. After this one might expect other arrows designating the moon, the sun, or the Dipper. A number of automobilists were looking at the Profile as solemnly as were we. There is little to be said about a great freak of nature, although one young woman who had brought her opera glasses bridged the chasm



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between almighty nature and nature simply human by remarking the resemblance of the Profile to "Grandpa."

Many of these automobiles continued south through Franconia Notch, and we would have spent more time in this district but that our itinerary forbade too much lingering. We retraced our path with the idea of the Bretton Woods for luncheon. For a distance we were not out of the woods, pine and birch wove their branches above us, and if one can find any fault with this wonderfully-laid track through the great forests, it is that the way is too enclosed for extended views.

The roads were magnificent, some of the turns made with "banked curves" for fast going, like a motor race track. Which is all very well for one who is driving rapidly, but causes the car of milder pace to fear that it may topple over. Much of this land is preserved forestry which Uncle Sam, like a good housewife, has husbanded (granting that Uncle Sam can be a housewife, and, if a housewife, can husband) for an indefinite future. Along the way boxes of tools are ready for the dreaded fires, and foresters in khaki with the best of motor-cycles were scouting along the road. The Illustrator's recollection of the Old Man of the Mountain was completely

obliterated in his anxiety to remember whether he did or did not blow out "that match."

At Twin Mountain House we came into the open once more, meeting a railroad which was obsequiously shrinking across our path. Time was when the railway crossed the road in an aggressive manner, other vehicles were interlopers, but in this paradise for automobiles it is distinctly second. We look upon a train in disapproval when it holds us up, and are inclined to show surprise if any other heads than pumpkins peer out from the windows. When motor trucks begin to carry freight the fast express will pass away from shame.

The golf course at this point is traversed both by the road and the tracks. It is known as a splendid "hazard," and as W——'s nose was nearly hit by a dying ball I think it well named. The ending of the story is excellent, however, as I caught the ball, and it is now in my handkerchief case in the trunk. My dishonesty very nearly severed the friendship between the Illustrator and myself. I still claim that it was not altogether from a sense of sportsmanship which occasioned his protest, as his principal argument was that he might some day meet the owner of the ball.

It recalls an incident of a protesting modern

mother. "Don't you know it is immoral to drive alone in the park with a gentleman," one of this species recently said to her daughter. "What if there should be an accident!"

It was unfortunate to engage in any marital bickering with the whole Presidential Range looking down upon us. We should have been feeling loftier, and hitching our wagon to a star, or, at least, to Mount Washington. I told this to W—— and he said you could only get there by donkeys. But his mood softened, and we both melted as we passed the big hotel known as Fabyan's. For in front of the hotel was the little roadster of the young couple who went back to St. Johnsbury in the last chapter, and who, with the confidence of the young, had said they would surely see us on the morrow.

They were evidently at luncheon, but the doggie was in the car, guarding it with shining teeth, which nature, not a bad disposition, had forced it to show continually. Mindful of their complete harmony we grew friendly again, for we were not going to be outdone by a young couple in a small roadster. And we wavered uncertainly before we decided to go on to the Mount Pleasant House. The Illustrator, who has kept up the understanding of youth, feared to intrude upon their happy intimacy. When we grow older we

are ready—alas, eager—to give more generously of ourselves. All this to explain to the young couple, should they chance to read our book, why we didn't meet them again. Perhaps on the morrow—or the morrow—or the morrow?

At the Mount Pleasant you not only register for lunch, but you pay for it in advance. If you chance to choke on an olive pit before the soup and die on the spot, your estate would get no refund. As this was probably the most conservative of the hotels we visited, it speaks poorly for the honesty of the best people. But, to return to a more optimistic point of view, it is pleasant to reflect that one receives at the best places the best attention, the best food, and the best quarters. And I should have very little to say about the dishonesty of the best people when a golf ball was rolling around in my handbag. Perhaps it is my best plea for being of the "best."

We were careful with our olives and completed an excellent meal. I asked the waitress all about herself, and was told very nearly All. She was from Maine and stayed "to home" in the winter. She was niggardly with forks, but generous as to knives, and this may have been the result of Maine influences.

She told me also that many of the good-looking waitresses whom we had seen throughout this part

of the country were shopgirls from Boston, who gave up their work in the summer to accept a humbler but more healthful profession. It is the most intelligent action I have ever known a shopgirl to adopt, and I fear it is because they come from Boston that they show this breadth of mind. I have inquired since—and been snubbed for my pains—but I have never heard of a New York clerk following such a course when the thermometer mounts to the nineties in a hall bedroom—and stays there.

Mellowed by food, we talked at table of lingering in the White Mountains. From our window, across the wide, treeless plateau, the Presidential Range was beckoning us. It seemed absurd to be covering this entire district in a day, but as W—— pointed out, we couldn't see it all if we stayed forever, and as we were singularly healthy and richly poor it would be foolish to remain for a holiday.

While this most famous of our mountain playgrounds was all one could wish, it was in no way as I had imaged it, and I was particularly disappointed in the Presidential Range. It was even more imposing, and much whiter, than I had expected it to be, but it was on the wrong side the scenery. All my life I had planned to come up from the South and find these "most

grave and reverend seigneurs" on my right, and here they were stolidly on the left.

I spoke about it to the girl who helped me on with my coat, and she was inclined to blame the hotel for my confusion. She said if the hotel had been built on the other side the Range, then the mountains would have been on my right. I admitted this, but sought to straighten out the tangle that the position of the hotel had occasioned by asking which way it faced. As a rule, attendants have no idea how a single room in their hotels faces—they are entirely devoid of a sense of direction. A bell-boy recently insisted that our north rooms gave on the south for the reason that the sun shone on the windows of the house opposite all day, and the glow was reflected into the windows of our suite.

This girl was very glib. She said the hotel faced the west. This was utterly impossible with a brilliant afternoon sunshine pouring down on the back of the hotel, but she would not give in. She said she knew it was the west, for when she was in school her right hand always pointed to the east and the left to the west.

"But how were you facing?" I asked craftily.

"I was facing the teacher," she replied.

Baffled, we drove on, stopping at the little church which lies between the two great hotels, a

memorial for some one whose spirit must have been as lofty as the surroundings. While this district is known as Bretton Woods, we were not in the forests again until we passed the Crawford House, and entered Crawford Notch. We then moved through the most lovely glades, the road roofed with green so delicate in colour that it would seem spring was clutching its privileges to the exclusion of summer. A stream which surely must have been known as Boulder Brook was our inconstant companion, flirting off into the woods and coquetting into our presence again when we least expected it.

With a fine artistic appreciation even the signs were made of rough bark. "Caution!" was hung on trees like Orlando's eulogies of his fair Rosalind. This word of warning was probably meant for the pedestrians as opposed to the swift motor, but it served a double purpose, for one "Caution!" fell on our heads as we passed under it, nearly guillotining the Illustrator.

There were evidences in the upheaval of rock along the way that the motor had other dangers to contend against. At one point on this route an unhappy family, by the name of Willey, were entirely wiped out by an avalanche. Of course we missed the point, but as it happened a century ago and the Willeys would all be dead by this

time anyway, I felt no particular grief over their rocky end.

They, at least, have insinuated themselves into history by their annihilation. Their demise is recorded in all American guidebooks, but, to my delight, the English gentleman who compiled the Baedeker slipped in and out of the White Mountains without ever hearing of the Willeys. They do not get a word, although we learned that "black flies and mosquitoes are somewhat troublesome in June."

It is interesting to note in guidebooks compiled for the foreign visitor how much space is given to the welfare and equipment of the pedestrian. It recalls to mind the many climbers we have met in the mountains of Europe, yet we have no recollection of a single walking party throughout our New England trip. If we haven't railroad fare in America we stay at home—and save until we can buy a motor.

With a hundred excursions behind us to do some other day, we ran out of the woods at Bemis, and entered into the workaday world once more. There were few houses and no farms until we reached Bartlett. Even then there was little suggestion of a populated district save, inversely, by the reappearance of those small pathetic graveyards which we frequently passed in New Eng-

land. It is not so much life that gives a settled air to a community. Rather the small gleaming headstones that bespeak life's complement: death.

At Bartlett we stopped for gasoline, and to talk routes and distances. We would have to turn off at Glen if we wished to circle the Presidential Range, probably making Gorham for the night, or we could cut more swiftly out of the mountains and go on to North Conway. We were entirely willing to adopt either plan, and we could not make up our minds before we reached the point where we must turn north for Gorham, or continue straight on for North Conway. We did not make up our minds then, for the chauffeur was driving, and as he had no idea where he was going anyway, and didn't much care, he clung to the main road from habit, and this settled the matter for us very comfortably. If it is the broad road that leadeth to destruction, every chauffeur is instinctively bad.

In a short time, long before dusk, we were in a pretty village looking for the Kearsage Hotel. We scoured the wide street for it—we turned back—we asked ignorant little girls, one of them contending that the Kearsage was a vessel. We grew rather cross about it, and drew up at last before the oldest inhabitant. We told him before he had time to speak that, as we were asking

for the best hotel in North Conway, we saw no reason why the inhabitants should so demean our choice as to know nothing of it. There was no doubt that we were piqued out of vanity. This selecting of an inconsequential hotel discredited our taste.

The oldest inhabitant, with the deliberation of all realistic actors, took a chew of tobacco, and said we could look all night and we'd never find it there.

"And why not?" I asked severely.

"'Cause this town's Intervale."

It was dusk when we arrived at North Conway and were embraced by the friendly arms of the Kearsage. Yet it was not thick dusk. We could still see—it took some walking—the gleaming stone on the mountainside that was called the White Horse. The most remarkable thing about this stone is that it *looks* like a white horse. I have always had small patience with the astronomers who find extraordinary animals in the heavens, and marvel at less imaginative people because they can't see them. "How plain the Great Bear is to-night," they will say, leaving us to pass over the subject hastily and concentrate on the obvious Milky Way. The White Horse is to the mountains what the Milky Way is to the sky, and I cannot imagine why, in this district

of great hotels, there is not a single White Horse Tavern.

The village street was very pleasant at dusk. We wandered into a shop almost entirely abandoned to postal cards and bought White Horses largely. The pictures were of unusual merit, and when I commented upon this to the young woman in attendance she told me they were copied from the collection of her father's photographs. "His health failed—we had to have a trained nurse—I didn't know what to do—that was a long time ago when illustrated postal cards were just coming in—I made a few and they sold—now I turn out thousands and it keeps us comfortably."

I thought it was the best brief I had ever heard read for postal cards. We bought quantities, and a little bow and arrow as well. The bow and arrow were sent to a small boy who had hurt his foot. I don't know why I should choose this active form of exercise for a boy so—handicapped, can one say? It seems that he has punctured almost everything in his room, including his mother, and she has written me a very sharp letter about my selection of the gift.

I put it down to the influence of the nice young woman who had the invalid father. I went out of her shop leaving behind my handbag contain-

ing my money and jewellery in the most unwordly fashion. Later I not only acquired it, but a large photograph of Cathedral Walk. The Walk leads out of North Conway, and when I return I am going to take it, delighting Mr. Baedeker, for the young lady said: "It is so beautiful that it is just like going to church, and not having to hear anything."

I often wonder what the villagers did before these towns were given over to visitors. I suppose the money they bring makes the natives put up with all sorts of dull types. We sat at table that night with two of the dull ones—I don't know what they called us. We bowed to them as they took their seats, for it is disagreeable to break bread in a silence that cannot be equally broken. But they were not accustomed to the foreign fashion and stared unbelievingly, so that we all ended by keeping our eyes fixed on our food for fear there might be the interchange of a glance. It was a good way to kill the flavour of a good dinner.

Such encounters have an advantage: they render the steady company of the Illustrator more delectable. And he, in turn, let himself down by my side for his after-dinner cigar with a sigh of relief. I know it was his reflection that if I hadn't firmly seized him when I did that very

woman with the horror of bowing at table might have carried him off, and he would, by this time, be that terrible man who accompanied her, and who would not speak to us.

A Russian orchestra played—all one family, but, instrumentally, a happy one. And we were equally happy in North Conway.

CHAPTER X

Lost in the Maine Woods

I WAS awakened the next morning by a noise of stiff paper. I had been dreaming that my ears were full of the din of battle, a battle which I was running away from as rapidly as heavy dream-legs would permit. So it was a relief to me to find that it was only the Illustrator joyfully crackling his new map of Lower Maine and the Maritime Provinces.

The reader may remember that our paraphernalia mentioned in the first chapter included two golf bags. We had carried them with the idea of stopping over wherever the golfing was good and taking a day or two off from automobiling. But we had not stopped. We were consumed, as time went on, with an ever-increasing desire to motor and do nothing else. It was not with the intention of getting it over with that we swept through the country; rather, a complete capitulation to that quality one might coin as automobilism.

I still claim that it is a better attribute than militarism, which possesses Europe at present,

although my mother has written me a letter or two regarding the value of homeism and workism, and saving-your-moneyism, as opposed to this glorious motoring obsession.

It was not entirely the fun of seeing "the wheels go round" that kept us moving. Going over the same motor track each day might be exhilarating (and at first we felt happiness in mere swift motion), but the eye and mind would certainly lack stimulus. Whereas part of the tour now was the daily anticipation of new scenes and new people, and this was the reason that W——, although he loved mountains, was waking me up with the map of Lower Maine and the Maritime Provinces. We were not going to the Maritime Provinces, but the words smell of the sea. Indeed, I thought I smelled the sea already, for I knew it would be ours by nightfall, and called in to the Illustrator to ask if he noticed it. He called back that he didn't, that it was rain on the window-pane I was sniffing, but he thought we had better go on just the same.

Miserably for me the rain slackened as we were about to start, and the chauffeur appeared with the canopy folded up. He would not look me in the face nor would W——, and when it began to patter gently down again as soon as we

were under way, both of them pretended that there was no back seat at all.

I put up my umbrella, completely shutting out the view, and since I might as well have been at church for any enjoyment of the landscape, I gave myself up to some of the things one thinks about during the sermon—and planned my winter clothes.

In this way they made the wrong turn before we had gone many, if any, miles. I had just time to peer out, a sense of direction permeating my silk umbrella, and cry: "This is not the road to Fryeburg," as they motored to the right. But the chauffeur, who was driving, insisted that a sign-post claimed it was the road, and as W—— said he didn't want to go to Fryeburg anyway, I retired under my shield again.

I was not going to get rained on trying to prove to the Illustrator that, no matter whether he liked Fryeburg or not, he would have to go there if he wanted to reach Poland Spring. I did not even ask that he take out the map and have a look at it. One of the bitterest commentaries on the Illustrator's attitude toward me and toward his maps is the way he won't take them out on bad days for fear they'll get wet!

I went back under my umbrella, and in fifteen minutes we were in a charming wilderness of

balsam woods ploughing through a narrow way of Maine sand, with W—— feebly commenting on the poor quality of the "highway" as soon as we got out of New Hampshire. He said he had always heard the roads in Maine were bad. But he would not catch my eye, although I leaned over and described circles in the effort to catch his. I had closed my umbrella, for it was worth while getting wet to accomplish this, but the Lord was on my side, for it stopped raining anyway.

We asked a woman who was driving a grocery wagon if this was the Portland Road, and she replied that she really didn't know. One would think that a driver of a delivery wagon would learn something about roads and I muttered words to this effect, but she answered that she didn't deliver out of the Conways—that was far enough for *her*—so one mustn't expect wide knowledge from a creature so ambitionless. Americans admit their ignorance, anyway, and there is an element of greatness in that. In the Latin countries the travellers of the road will never fail to direct you *some* way, although it may be wrong. It is a matter of pride with them to know everything.

We rocked on until we reached a choice of four lanes with a sign-post in the centre pointing to a

number of destinations which we had no desire to reach. We sat there very comfortably, the balsams blessing us with their odours, and I was obliged to admit that I was enjoying our plunge into the Maine backwoods. Another wagon finally came along, the driver, who was an intelligent gentleman, jerking his thumb in the direction from which he had just come, as though he was in the habit of meeting an automobile there daily, and sending it back to the route from which we had strayed.

When he had arrived within speaking distance, he told us that we wanted to go to Hiram, and while I didn't want to go to Hiram any more than the Illustrator didn't want to go to Fryeburg, I refrained from confusing the man by telling him so. In fact, the Illustrator was rather ready to go to Fryeburg now, and asked for it hurriedly, in a small voice, hoping that I wouldn't hear him. But the man said we, on the minor route, were now beyond Fryeburg on the highway, and the best thing for us to do was to go to Hiram, which would bring us into the Portland Road further along. He added, in parting, that it was like a triangle and we had "simply" taken two sides of it instead of one.

He was a kind man, and it would not be decent to call him untruthful, although W——

insinuated that he was after we had cut through ten miles or more of forestry "describing" not only two sides, but every side of a triangle, and every side of every kind of a triangle. I did not know what to call them until I looked them up in my dictionary, there to find that, while our geometrical designs were not limited to this figure, we described an equilateral triangle, several isosceles, four obtuse-angled triangles, and one undoubted scalene.

It was at the apex of the scalene that we came across the ruins of a farmhouse, and, although it had been burned down long ago, our car instinctively stopped to ask the way to Hiram. Before we had time to bid our faithful friend go on again an old man emerged from the ruins, and we forgot all about asking the road in our eagerness to find out about the fire. He was not depressed over his loss, as was our acquaintance of the Green Mountains. I do not know whether his mother-in-law burned up in it, but he had insured it two days before the conflagration, and had built a much better one further on with the proceeds. A solitary cook-stove, seemingly unharmed, was all that was left of the furnishings. He pointed to it and chuckled: "See that stove—never would burn." A very chipper old gentleman!

There were many delightful farmhouses along this untravelled way, pleasant in outline but unpainted from the day of their birth. Since paint is a preservative, it is difficult to figure why the man who fences his fields, weeds his garden, and hoes his corn does not apply some of that industry to anything as essential as his rooftree. I asked the chauffeur (for we had all grown friendly again, owing to the loveliness of the sweet woods) how much it cost to paint a farmhouse, and he said several thousand dollars. W—— challenged this, and the boy argued back that it cost fifty dollars to paint a small motor-car, and as the area of a farmhouse was larger——

This boy has no instrument of comparison except an automobile. The Illustrator, who was hurt that I had not asked him how much it cost to paint a farmhouse, explained that one does not use the same paint on a house as on a car, and decided that it would cost twenty-five dollars to paint one of these buildings if you hired a man, and four dollars if you did it yourself.

I don't know how he came by these figures, but it was so within my means that I suggested buying one of the places along the sandy track and having the four-dollar job done. But W——, appreciating that he would undoubtedly

be the one chosen to paint the house, since I counted on the smaller sum, thought it would be a mistake, for we might never be able to find the estate again if we left it for a moment. And as this was so unusually intelligent I gave up the idea, concentrating once more on Hiram.

We saw a small store, although there was no reason for its being, as there was no one around to buy anything, with the name of Ole Johnson over the door, and we quieted the motor, that our voices might be lifted in a sort of yodelling trio as we called, "Ole, Ole, Ole, Ooh!"

He turned out to be a pretty girl, who asked us flatly why we wanted Hiram when Fryeburg was just up the road. And we concealed our astonishment that we were anywhere near this mysterious town, the Illustrator gallantly admitting that she was right, and swallowing his hatred for the hamlet in order to make some small advance. We passed through Fryeburg one hour and a half later than we need have if the canopy had been up so that I could have directed them as to the route. But I did not say this, and as a token of appreciation for my forbearance W—— stopped at Denmark to let me attend a green-corn husking bee.

It was not a merry affair with young boys pursuing pretty girls. Fifty men and women were

squatting in the sunshine before a cannery, tossing the husked ears into individual baskets of which a record was kept by an overseer. They received five cents a basket, some of them making two dollars and fifty cents a day, so I can leave you to work out the number of baskets they filled daily. I asked one of those employed what they did with the corn, and she said she didn't know. There seemed to be no excuse for this ignorance except that many of the huskers had come from a distance; the explanation of the overseer implying that those not closely related to the town of Denmark suffered from a lack of mental development.

I went through the building with the wife of the proprietor, as he did not appear at all. The process was accomplished with little use of human hands and that but to watch the machinery. There may be fingers in many a pie, but there are no fingers in canned corn and I have been eating it all winter with enthusiasm. The wife knew every cog of the machinery and of the business. She was of those capable women whom one meets throughout the villages of the United States, with a cultivation of mind that causes one to bless anew "Cadmus, the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books."

While I was interested in corn she was in-

terested in the latest publication. She spoke of Galsworthy, Anatole France, the while she gave me statistics as to the number of tins sealed in an hour. When I told her that, hitherto, our travel stories had been only of Europe she stopped leading me about and looked out of a window that gave upon the village street, up the road to the fir trees and the strips of sand.

"Europe—Italy—the Riviera—the Black Forest. I have never seen them." She turned to me. "What can you write of in New England? What can you write of to-day? But then, of course, you are going to Poland Spring." I told her that I should write of something much more interesting than the guests at Poland Spring, but she was too modest to understand me.

There was another effort as we neared Naples to turn us from the straight road, and force us into a circuitous route around Lake Sebago. A freshly-painted sign-post named every destination one would be likely to want within a day's run, but we had developed caution as the sun reached its meridian, and asked a passing driver what all these signs, obviously pointing us away from the main road, could mean. It was unfortunate that we chose a man with a skittish horse, but I held the bridle while he restrained it from an inclination to eat me as he explained

that the signs were "kind of a blind." Various innkeepers put them up to get the motorist to go by their hotels.

"'Tain't right," he admitted, but he said worse things than that happened in Maine. Some of the very best residents of the country dug up reliable sign-posts and used 'em to hold up clothes lines. Surely enough, a little further on we found one holding up a choice array of lingerie in a back yard, with a majestic finger bearing the inscription "Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston," pointing to a beehive.

Naples was so named because it was on the water. It bore no other resemblance to that pink city which one is bidden to see and die. The water was one of a series of little lakes which we were now continually passing. They were lovely, clear lakes with islands planted neatly in the centre of each, producing the effect of toy Japanese gardens, such as we receive for Christmas gifts. Summer cottages and campers besprinkled the shores, and there was an air of festivity about that invested even the roadway.

It particularly invested it at one point where the way was narrow, for we encountered a merry-go-round in transit, an implacable caravan that refused to share the road, so that we were the ones who had to "go 'round" by crawling into

the ditch, and were not at all merry about it. The driver was grim of visage, endeavouring to preserve his dignity, for he was sitting in a fish, while his helper, a very homely man, was glowering at us from a sort of bower of roses. Ah, well! Business had been bad perhaps. Although the "new thought" books argue along different lines, there is no reason why it should be amusing to furnish amusement to a frivolous public.

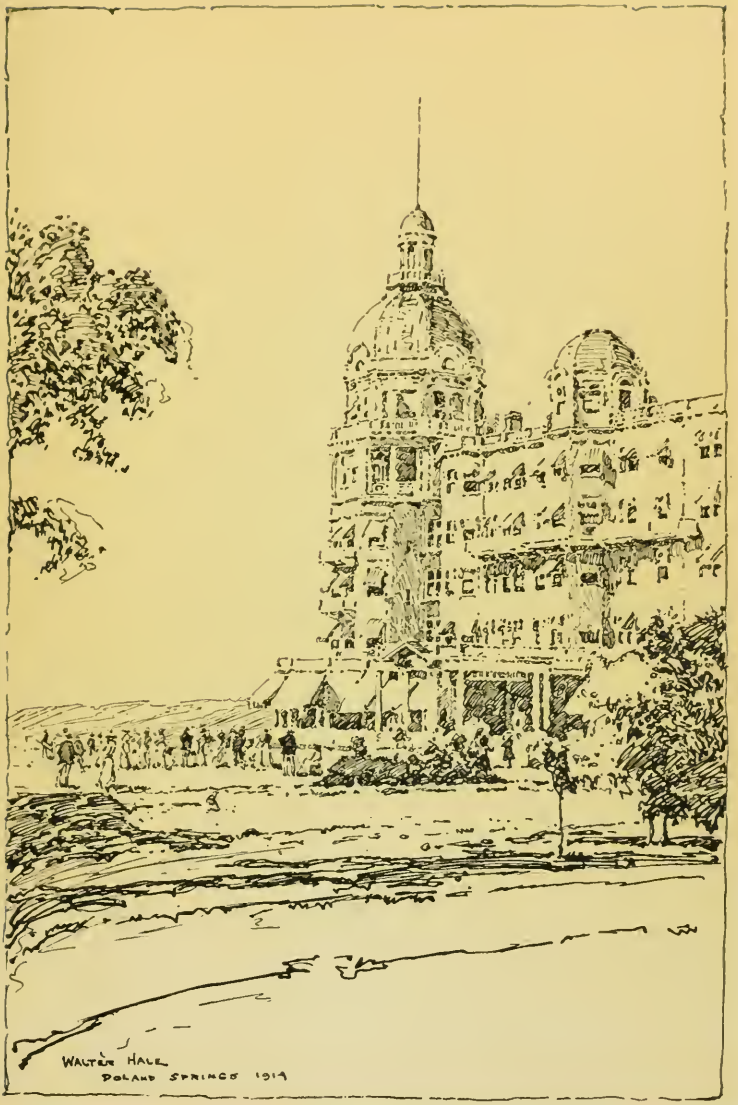
We left the direct Portland Road at Naples, taking two sides of a triangle again, that we might lunch at Poland Spring, although an enterprising shopkeeper, who wished to sell us hats when we arrived at Portland, continued with his milestones and exhortations all along our way. My spirits rose with the natural elevation of the land as we approached this famous Source, reaching a climax in a burst of song which no one heard, but it is a fashion of mine to sing when I am happy in the back seat.

There was a reason for my delight. Poland Spring had ever been definitely visaged in my mind as a place in a flat wood, far too low, and thickly grown with brush. The hotel was painted a dark green with cream trimmings, little damp walks led to small basins where water trickled into muddy pools. I fancy this was the result of

my first "cure" in an undeveloped Indiana resort thirty—yes, alas—thirty years ago, but I am glad that it was so gloomy in my imagination, for nothing could have been more surprising than the sudden gaining of the high plateau. There I found myself amidst the best kept lawns in America, with three gleaming hotels scattered about the great open space, and fine roads invitingly leading us to each one of them.

Vulgarians by nature, we chose the largest, so large that one cannot imagine where any other Americans spend the summer when this one is "full up." The clerk assured us that it was always "full up" and we could not stay the night if we wished, but he was not supercilious about it. Like all able creatures he was modest, though he could well have been proud, for his intellectual development extended to the reading of a guest's name upside down on the register.

"Lunch, Mr. Hale?" he asked as soon as the signature was completed, leaving the Illustrator titillated with the possibility that he might not have read the name, but have recognised him from Sunday newspaper cuts. As we were not taking rooms we could not discover if he possessed that other coveted gift of writing numbers upside down, although, no doubt, that lay within his grasp as well.



POLAND SPRING

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We once encountered in a small hotel out West a clerk with this attainment, but he was not a pleasant man. There were deep grooves in the desk which he had made by raking his finger nails into the wood after each guest had registered, which occasioned a sinking of the heart, fearing we had unwittingly strayed into an ogre's den. I remember asking him if he was sure we could get our laundry by the next day. "Nothing is sure, lady, but death," he replied, raking terribly. We did not stay overnight in that hotel.

It was hard to decide which was better at luncheon: the food or the views. There were gentle hills, lakes, streams and farmlands stretched out as extensively as the menu, and as I complacently ate I decided that this rolling country was better suited to my mild nature than the majesty of mountains.

The golfers played almost up to the verandas. I never knew anything tamer than the balls unless it was the squirrels. We walked over to the shrine built about the only and original Poland Spring with the squirrels taking every liberty with us. One even scampered up my gown to my hat, running around the top of it madly under the impression that it was the wheel in a cage. Every one was amused at this but myself.

"It wants you to give it a nut," explained an

old gentleman with a squirrel sticking out of his pocket as he was about to address a ball with a brassie. "They're very fond of filberts." He looked at me reproachfully as I made no effort to take a filbert out of my hair or produce it by some other act of magic, and the squirrel tore around my motor bonnet more wildly than ever. And while I like animals, I was exasperated at the squirrel, feeling that it should keep in its place, and I asked the golfer where did he expect me to get a filbert?

He avoided answering by making a very good brassie shot, at least good enough to take him far away from me, which was a relief to us both, the squirrel ending the complication by leaping from my hat to a tree, carrying with him a portion of my hair net.

Nevertheless I was mortified at not having a filbert, and I think guidebooks should speak of the wisdom of investing in this commodity before leaving for Poland Spring. The depression might have continued had it not been dispelled by the necktie of the attendant who offers one a drink of water from the original source if one wants it.

It was a silk tie with a Gibson girl painted on it. The top of her pompadour came just below the knot, her face and shoulders were neatly

spread out after the fashion of four-in-hands, and her right eye was squarely punctured by a ruby scarf pin. W—— says no European spring is half as beautifully encased as is this one and I must take his word for it—I saw nothing but the necktie. I hope the boy will wear it forever and make thousands of tired business men happy.

We went on to the bottling works nearby. It was not an exciting process, the bottles slipping along in a little groove, getting themselves filled and corked without effort, and going off to New York to be sold for a sum quite out of proportion to the ease by which the thing was seemingly accomplished. But we do not pay for the water alone. We pay, and everlastingly should, for the brain of the first Ricker who owned this Spring and who decided to cork it up as a commercial enterprise. I stared at the long line of sliding green bottles. If a Jones had had this farm in 1797, or an Ames, perhaps, or—surely—a Hale, to this day the cows might have been standing in the little stream its narrow trickle would have made, snoozling up through their nostrils the present dividends of a vast corporation.

We did not visit the other buildings on this four thousand acres of estate. Everything is here that one could possibly want, even, I am told,

to some of my books in the library! Everything, at least, but the sea, and as we wanted the sea most urgently we sent out an S. O. S. call for our automobile. And in an instant, by some mysterious process, it came rattling out of the bejewelled garage and we were on our way. But we looked back regretfully, for this of its kind is a finer flower than the older countries of Europe have to offer.

In spite of the Call of the Sea we stopped, soon after quitting the park, at a large stone building so forbidding that it tempted us, like the apple, to inquire of it. We learned that it is now but the dairy house for the big hotels, but that it had once belonged to the Shaker Settlement. This elicited further inquiries, and a little "more far," as the French say, we espied a neat old lady sewing at a window. She was so extraordinarily placid and so sternly bonneted that we knew we were at the Shaker house for the women. More than that, goods were announced for sale, and glad of an excuse for meeting a Shaker lady, I went in to see the wares.

She of the window met me at the door, and took me into the shop. I was impressed by her simplicity, and I was almost afraid that I might take advantage of her while acquiring a few souvenirs. I was afraid she might want to give

them to me and that I would be obliged to force the money upon her.

But she was a remarkable old lady, her sober habit but the cloak to as keen a trading instinct as one finds at the Rag Fair in Rome. She did not heed my modest demands at first. She began with the most expensive articles, working down toward my price with a certain restrained contempt that made me a little sick at her worldliness. I wanted to ask her if she had ever heard of the McCreery Stores, and of the printed notice given to each clerk that the smallest buyer is as valuable to the shop, and as welcome, as the most reckless purchaser. New York and its ways were quite simple to me after my encounter with that old lady, and I went away carrying my few acquisitions—mentally at least—between the thumb and forefinger.

I was glad to be going on to Portland, where (I am told), with Providence and some other New England cities, there are schools of etiquette for clerks, and courteous methods are rehearsed for dealing with discourteous shoppers. I sat back relieved to find, after I had admitted it, that I was as glad to be approaching a city as I was to be nearing the sea.

We whizzed past generous farms, through little hamlets, circumvented ox-carts, with an eye eager

for the first glimpse of a trolley car coming out from Portland. And when we saw it speeding through the country with tired farmers' wives carrying early autumn hats in paper bags, we followed up the track with the same enthusiasm that Hop-o'-My-Thumb's parents must have trailed the bread crumbs. For the pursuit of the city is as stimulating as the chase for Maine deer in the open season.

It is worthy of comment that we arrived before dusk, and by some confusion of trolley lines found Longfellow's home before we met the harbor. The Illustrator insisted that this was the Longfellow home, and, being substantiated by the passerby, emptied himself out of the car to make a sketch.

As Portland is a historic town, no one is alarmed when an artist takes to drawing in its busiest thoroughfare, although there is the usual comment from the street as to the excellence of the work. This freedom of expression is limited to no one country, but is less humiliating in foreign parts as it is done in a tongue fairly unfamiliar to us.

While I was proud of W——'s sketch, I was embarrassed at finding his subject the real Longfellow residence. In a previous visit I had picked out another house as his, and pointed it out to

THE LONGFELLOW HOME, PORTLAND

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strangers who were as ignorant as I. The one of my choice stands in the little open place where his statue is erected. The chauffeur and I drove past there as we endeavoured to choose a hotel, and I still like it, and wish he had lived there. It is at the end of the most delightful street in the world, where the shade trees are not limited to a noble row on either side, but extend themselves to two rows, and conspire to form the nave and side aisles of a cathedral which one can motor up and down without disturbing the service.

In fact, the chauffeur spent so much time motoring up and down it, turning and re-turning in the wide street (turning without drilling is the chauffeur's delight), that we arrived at the Lafayette Hotel too late for any rooms save those next to the elevator, and, all of a sudden, my joy was turned to bitterness. The car was sent after the patient Illustrator, and I gloomily unpacked with every evidence of a boiler factory going up and down one wall. When our effects were disposed for the night, and I was just saying I must make the best of it, I went out into the hall, quite without my own volition, and screamed out that I couldn't.

As a reward for my lack of self-control, a sympathetic bell-boy heard me, and we two scouted about the halls, going up and down steps,

and trying doors, until we marked a party leaving rooms in a far, quiet corner. By a certain exchange of silver for keys the rooms were mine, and attendants, carrying dinner dresses, and pumps, and toothbrushes, and yawning handbags, moved me into them. Even then I forgot the soap, but had it by the time W—— arrived.

I was paid for my efforts by the way he sank into a wicker chair, exhausted by the criticisms of his drawing of the Longfellow house, and, lying back comfortably, remarked that some *body,* not a hotel, had furnished the room. I had been thinking the same thing, and marvelling that with all the guests going in and out daily there was still a pervading sense of some one individual.

Long ago a fire had burned on the wide hearth, marks showed against the wall the traces of bookshelves once affixed there, a bracket for a plant was empty by the window, and a fixture from which a bird-cage must have hung was still suspended over the fresh curtains. W—— generously insisted upon my taking this room, and I do not think he was uneasy over any gentle ghost that may have been hovering about. Strangely enough, the adjoining room, although the same in size and furnishings, carried with it no delicate sensation of a life so quick that its glad vibration stirred a chord in our own emotional hearts.

We ate on the roof—how often do I speak of eating!—green corn, horribly, for there is no other way of denuding the cob. But I do not look at W—— when he is eating, and he does not look at me. I look at the other guests eating corn, however, and hate them. Some go straight around the cob, some in a long line from end to end, and some gnash in anywhere. The last have no sense of order. It was pleasanter to look out over the city and to see the lights of Casco Bay. The smell of the low tide reached us even on our rocky eyrie. The little steamers were going to the various islands, far beyond was open water.

And yet—we returned to the window of our spirit room, the one that looked up the quiet street where the couples were walking. The moon shone down through the branches of the trees—still it was dark enough for couples. One young man quarrelled with his young lady and she cried. He "made it up."

"One might think we'd go out on the water," said the Illustrator, "now we've reached it."

But we made no move. We were at that world-old occupation of enjoying humanity, and there are no romances like those of the city streets.

CHAPTER XI

Down Along the Maine Coast

It was very foolish to be walking down the main street of Portland the next morning admiring the arrangement of fruit, flowers, and vegetables in the shop windows when I ought to have been digging into my guidebook and brushing up on dates.

We were back on historic ground again, and we would continue on it from that point until we were home. I once dreamed, after a day of delving into the library, that we were motoring over a flat country devoid of beauty, and with no characteristics save rows of date palms along the way. The palms were rich in fruit, if it could be called that, yet the bearing was but a series of figures swaying in the wind. We passed every date from the reign of the Ptolemies to the blowing up of the *Maine*. It was a most tiring trip, and I determined that no tour of mine in real life should be marred by too great a predominance of this obnoxious fruit.

I take space for the relating of this nightmare, that I may be pardoned any slurring of the

events which stand out prominently in the making of our history, and, instead, speak more continuously of what we saw in the beauty of the country and the lives of those about us. The dates will be with you forever—but you can take but one trip with the Illustrator and the humble (?) scribe.

Ergo: I did some shopping in Portland (which was founded in 1632, was first called Casco and then Falmouth. I'll admit that much!), as I intended to have my shoes shined. There was a bootblack across the street, but he showed no disposition to take my money. He sat on his own high throne, strumming on a mandolin as he read an Italian newspaper spread upon his knee, and he was so entirely happy that I did not disturb him, for ten cents more or less could mean nothing to this man. As a result of this, I went on down the street and very nearly bought some ostrich feathers.

This desire to shop when in a small city, for fear one will not find anything as good when one reaches a metropolis, seizes the traveller after several days in the country. I felt as I looked at those feathers in the showcase that they would be the one great bargain of my life, and that I would never see anything like them in New York. I resisted the temptation, fearing the Illustrator,

for they would have to be carried in a large box, and since then I have seen many other feathers not only cheaper but better, and have bought none of them.

I even got away without an air plant which beckoned me from a florist's. It seemed folly not to buy the air plant, for it needed neither earth nor water, and would look very well blossoming on top of the typewriter. But W—— came along at the psychological moment of my greatest weakness with one of Portland's most prominent citizens. The artist was taking him up the street behind our hotel to show him a most lovely composition of an old gateway and an older tree, for the distinguished man was as alive as we were to the charm of his town. Yet the citizen laughed when he saw the find, saying it was the back yard of Mrs. Blank's boarding-house. But we all three thought it very nice in art to grant the good compositions as freely to the poor as to the rich.

We saw the full sweep of the bay, at last, as we left the city going toward Biddeford, and, just at the city limits, guarded by a policeman, lay the body of a man who had tramped for the last time. I felt sorry that he must die on so glorious a day, for surely no man can better appreciate the tempered wind and soft sunshine than a tramp.

But he lay very easily in the lap of his mother: Earth.

We followed the trolley to Biddeford, but it was not a busy trolley, and when we reached the town we found most of the mills shut down, with the great smoke stacks, which we would gladly have had polluting the sky, unfulfilling their mission. Men and women were idle in the doorways, and hanging out of windows. We have come upon evil days for our mill people, although I understand the owners endeavour to run them for half the week, that the bodies of the workers may remain integral with their souls.

The blight appears to have extended itself to the trees of the open country. At least they have a blight of their own, and such trees as have been sprayed with arsenic bear large placards of "Poison," doubtless to warn the educated New England cows against eating the leaves. In spite of these calamities of town and country, the places were prosperous in appearance, the farmhouses were finely built, and fat oxen in the fields lent an air of solidarity to the scene. We were headed for Kennebunkport, having been told, en route, that the golf course was on this side "The Tombs," and the town beyond them. In Maine the cemeteries are given that terse name. It has a resonance that consorts well with these little

patches of the dead which lie along the rocky, booming coast.

We stopped at Kennebunkport for old time's sake, although the cottages of our friends were closed, and the hotel where we lunched was about to close. Or perhaps I should say that it wished to be about to close, as the proprietress whispered to me that as soon as old Mr. K—— left she would shut right up. We saw old Mr. K—— puttering about happily with no evidence of leaving, and while I did not wish to distress the proprietress, I told her of a man I knew who had been invited to stay overnight at the house of a friend of ours, and who lingered there for seven years.

In spite of that she gave us a good luncheon, although I don't know what Mr. K—— received, and we walked out among the cottages afterwards to the water's edge. This was our first beach on the tour, and several years ago it was the first one that I had ever visited. Men who write come to Kennebunkport, and I was the guest of one of them. The sightseeing buckboards used to drive past, pointing out the author as he sat on the front porch. The top of his head would get pink, then, and while I sat up very straight, trying to look like the famous man's wife, the real wife and her illustrious liege would crawl

around to the kitchen steps, there to sit as the next contingent went by.

The revisiting of a locality which one associates with friends when the friends are absent is like sitting before a wide hearth on which no fire is burning. We did not feel the want of acquaintances in places that were new to us, but the day in Kennebunkport brought to me most poignantly that it is people, not things, which make up a large part of the world. And I offer the old thought as a solace to those who must stay at home, yet are surrounded by men and women whom they know.

I spoke of this to W——, who did not care for my log fire simile, preferring to liken my sensation of loss on this beautiful coast to the contemplation of a lovely woman without a heart. Since this locality was unfamiliar to him I thought the reference to the lady rather unnecessary, for he, himself, was feeling nothing but a mild indignation that I could remember so little of the route.

I could pick out the way to Kennebunk proper only by my recollection of a fine old Colonial house on the right which had been over-ornamented with white encrustations like the icing on the wedding cake. No traveller must or will fail to observe it. Its appearance makes one long for a build-

ing committee to restrict extravagances of architecture both of town and country. What a tearing down of towers and a removal of gingerbread porches there would be if a body of capable architects were set loose among the cottages built some twenty years ago.

At my earnest solicitation, we stopped at Kennebunk to inquire of a setter dog that I had found in that vicinity upon my last visit there. The famous novelist had refused to give it house room for about the same reason that W—— had resented my annexing the golf ball back in Bretton Woods: he feared he might some day meet the owner. But the dog was undoubtedly lost, and, at last, I bestowed it upon a very willing Kennebunk sportsman, who declared the animal perfectly pointed.

Upon inquiring now, it was no longer with him. He was sorry for this, and enlarged upon dogs that don't appreciate a good home. He said some people were like that, just born strays, run and run through the country till they die. I thought of the tramp back in Portland. And the dog and that tramp and ourselves were all curiously confused in my mind. The Illustrator and I raced on, understanding a good deal the joy of the dog's running, and not finding the tramp's end so very unlovely after all.

Before Ogunquit we were forced to make a detour, and discovered an old gentleman in a small car stuck in a sandy pasture, bleating piteously for Portland. "Is it all sand?" he asked, under the impression that Maine had no more roads to offer. But this detour was occasioned by the process of hitching together as good a road as one can ask for. It ran now among colorful moors, for we were out of the pine forests, and the sea threw its spray among the rocks, like, as our chauffeur charmingly put it: "like an atomiser." Studios with great north skylights were part of many of the cottages, and maidens sat in meadows, braving the cows to paint the cliffs. At one turn of the road we stopped to admire and "register" (as they say in taking a moving picture) a house and a tree beside it, and the sea beyond them both. That was all. Why does the heart go out to some habitations and remain so cold to others?

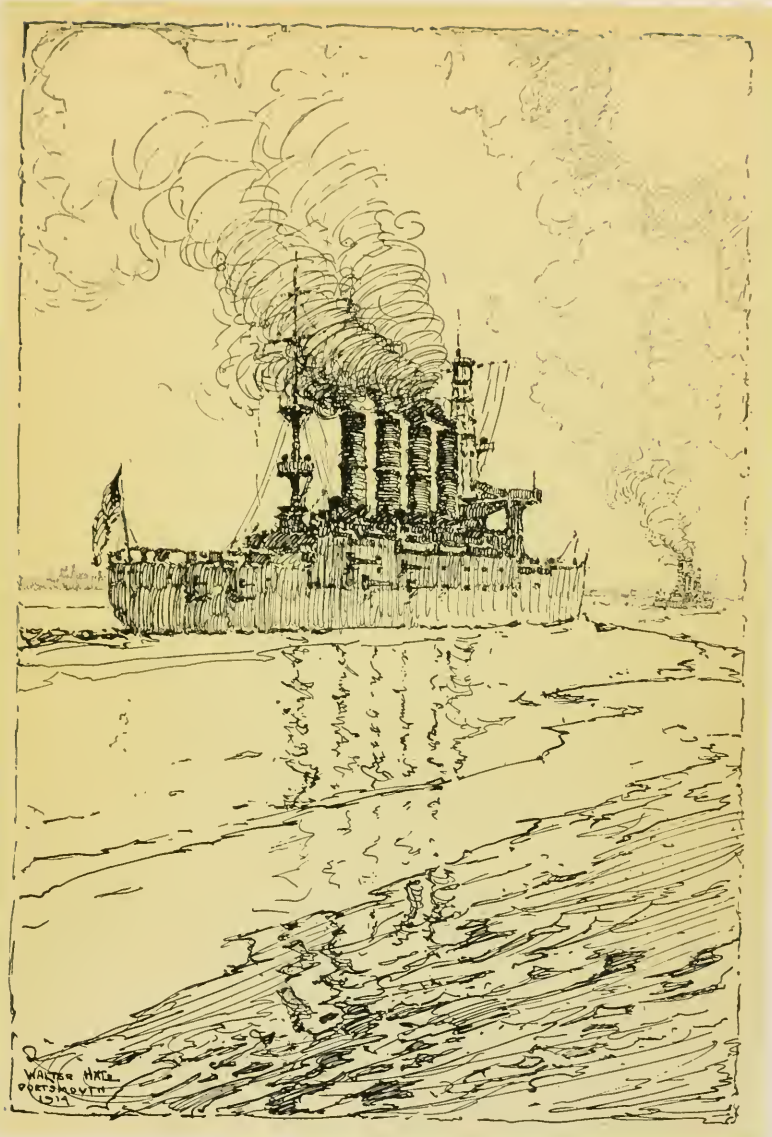
The roadbed grew so extraordinarily good as we neared York Beach that the automobile association urges you to keep within bounds by posting horrible warnings of swift motor-cycle police who lurk behind every heather bush. Even so, the Maine automobile travels with throttle wide open, a conscious look upon the face of the taxpayer, as though he would say: "As

you make your own bed, so shall you ride upon it."

I believe that the beach which stretched before us on our left is the finest in the world, just as the cottages which were on our right are certainly the meanest, and in no way deserve the view, considering that the ocean has to look back at them. Every name that could be derived by mediocre minds was given to those shacks, and flaunted over the door, from (hospitably) "Letumcum" to (modestly) "The Atlantic"—a very small bungalow.

In close juxtaposition was York Harbor, a summer place rich in fashion but poor in interest. A beautiful woman with seventy-five summer gowns once told me that the large hotels get a hold on you, and you go back year after year. Forewarned by this, we did not stop at all, for we cannot imagine any greater misery than a large hotel "getting a hold on us," and, like the setter dog, we ran and ran toward Portsmouth.

It was the Illustrator's wish to visit the Navy Yard before it was closed for the day. It lies at Kittery Point, and we were as near to reaching it on time as we ever were at getting anywhere, for the gun had just fired for the closing of the shops as we brought up before the sentry. Having garnered our camera, we were allowed to



NEARING PORTSMOUTH HARBOR

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motor among the buildings and visit some of the warships which were in dry-dock. It was here that General Cervera was pleasantly imprisoned during the Spanish-American war, and if he had the run of the beautiful Governor's house and the officers' quarters scattered along the Point, I think he did well to be captured.

The workmen were going off to Portsmouth in launches, a much more festive fashion than electric cars, although they were soberly reading newspapers and paying no attention to the sunset, as Venetian laborers always seem to be doing. The vessels in dry-dock were preparing for the evening meal. I asked one neat scullion who was carrying pails of potato peelings to the water's edge if he preferred being ashore in this half-and-half fashion, and he said, upon reflection, that he didn't. I was stirred by his preference for the high seas, but, after probings, learned that the advantage of the broad ocean was the pitching of the potato peelings directly out the port holes. "That's the worst of being ashore," completed the tar gloomily. "No place to throw things."

The Russian and Japanese met here daily until the peace treaty was signed—could it be as far back as 1905? A tablet on a building commemorates that period, so gay for the Americans, so

gratifying to the Russians, and so bitter to the silent little Orientals, who, while the victors, received nothing.

When we reached the Rockingham Hotel in quaint old Portsmouth, we found a disposition on the part of the young girl at the newsstand to claim this hostelry as the one which harboured both factions, but I think she was rather overzealous than undertruthful. She was only a little girl then, she said, and didn't dream at the time that she would ever be working for her living (so she has her story, I suppose, but, the Illustrator poking me, I did not pry into it). She was playing with her dolls, she remembered, when the guns were fired that announced the signing of the treaty, and she had cried, for she thought the Russians and Japanese were attacking us. "Not yet," said W—— gloomily, which was unnecessarily foreboding at the close of a sunny day.

The traveller should spend some time in this only port of New Hampshire. Indeed, the traveller should do few of the things that we do—except be happy and follow his own inclination. There was much diplomatic visiting at Portsmouth in early Colonial days, for New England was the White Hope of the nation, and great deference was paid to the wishes of these

northern states. Both Washington and Lafayette visited Governor Langdon in the old house still standing, our first President writing of it to a friend as one of the finest houses he had ever seen. The doorways were exceedingly good. I like to see a lovely portal. A young writer, Ernest Poole, has completely expressed it: "I always like the front door of a house to be wide and low with only a step or two leading up. I like it to look hospitable, as though always waiting for friends to come in."

It was the moon that teased us out of the town after we had motored leisurely through its streets, and bought the first chestnuts of the season, popping over a glowing charcoal fire. We called this a sort of wedding trip, as we had been mistaken at one street corner for a conscious pair we had previously met. They were in an automobile labelled "Just Married," like the bride and groom's car away back (a thousand years back it seems) near Amenia. The overeagerness of those hiding behind a building to pelt them with confetti resulted in an attack upon us. Yet the laugh was upon *them,* for, as we emerged from coils of colored paper ribbon, they found that they had expended their ammunition on a couple wearing an intense, long-married expression. And as they profusely apologised, the

"Just Married" drove triumphantly by, confettiless.

Since it was the moon, "the inconstant moon," that had led them on, so did it us to Newburyport. We liked the idea of arriving at this old town of the musical name by night, and, fortified by chestnuts, we ran into open country again. It was intensely quiet. We were by ourselves, all New England had gone to supper, all save a woman with a full, rich voice who was too much in love to eat. We had stopped to turn on the headlights, and she gave us the charming benefit of her song as she walked in her garden. She was as unconscious as the thrush in the bush, but the thrush keeps its secrets; there were words to *her* cry:

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one,
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one,
Yet the light of the whole world dies
When love is done."

We stood motionless until she had finished, and as she sang to the end my mental picture of her changed. I could see her not as a young

woman. There was a break in her rich voice, now and then, which would suggest that the fingers of time were at her throat, making gentle indentations in the flesh, stealing her youngest notes from their ivory casing, sorry to do it, perhaps, but intent upon its eternal remodelling. Thank time, or philosophy, or whatever power it is, that as our body changes so does the spirit within us. One hopes that the woman of middle age singing in her garden that night had found this accommodating spirit—our fears, from the yearning of her song, that she had not.

But New England did not remain indoors for long. The bells were clanging in the villages through which we passed, and old folks were going to the weekly prayer meeting. Young people, who need it most, do not go to prayer meeting, although in my youth I would go as far as the hitching post. Here was tied my grandfather's white horse, and my companions and myself would drive it, "lickety-split," about the town while my dear old grandparents, all unsuspicious, prayed for the redemption of my soul. The "joy ride" did not develop with the institution of the automobile.

Long before we expected it, we caught a line of silver on the horizon which betokened the port of Newbury. Little boats were riding at rest

(only a boat can ride and rest at the same time) and there were big ones farther off in the harbour which evidently stayed out later, as grown-ups can, for they were all "lit up"—and that means a number of things.

Once across the long bridge we asked the way to the Wolfe Tavern of an Englishman—judging by his accent—and while his direction was faulty we bore him no ill-will, for it gave us the opportunity of traversing a wide, lovely street which had nothing to do with the Wolfe Tavern. The fine Colonial mansions were set far back from the road, solid and substantial. Even the glow of modern electricity coming from the windows shed its rays with dignity, as an able mind diffuses light. Only the creeping vines and the gardens were invulnerably soft. The first time I saw the Colosseum in Rome was by moonlight, and while it has been awkward to do so, since then I have avoided that locality. So I determined that I would not visit this street again; for a fine impression, however vague, is too good to be destroyed by analysis.

W—— said after we had covered the street twice that we would never get off it, and that I would probably never see anything else, even if I wanted to. We were too shy to ask of the Tavern at these great doorways, the chauffeur de-

murring as he feared the iron dogs might be live ones. No one was walking in the streets. There is a curfew law still enforced in Newburyport, yet it seems to have terrors only for the ancient, as we at last overtook some boys who ought to have been in bed. At first it was difficult to get any definite information owing to their concerted desire to please, and when we begged that but one speak at a time there was every promise of a fist fight over who should be the first one.

I sternly insisted that, being a lady, I should be allowed to pick out the dispenser of information, and I sympathetically took the quietest boy as a reward of merit. This created intense delight among his companions, for I had chosen the village stammerer; but by long breaths, and pauses, and sticking to it the little fellow told us all that we needed to know—and a good deal more.

You cannot mistake the Wolfe Tavern if you have ever seen General Wolfe. His likeness is painted on the old swinging sign, but as he died on the plains of Abraham while fighting the French, we were better assisted by the name of the Tavern underneath than by any recognition of his features. Like all ancient hotels it is not the original hotel, nor does it stand on the corner

where it stood during and before revolutionary times. I do not know why hotels wish to move about in this fashion, nor why they so frequently get themselves burned up—or *down,* as you feel optimistically or pessimistically. I think they burn *up* when the insurance is good. It gives me an uneasy sensation o' nights after creeping up delectable old staircases to read of the number of times the hostelry has been reconstructed.

The present inn is old enough for any of us, and means a good deal to the citizens of Newburyport as a Peabody once lived in it. There are two staircases, one early-Victorian and ugly, belonging to Mr. Peabody, and one Colonial and beautiful, belonging to the house next door, for the Wolfe Tavern has taken to spreading. I insisted upon rooms reached by this spiral staircase, for it curves so delicately that it would seem the way to Heaven.

The old darky porter who carried up the baggage, very reluctantly and pantingly, did not agree with me. He confided in a low voice—that the clerk might not hear him—that if Hell's his portion when he dies he'll find it upstairs, not in no basement. "Ancientry is all right," he explained when we reached the roof, and he fumbled for matches to light the gas, but he had carried trunks up and down those stairs for twenty-two

A DOORWAY, NEWBURYPORT

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years and before it came his turn, "God send," they'd have an elevator.

I fastened on to God send, for here was an old English expression probably not in usage outside of Newburyport. And I fastened on to the old darky also, for he told me that directly he got us settled he was going off to the hospital, for there his son lay with a broken leg. I immediately became an authority on broken legs, and begged that the limb of his son did not remain too long in a plaster cast. I advised splints at first, so that it could be watched from time to time to see if it was knitting correctly. I gave an instance of a young man I knew in England (I made him out an athlete, but he was a poor thing) who had worn a cast for nine weeks, and when it was taken off the bones had not knitted properly—and he was lame for life. As a result of this story the negro went off without bringing us, or any other appealing bells, ice water. And I can imagine my unpopularity among the hospital staff.

We dined late, wandering uncertainly through the *carte du jour,* attended by a buxom creature who gave no evidence of capability beyond a firm mouth. The best thing I can remember either about her or the dinner were the Newburyport crackers. She recommended them, and whenever

we seemed to lose our spirit over the meal would offer these huge round wafers to us as one applies a poultice to a more definite pain.

W—— put down a quarter on the table for her as we went out. You can give a boy a coin without the slightest fear of his bursting into tears at the insult, but a waitress, while just as keen for the money, will frequently not deign to touch the tip until the guest has departed. I watched from the hallway to see if she would not disregard it altogether with a sort of guilty consciousness of her own unworthiness, but she swept it up, along with the crumbs fallen from the Newburyport cracker, and secreted it upon her person.

The port of Newbury needs a new hotel with the same clerk, the same porter, the same spiral staircase, and General Wolfe to look down upon it. I would like to have it on the identical spot, and if it would not be too much to ask, to have also the same tree out in front which gently tapped upon my window-pane all night.

Yet it was much quieter than the young man who occupied the room next to mine on the other side of the thin, revolutionary wall. He read a letter after he came in, tearing open the envelope and whistling as he did so. Then there was silence. One rustle as he turned the page, and,

after he had finished, six heavy sighs. So, while I did not know All, I was sorry for him, and it was commendable that, in the midst of whatever grief the letter brought, he remembered to brush his teeth.

CHAPTER XII

The North Shore and the Breeches Bible

Between the individual charms of the old darky and those of Newburyport I found the usual difficulty in getting away. Everything was there, including abounding laughter occasioned by the porter.

I heard him coming up the stairs the next morning, jangling keys affixed to huge tin horseshoes, oversize for any pocket. A prospective guest was in his wake looking at rooms for an extended visit, and she was twittering between a choice of those on the parlour floor and on the top. The porter paused on the last step. "Lady, how many trunks you got?"

"Four," said the lady.

"Pahlour floor's the best," hastened the porter. And she thanked him for his interest in her welfare.

I asked him, later, what the old town was principally noted for, and he answered its Purity and the landing here of the Siamese twins. He added that they were both dead, and I do not

know whether he referred to the two attractions, Purity and the Siamese, or simply to the twins.

I was shocked that he did not speak of Washington and Lafayette who had slept in a nearby mansion, but notables who were not freakish by nature he held in small esteem. Even the hotel clerk was rather blasé about these distinguished guests, opining that these two gentlemen, if one could judge by tablets all over the country, slept more than any other men in history.

His Newburyport favourite was Lord Timothy Dexter, who was not a lord at all, but had longed so ardently to be one that the title attached itself to him by the force of thought. He was an eccentric creature who, during Colonial days, lived in one of those great houses I had seen by moonlight and sworn never to see again. He was a philosopher, if saying you are makes you one, and wrote a little book of precepts which have no merit whatever beyond the quaintness of the phrasing. Once upon a time, as a joke, he sent a boatload of warming pans to the West Indies, although I don't know on whom the joke was except himself for his expenditure. But the cargo was the wisdom of a fool, for the warming pans were applied to ladling up cane sugar, and Lord Dexter grew even more rich by his folly.

All this is very well to talk about sitting on the

front porch of the Wolfe Tavern of a late summer's morning. But, from my own acquaintance with village cut-ups, I can imagine what a bore he must have been in his day, and how he found our wide street of the night before as empty as did we when he sallied forth for a promenade.

He served, however, along with the Siamese twins and the porter, and the old house across the street which Stanford White greatly admired, to bring the personal equation strongly into Newbury. Its Puritanism was nicely blended with fine tales of privateering, of prize ships towed into the harbour, and, quite at variance with these attractions, but of especial interest to us now, of the attitude of the dames of the town during the distressful times of the Revolution. For it was the custom of these ladies "to meet and dedicate a few glasses to the following truly sentimental and highly republican toasts:

"1. May our beloved President preside at the helm of government longer than we shall have time to tell his years.

"2. Mrs. Washington, respected consort of our illustrious chief.

"3. May the fair patriots of America never fail to assert their independence, which nature equally dispenses.

"4. Maria Charlotte Corday. May each

Columbian daughter, like her, be ready to sacrifice their life to liberty.

"5. The day that saw the wondrous hero rise shall, more than all our sacred days, be blessed."

That was five drinks. If a suffrage dinner party in this city filled their glasses at all the Cause would be lost. I cite this to prove that we women, while expanding in our demands, are contracting in our beverages.

The world is getting better. We were shown an old bill for liquors concocted at the Wolfe Tavern and drunk by gentlemen of distinction. The sum total amounted to £59, of which only £7, as far as I could make out, was ever paid. W—— asked the clerk if we could get away with anything like that, and he replied, very firmly, that we could not. So there seemed to be nothing to do but pay our account and go on.

I went up the wide street which we had traversed the night before with my eyes shut—which was absurd, I grant—but I opened them at the edge of the town, to see a baby of three toddling along the highway in front of our car, evidently making, as were we, for Rowley. It broke into a frantic little run as we appeared to bear down upon it, and roars filled the air, yet it continued on its way, a good deal as we must

all do in life, crying, perhaps, but holding stubbornly to our direction in spite of the terrors that beset us.

I got out and led the child back to the old farmhouse from which it had evidently strayed, for I wished to take no chances with motors less controlled than ours. I was going to tell the mother some things about guarding her youngster, but I saw at first glance that it would be wasted. She took the rescue calmly, her admonishment to the child consisting of "baddy boy," as one says, "two lumps, please." So he is probably on the road this very minute, with legs grown a little longer—and nearer Rowley.

We only wished for Rowley that, acquiring it, we might go on to Ipswich. But the Common was so pleasant that I insisted upon a photograph of it for myself. It remains only in my memory as I took two pictures on one film, the result being a small strip of grass with a dog of mammoth proportions eating up the houses beyond. We stopped by a watering trough on which was carved "Blessed are the Merciful," and one of the merciful was endeavouring to entice water for his horse from the reluctant pump. Yet he was not blessed, although, had he pumped long enough, he might have received a benediction. The only thing that flowed was his pro-

fanity, and at last he drove away with the beast's thirst unslaked.

We were now on the Bay Road of 1640, with every wrinkle so removed from its old face that it made me long to have a steam-roller at my own command. It was a homely way, in the real sense of the word, for the air was full of the odour of autumn pickling. Housewives peered out of the doors to see if we were the vinegar they had sent for, and went back to their stoves disgustedly, seeing we were not.

The smell changed to the less pleasant one of tanned leather as we came to Ipswich, and we stopped before one factory with soles drying in the sun, to ask where we could find the Whipple House. We wanted the Whipple House because we wanted to see the Breeches Bible. That is, the Illustrator wanted to see it. The Bibles which had been left by the Gideons were good enough for me. Besides, I was afraid to see the Breeches Bible for fear the Illustrator was right.

It was his contention that this famous book, of which we spoke so glibly and knew so little, was given the name because it was the first Bible small enough to go into a breeches pocket. After saying this must be wrong I stuck to it, although inwardly asking myself why it should be called that if it didn't have something to do with trou-

sers. I endeavored to weaken the Illustrator's attitude, which was growing more arrogant every minute, by asking him whose breeches it was that carried this Bible, and, after a minute's hesitation, he said Mr. Whipple's breeches, because it was to be shown in the Whipple House.

This I was sure was an error, and he must have felt that he had gone a little too far with his deductions, for we never found the old mansion in Ipswich. He tried to, he claimed. He went up to several doorsteps by himself and asked for something or other. I could hear him mumbling out a question, but I believe it concerned the road to Essex.

No one could mistake the Essex route, and few could have been any happier than were we in spite of dissension. The road under foot was rutless, sky overhead cloudless, there were elm-shaded villages, red-dyed downs, and, far off, white patches of sand mid strips of blue water. More than that, we were going to stop off for a day or two and see some friends. At last we were to have an opportunity to use our golf clubs. Just why we should choose friends living on a small island off the mainland as those most likely to give us a game of golf is something not to be answered with any credit to ourselves.

Unfortunately, we could not visit them if we

could not find the island. We knew it was in the water, as an island should be, and we could motor to it coming up from Boston, although we did not know how to reach it going down from Newburyport. It would be a waste of time to go to Boston in order to reach an island nearby, so we asked along the way, and it was not as difficult to learn of the island as it was of the Breeches Bible—being larger. The barber in Essex pointed the route. There is always an elegant efficiency in barbers—they cull gossip with their razors and travel vicariously.

After a time we were being rowed in a small boat to a cottage on a rocky promontory, with the high tide encircling half of it while our motor talked over our trip to our friends' motors in a garage on the mainland. I would like to go on writing of our life on the island, and of the golf we didn't play. But I am again frigidly reminded that this is a motoring story, and that the real tour carried us through Essex to Gloucester. So I must hurry you on, and say nothing of the waves lapping my room at night, or of the red flag hung out in the morning, and how the lobster man, seeing the signal, rowed directly to the door with his catch. At least, I can say nothing more than this except to advise the tourist to spend part of his time along the Massachusetts

coast. I know that I have advised him to linger on each day's run, but, upon retrospect, I know no playground more lovely than what is known as the North Shore.

Chief in interest to the reader may be the behaviour of our island hosts when we mentioned the Breeches Bible. They were from Boston, and we knew their culture was sufficient to embrace complete knowledge of this sartorial volume at the Whipple Mansion. But they showed nothing but an over-developed sense of humour when we told them our story, refusing to enlighten us beyond gasping out "in Mr. Whipple's pocket! Oh, Moses!"

All this mysterious reticence drove me to our New York library as soon as I could shake the dust of the tour from my clothes. I had grown fearful of any further questioning among my friends, but one has no shame before the librarians. We grant them superior creatures at the start. The first one whom I attacked in the history-room behaved unusually, for, instead of raining heavy tomes down on me from the gallery, he unlocked a door and told me "third turning to the right and there it is."

He then pushed me away unwillingly while I muttered that "it" was at Ipswich, that all I wanted was to know about it, and that a small

DRYING OUT SAIL, GLOUCESTER

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encyclopedia would be sufficient. I reiterated this same speech to a blond young man at the third door to the right, who did not hear me out, but turned on his heel, and came back with a good-sized volume in a new binding. He was apologetic about the binding. He was sorry that it was new, but their first edition was under lock and key.

I was inclined to be severe with him. I told him that the Breeches Bible was at the Whipple House at Ipswich, unless (I dwelt upon this) it had been recently stolen. But he was not at all resentful. He said all of the Bibles printed in England from 1560 to 1590 were Breeches Bibles, and he did not laugh when I cried out in despair over the size pockets must have been to carry such large volumes. He was accustomed to ignorami like myself. He very gently, something in the manner of a physician, turned to the third chapter of Genesis, walking modestly away while I read these words:

"Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches."

"So," continued the young man, not looking at me, "such editions employing this word were classed under the head of the Breeches Bible."

And the worst of it is I remember now having learned that at school, and the Illustrator remembers having learned it also.

We left for Gloucester exactly at the hour we had arrived in Essex a few days back, so the running time was not confused in our simple minds.

Gloucester is on a peninsula and one can cut it out altogether, but if he does he will miss the quaintest seaport on the route, and millions of codfish drying in the sun, like the leather soles. The Gloucester boats still go to the Banks. Some do not return, and every spring there is a service at the water's edge, when flowers are thrown upon the surface to be carried out by the tide for those who did not come back.

The wharves and boats are so picturesquely ragged that I thought we had lost the Illustrator forever. The chauffeur and I broiled in the sun as we sat in the car. We were alongside a ship in dry-dock, and I agonised over the effort it must take to get the vessels up this incline. A workman—not working—told me nothing could be easier: once get them on the ways, and they can be pulled up by hand. It still seemed a difficult process to me, and our young driver, whose life is far removed from dry-docks, mistook ways for waves, and remarked, to the great disgust of

the longshoreman, that he wouldn't have thought the waves big enough to get a boat on them.

We ate a "shore dinner," consisting of fish "just in that morning," and clams cooked four different ways. How surprising it would be to hear of fish "just in yesterday morning," or, grown absolutely honest, to have our fish dealer say, "Here is something choice, ma'am, not over three months old." I have a cousin who makes eighty per cent. out of the frozen-fish industry, and it is possible that the truthful fishmonger should make this speech oftener than he does. I do not believe in frozen fish, although I have frequently endeavoured to buy some of my cousin's stock.

While the fish was fresh, the coffee was so stale that I asked in all sincerity if it really *was* coffee. The waitress gathered up my cup with the avowed intention of getting some made. "I'm a coffee drinker myself," she said, sympathetically. She was an amiable girl, prefacing her attendance upon us by remarking that, "It sure was one grand day."

We could not dispute this, and we remained uniform in all our opinions until the change came from the bill W—— gave her. The coins on the plate were so large that it would seem she must receive a tip out of all proportion to our account.

But the Illustrator found some odd quarters in his pocket, and from that moment a cold east wind blew between us.

Another villager remained sympatico from first to last. We stopped in the narrow main street to ask for an art store of a policeman big enough for New York to entrap and carry away. The shop was directly in front of us, this causing a laugh at the Illustrator's expense, which engendered a friendliness between the policeman and myself.

I do not know why at least one person in a humorous story must suffer. To render some one uncomfortable appears to be the foundation of all pleasantries. And it must be a human being, for there is no fun in a story when the laugh is on a horse, or a rose-tree, or a lobster-pot. I often grow sorry for the Illustrator in this book as all the laughs are on him. And some day, he tells me, he is going to write a book of his own, relating the number of times he has scored off me, which, no doubt, the present reader will find delightful.

The policeman was glad that we had artistic inclinations. He had once sung in a glee club that went all over New Hampshire and he had also played in a brass band in Providence. "And now look at me," he sighed, "nothing but a

policeman." I knew he was an artist then, for surely no one but a Bohemian would find an officer of the law anything but the next best job to that of President.

We got along so exceedingly well that I told him one of Gloucester's most prominent summer residents had, at the age of sixteen, asked me to marry him, and I, at fourteen, had considered it seriously. The policeman's respect for me increased enormously and, as the prominent cottager walked along this street every day and always nodded pleasantly, this member of the force promised to convey my regards. He took out his notebook to write down my name, so that the distinguished gentleman would not confuse me with some girl he had arranged to marry a little earlier or a little later in his career. The passersby thought I was being summoned, and ceased to be passersby, by stopping and becoming a crowd. So that they had to be dispersed, sternly, by the law.

I parted with this artistic policeman reluctantly, not only because he was a Bohemian at heart, but for the reason that we were now going into a part of the country where roadside conversations were rare. Insidiously, as we found ourselves among formal people, we began to assume a conventional manner. We hated it, but it was

not to be shaken off. And as we commenced our drive along the North Shore, from Magnolia through Manchester, Prides, and Beverly, we were certain that we were far removed from "experiences" beyond the probability of a collision at each sharp turn.

But, in motoring, the loss of one form of enjoyment can always be compensated by the acquiring of another. Where there are no farmers to talk to there are generally better roads; where there are no quaint towns there is open country; where no open country there are great estates.

On the North Shore life in a stable is not to be despised and one in a cottage beyond the dreams of avarice. There are miles of these estates lining either side the road, and, although a radical, I did not find the wealth exasperating. We had grown so grateful to the woods and fields, which had long been our companions, for their decorative qualities, that this land of gabled houses, French châteaux, and old English manors we accepted as a combination of nature and humanity to make our trip delightful. With the growing egoism of the motorist, we felt that this pageantry was arranged for us, and we were able to enjoy the lavish expenditure of others with no tax on our own purse. Blessed be the highway. It is

for rich and poor alike, and on such a tour as ours is as infinitely varied as life itself.

The road continued fine, although the estates dwindled into smaller garden patches, with a pasture for the family cow, as we approached Salem. This is one of the towns that needs no guidebook or further digging into histories. About the first thing learned in school which remained in our memory before we had reached the corner was the witchcraft of Salem. And I think to-day any small boy of this town would write "witches" as the principal exports and imports of the place if the question was put to him at examinations.

All one has to say as we motor into the old town is "witches," and the youngsters leap to the running-board, firing volleys of misinformation as you drive through the streets. They meretriciously confuse Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables with the Witches' Jail, and point out the drug store, which is the real "Witch House," as that unhappy roof tree which sheltered the Reverend Parris—who began all the trouble. As a matter of fact, this reign of terror started at Danvers, five miles to the west of Salem. Here Samuel Parris, through the testimony of eight girls, ranging in years from eleven to twenty, caused the death of twenty innocent women. These unfortunates were not even

hanged in Salem, but on Gallows Hill, a mile to the west, which, as a guidebook puts it, "can be reached by a pleasant trolley ride."

In spite of the humming trolleys and a stirring of industrial activities, Salem remains uncanny. I am sure that I would live in fear of the law so long as I stayed there. A filthy railway station does not dissipate the atmosphere of Puritan times, nor does the new portion of the town, now largely destroyed by fire, lend an air of modernity.

Indeed, there is something sinister about this new part, with its wide open spaces, being licked up by the flames when the old, closely settled region remained invulnerable. It was as though some of those witches had been flying about in the sky, sweeping back the fire with their magic brooms. The Illustrator, who accepted my idea without surprise, said that it was most unlikely, as the spirit witches, if they had any sense at all, would burn up the old part of the town, taking particular enjoyment in consuming the descendants of such Puritans as had led them out to Gallows Hill. Why is it, I wonder, that it is estimable to have as forbears those who have condemned a poor creature to the gallows, when it is so disreputable to descend from those who were hanged?

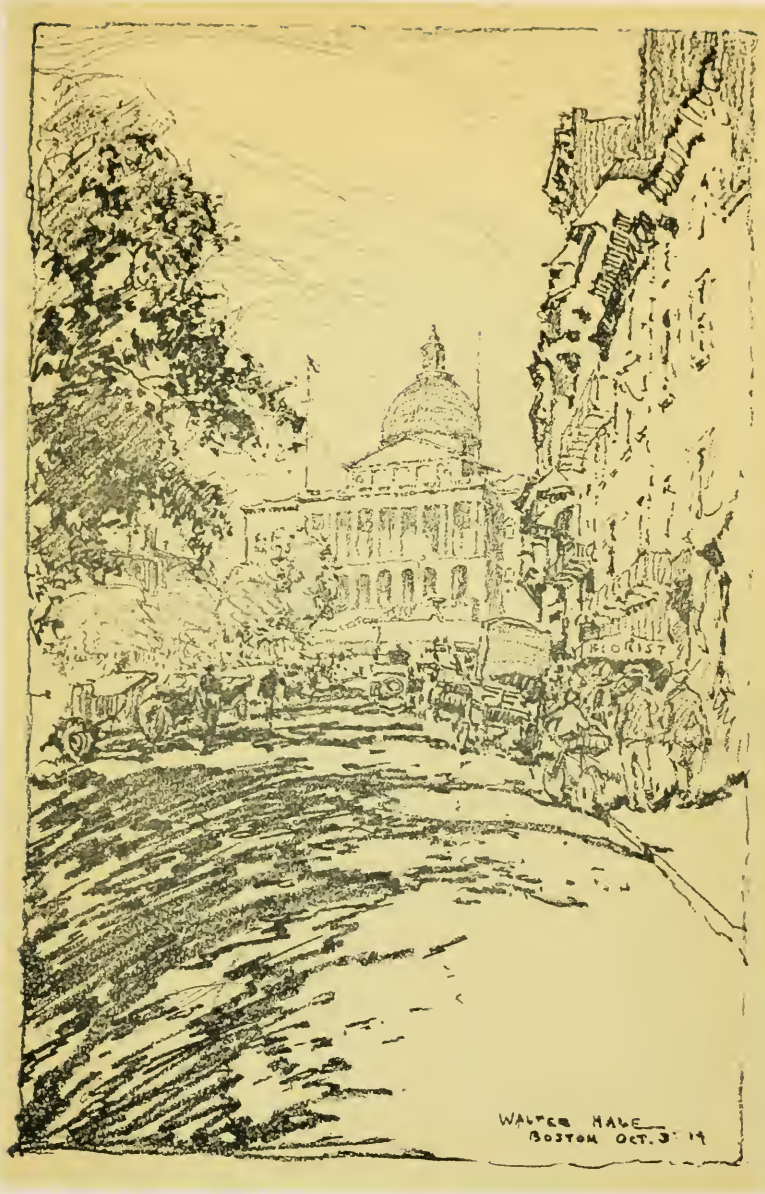
We shook our last small guide off the running-board as we passed out through the burned portion, refusing a log of charred wood as a souvenir, and swept on to Swampscott, watches in our hands, for we were dining with friends in Boston that night. The traveller would do well to take the longer road by way of Marblehead. It is not much of a pull, after ten days of motoring, to choose between friends and a pleasant detour. We would have abandoned ours shamelessly had they not been motoring during the summer also, and we were anxious to assure them that our experience had been more successful than theirs.

Swampscott is principally green in our memories for a loud report which we took to be that of the tire of an automobile behind us, affording us much amusement. A few more revolutions and we knew it was our report and our tire, the car stopping nicely in front of a garage, although the shoe detached itself completely and rolled on toward Boston, until subjugated by a small boy. Small boys were plentiful in Swampscott. They read the foreign labels on our battered trunk with no emotion beyond a skepticism that we had ever been further than the confines of our country. The discovery of our New York number gave us a better position than the labels, and one boy with a far-away look in his eyes asked me if it

was very crowded there. I told him that it was no more crowded than Boston, and again I fell in his esteem. "I am to go there some day," he told me, and I am sure that he will—and further. That far-away look in one's eyes carries one's feet through many lands.

There is a series of boulevards clinging to the coast, leading through Cambridge that one may avoid the traffic of lower Boston, which combines to make this day's run as perfect as one can find in America or any other country. From Lynn we began to feel the tremulousness which seizes us as we approach a great city. There was that perfect order of the road, the many wisely-worded signs, and the excellent system of lighting, which is the blend of city brains and city money.

We approached Boston intelligently—as one should—and we would, I believe, have arrived on time for dinner had not the Wellington Bridge—whatever that is, we never saw it—been closed. Some said it had burned up, and, after prowling about on the Middlesex Fenway for a long way, we, in our exasperation, hoped if it hadn't that it would. Yet we never left the fine macadam, passing through Medford and Somerville, and, quite unexpectedly, finding ourselves in the midst of Cambridge *kultur*.



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Here we paused, for the motorist can trail through a country as an Indian can pick his way in a forest, but Indian and automobile alike bow to the intricacies of city streets. A large yellow car asked if we were going to Copley Square, and as we were (or would have if we hadn't been, since the car had a sort of Copley Square look about it) we followed it humbly to the city. No doubt any stranger will find just such a kindly motor ready for escort, although I cannot guarantee the canary colour.

We needed no guide after we reached the bridge spanning the Charles River at Massachusetts Avenue, and we called out the names of the streets, each trying to get ahead of the other, as though we had discovered them for the first time. Beacon Street—Newbury, or is it—Commonwealth Avenue—keep on till you get to Dartmouth—but is it called Dartmouth on this side the square?—turn in, turn in—all torn up—I have lived in that hotel—here we are—what makes you think so?—Why, The Library!

Lights too dim, and erudition, and plate-glass windows, and wisely arranged flowers; women with bags, no spectacles whatever, good deeds a-plenty, and a curious joyousness, which is not to be understood—or denied. That's Boston.

CHAPTER XIII

Among the Puritans

THERE is a saying that a visitor who tarries over a week on the Isle of Capri stays there for life, and while Boston is far removed from that lotus-eating land, it has a like hold upon you.

If I were a tourist from the West I should spend the summer in Boston. There is much to keep one interested: roof gardens gay with champagne, and earth gardens resplendent with flowers; public institutions, beautiful to the eye and satisfying to the mind, enrich the fine drives; brilliant shops deplete the purse; and a profusion of railway tracks run through the town to assure the visitor that he can get away quickly if he wants to.

We did not remain long this time, remembering the adage regarding Capri. We started at noon of the next day, after the Illustrator had made a sketch of the old State House from the front seat in the car. He was most triumphant, as this was the first time the car had been able to fulfill its original mission, which was to save him the rental of a chair. And he paid a high compli-

ment to the Boston citizens for not bothering him as he sat in the busy street. "Brains count," he said.

The luggage was strapped on with the same despatch to be found in country inns. I had wondered, before our arrival, if there would not be some confusion in finding a garage in so large a city. But, of course, there was none, the taxi-cab-starter of the hotel, driving off with the chauffeur, instead of a bell-boy, to show the way. It came to me, then, as it has many times before, that there is some one to take care of us in every exigency of life if we assume a helpless air.

In five minutes we were lost in the Fenway, circling around the flower beds and statues to men (who would have been less profane than W—— in such a predicament) in an effort to reach Jamaica. We received many directions which were at variance with the beauty of the drive, for our landmarks were not the clump of hydrangeas, the wall of fuchsias, or even Arnold arboretum, but simple, homely things, like the railway bridge, the pump, and the saloon at Blue Hill Avenue.

We were further hampered by a babel of foreign tongues. Once safely established on Blue Hill Avenue, we forbore to ask for anything as difficult to pronounce as Ponkapoag, thinking it

safer to limit ourselves to an English word like Stoughton. We had known a family of Stoughtons once, and it was pronounced Stow-ton as it should be, but the gentlemen selling berries would have none of this. If we would go to Stoughton with the first syllable sounding like the "o" in *how* he was ready to direct us, and we had to repeat it after him before he let us pass on. There was the same scrimmage in our effort to reach Taunton. We had to give it up until we were willing to ask the way to Tanton. I demanded of one lady, with the intention of crushing her, if one in New England "taunted a person or tanted a person," and she replied that, while she never did any such thing, if the occasion ever arose she would undoubtedly "tant her." I don't know why she said "her" when I said "a person," and I am inclined to think that, in spite of her godliness, some one of her own sex was on the brink of a "tanting."

The Blue Hill Observatory sits up on a hill at our left as we approach Stoughton. And, while we did not see it, it was doubtless observing us in the pursuance of its duty, and recording that a buff motor-car was stealing apples. The Germans frugally make use of fruit trees on either side their country ways—the sale of the fruit paying for the upkeep of the roads. But

the Germans are an honest people, too much in awe of their government to steal anything associated with the military. We have never stolen an apple in Germany, but such of the fruit as hung over the fence in America we seemed strangely drawn to. W—— said it was dangerous to have apples blocking the way like that—they might fall off, hitting some one—and our efforts, combined with those of some small boys, largely rid the roadway of this insidious peril.

A party of cavalrymen appeared over a hill, and we hurriedly concealed the apples, in the instinctive fear of uniforms. We heard a great shout after they had passed us, and the chauffeur speeded up, looking as guilty as though he had run over a baby. But the Illustrator nobly bade him stop, and it was well that he did, for the cavalrymen had discovered that our hatbox was open. And while we had not lost the driver's derby, ten soiled collars of the Illustrator's, with which he had surreptitiously encircled my hat, were distributed along the roadway, while a suit of pajamas was about to hop out and see the world.

We were glad this error was rectified before we reached Taunton, as the guidebook tells us that it was founded by a pious Puritan, Elizabeth Pool, who had come from Taunton in Somerset-

shire. I think she was to be commended for not naming it Pool, as I am sure any man would have been tempted to do.

Upon a former visit here, I saw a madman running amuck in the principal street, but I fear even that offence to decorum would be obliterated if we had sought the hotel with W——'s pajamas swinging from the hatbox as though they were a trapeze performer.

We did not recognise the hotel at first, as it had a new front in Spanish mission style. Remembering the interior, I greatly feared that beauty would continue only skin deep. But I was wrong, for we sat down in a new dining-room to a table d'hôte luncheon, which was not so young as it was at noon, but still with the warmth of youth. It was only fifty cents. I mention the price, for that was the smallest amount we paid on our tour. And we wished for several stomachs, like a camel, to store up fifty-cent luncheons for the rest of the journey.

Yet, as we uttered this flippancy, we stared at each other in amazement, for we did not need this charming qualification of the camel.

"The rest of the journey!" We grew a little sad as we reflected that we would consume but one more luncheon as travellers of the road. According to our figuring we would spend the

night in Newport, the next in Bridgeport, and by noon of that day I would be talking over the telephone to the mysterious butcher with the pleasant voice, whom I have never seen, and begging him to French the chops, *please*. Or, perhaps I would get the wrong number, and tell a strange young gentleman about the chops, who would interrupt me to say, "This is the morgue, madam," and hang up before I could retort that the morgue was what I wanted—with him in it.

We went out thoughtfully, W—— to make a sketch of a modern public building, as though he already felt the influence of new New York, and I to buy a patent mouse-trap, mindful of my kitchen, which I saw in a window.

The mouse-trap later proved a failure, catching only my handmaiden's toe, but the sketch was more successful. Or was it? W—— sent a proof of the original to the postmaster at Taunton to ask the name of the building, for he had forgotten that in the numbing thought that he would soon be in his studio—with only a daily spin through the park when work was over. The postmaster sent back the proof, writing across it that "It is the Court House—and a very good one." So we do not know whether he referred to the drawing or the edifice.

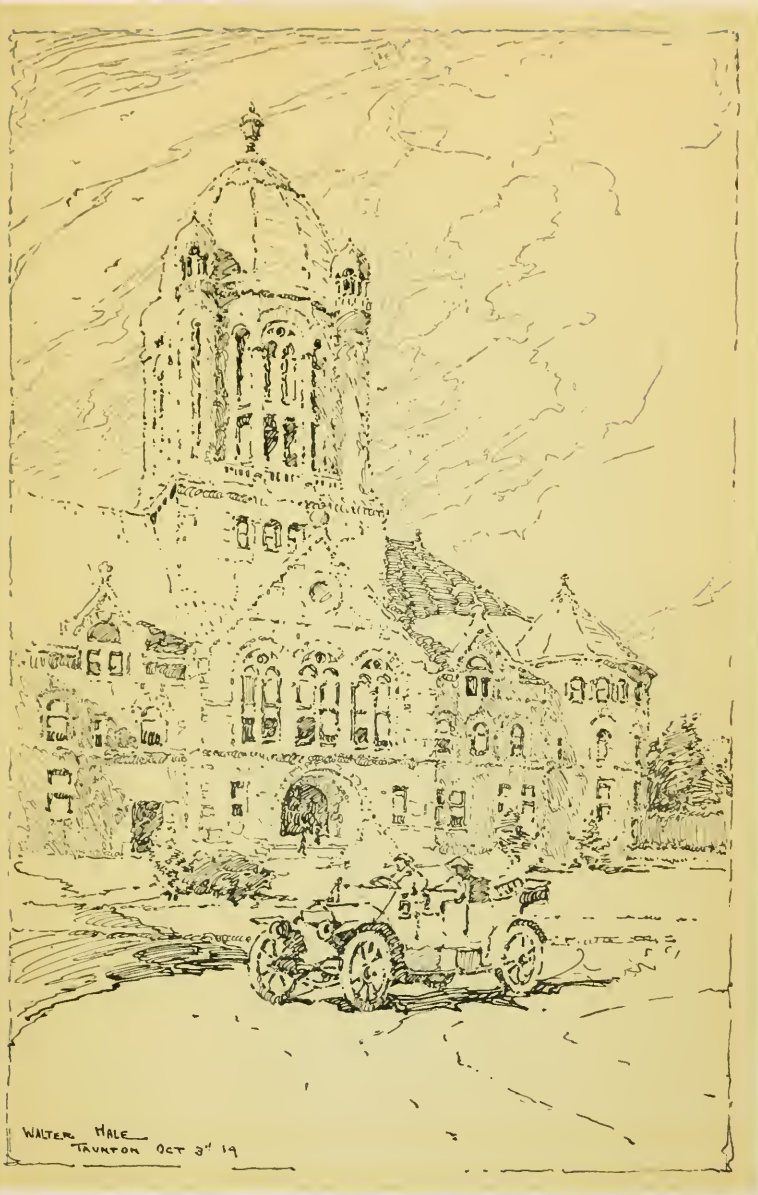
Upon leaving Taunton for Fall River, an ice

wagon told us that we would have to make a detour, as the road was in process of reconstruction. But we did not heed its warning, for ice wagons are proverbially slow, and the repairs might have been completed since it last covered the ground.

Ice wagons are not only slow, but conventional. It is the only kind of vehicle that has not changed its outline within my memory. Even the surrey of my youth had summers with and without fringe about its top, and sometimes you got in from the front, squeezing yourself into the back seat, or leaped in directly from a low step. You always get on at the back if you enter an ice wagon, which you are warned not to do by a threatening sign of "Danger" swinging aloft.

But, as children, we paid small attention to these signs, and as grown-ups on the road to Fall River, we continued in spite of a gloomy notice to the effect that we did so at our own risk. Considering that everything we do in life is at our own risk, and that the county is not any more responsible for the traveller on a good road than on a bad one, I took exception to this grim washing their hands of us.

There is only one meaner trait, and that is the "I told you so," which comes after we have done something at our own risk, and the act, by pure



THE COURT HOUSE AT TAUNTON

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chance, has not turned out well. Road-menders, hard men by profession, who, as a rule, would never do anything for you at their own risk or yours, possess this attribute to such a degree as to put to shame even mothers and school-teachers. They gathered about us on the road to Fall River, when we found ourselves in what would appear to be the bed of a dried mountain stream full of boulders, and taunted—no, tanted us with "I told you sos," until I was ready to burst into tears.

The Illustrator was braver than I. He did not cry, and he tormented the captain of the road-menders by assuring him that we had seen much worse thoroughfares, and thought we would continue. Labourers along the way are like plumbers. They like to tear everything up and leave it in as horrible a condition as possible. It hurt this man to suggest that he had not done his best to create discomfort to automobiles. But he was a Yankee, with that humour known as dry, because it is withering in its results.

He said we had a good car—a trained car. He could tell that by the number of gaits it exercised when going over the boulders. But he doubted if it was a jumper. Now the bridge was down a few yards on, and if it could jump twenty-three feet, "go right on, go right on——"

He was a very tiresome man and we did not hear him out, cutting straight into a pumpkin field as though it were ours, and gaining a narrow lane (before the real pumpkin man saw us) which led us down to the Taunton River.

We rejoined the main road here. There was a lovely old house at this corner, and along the highway, which followed the river-bank, came a party of schoolgirls, marching gaily and singing. Some boys on bicycles carried their coats, at least they carried them as far as our car, when they shamefacedly rebelled, thinking to establish their claim to manhood by refusing to "lug" for girls any further.

"All but Mamie's," they said. They were willing to continue being slaves to Mamie. I endeavoured to pick out Mamie among the lot. I could see her in my mind as the village charmer, amiable to the other girls, smiling, doing nothing, and getting all the boys without the appearance of effort. But she was a little lame girl, limping along in the rear, her deformity denying her full share in the sports of life, while she received, in their place, the compensations of the fragile.

The girls went on a-carolling, and the boys went on a-caracolling, the river was blue, and green trees arched over the road, and, all of a sudden, I was back in Sicily, looking through grey

olive trees to the purple sea. A tiller of the field nearby was singing an improvised *canzonetta,* such as Mascagni has put into his operas, and a girl was laughing at him.

But, just as this scene in Massachusetts reminded me of Sicily, so did Sicily, then, recall a picture which has never filled my real vision, for the picture was of ancient times when Greek girls and boys walked among these olive groves, which run down to the sea. Just as we lurched along the road in Sicily, I with the sensation of living in classic days, just so, now, I was far removed from the boys and girls walking by Taunton River. I think it is youth which renews these glad visions. Is it not a lovely thought to enlighten a tired face that our souls remain unalterably young!

It is hard to dip suddenly into megaphones after this flight of fancy. But, as we were about to pass the bridge instead of crossing it to get into Fall River, a quiet voice, from nowhere seemingly, told us to go over it. The purveyor of this news was an obliging old man some distance away, with one of these valuable instruments in active use, and we crossed the bridge waving wireless thanks.

W—— immediately wished for a megaphone as part of our equipment. We could then inquire

the way of countrymen rocking on far-off porches and ask them to reply by definite nods, negative or positive, if we were right. I had once pursued some such a course in Germany, for my desire was to limit the volley of directions which I could not understand to *Ja* or *Nein,* and I learned carefully: "Answer me yes or no, otherwise I do not understand you." And this worked to a charm, economising both vocal expenditure and time. But I grant that the Illustrator's idea for a megaphone was electrifying, and I spent the next half hour planning what I could pack into it.

Fall River, except in time of strikes, we think of only as a place where the boats stop—and start. But we found it a town of so many mean streets, given over to factory hands, that one should imagine those living in the fine houses of the broad avenues would feel endlessly guilty. The main street is lined with cheap shops, containing tawdry clothing. One wishes that the poor could get more comfortable values for their money, but the aim at present is to copy as cheaply as possible the garments of the prosperous. Possibly a feather in a hat may mean more than a warm body, and a brass bracelet express a stirring after the ideal which, while formless, is in all our hearts.

A newsboy from whom we bought a New York evening paper (with a beating in our breasts at the pink sheet) had his ideal of an automobile. "Gotta self-starter—Yep?" he asked. And when we were forced to reply, "Haven't got one—nope," he lost all interest. It depressed us. I was glad to leave Fall River, the name is not optimistic, and my last picture of the town was a baby in arms being fed a dill pickle. It was a sickly child.

We were now on the right of the river, going toward Tiverton, which is the door to Newport. It is a very sporty door, and if any automobilist is too puritanical to inquire the way of a drinking-place, he will never get any further, as all Tiverton is roadhouses. We compromised on a wharf café, exhibiting a greater array of fish than bottles, and found that we must traverse the bridge, and, immediately, on the other side, we would find Newport beginning.

It began slowly, but in a most dignified manner. We passed miles of fine farms with the houses (inversely, for the American farmer) larger than the barns. Blooded horses were in the paddock, bored oxen in the pastures, and chickens, with family trees to roost upon, walked in and out of their steam-heated apartments.

On the outskirts of the town we were sur-

prised to discover that here was a district of new frame residences, a terrible combining of the Georges with Queen Anne, tempered to decency by red mission roofs. They were the kind we see in every growing Western town, and the homes, I suppose, of the prosperous tradesmen of the town. One never thinks of any one living in Newport except a few old, impoverished families, and the rich cottagers, who come for the summer.

We did our duty by the great palaces, industriously pointing out the houses of the great to our indifferent chauffeur, who seemed chiefly interested because he knew some of the men from their various garages. One cannot motor along the front of these palaces, but a wise law, created many years ago, makes the edge of the water the right of way for any one who has legs to walk. And, armed with a guidebook, one can correctly pick out the establishments, providing he begins at the right end. I once rode backward in a diligence through the Tyrol, following in my Baedeker the various old castles marked at the right and left of us. I found every one of them, nor was my satisfaction any the less complete when I realised that my right-hand ones were really those on the left in the guide.

There is a Handbook of Newport with a pic-

ture on the cover of two Puritans sitting under a tree, while an Indian stands back of them, watching the bathers in the abbreviated attire of to-day passing down to the beach. They all three look rather glum, but they need not if they are true disciples of Roger Williams. It was in 1638 that this excellent man, exasperated by the bigotry of Boston, fled to Rhode Island, purchasing the country round about here from the Indians for forty fathoms of white beads, ten coats, and twenty hoes. It is difficult to estimate the length of forty fathoms of white beads, but if the amount is in any way proportionate to ten coats and twenty hoes the purchase would be termed by a Wall Street man as a " good buy."

This is one of the reasons that the Puritans need not look so sadly at the gay bathers, all of whom must give untold fathoms of beads for a single acre of Roger Williams's purchase. More than that, any bather present on the frontispiece would give his suit then and there—if permitted —and all his clothes left in the bathhouse to claim direct descendance from those under the tree, or even from the Indian with the hoe, for Indians are older in ancestry than Puritans. And, more than all that, the mingling of redskin and early settler and modern bather, together with the thriving shopkeepers of the ugly frame houses, is

but a carrying out of the plan of Roger Williams. He offered freedom to all people, and the persecuted of the Colonies came to him, even as in Newport of this day there is a varied assortment of classes who, from reasons of pleasure or profit, find the port a shelter.

Sympathetic as we were with those who take their pleasure by acquiring profits, we settled in the hotel on the Square, far from the fashionable portion, fearing terribly that we would be uncomfortable and rejoicing exceedingly that we were not. It was quite early in the day and there was some talk of our going on, but so violent a dispute arose between a bell-boy and a maid, cleaning the brass strips on the hall steps, over the hours of the ferries to the mainland, that it was too late to take anything—except rooms—by the time they had finished.

The argument was not varied, settling down to a "five-thirty" from the maid, with every rub of the brass work, and "six" from the bell-boy, when he had a moment to give to it. "Five thirty—six. Five thirty—six" they went on, until we decided to have the baggage taken off. They ceased then, so the argument may have been occasioned by a previous arrangement with the proprietor.

I whisked around into the shopping street of

the town to do my usual amount of looking. This was not Bellevue Avenue, which is patronised only by the summer visitors, but a narrow way that the city once hoped to widen, but a woman owning one of the buildings refused to have her house moved, and as chivalry was still extant in those days, and "condemning" unknown, the thoroughfare has remained as delightful as Waterport Street of Gibraltar.

Like Gibraltar it was full of sailormen of all nations, starting in to celebrate Saturday evening, after the usual formula. Our own Jackies lend a tone, for three forts and a torpedo-boat station are within gunshot of the town, a battleship always in port, and sailors from many yachts add to an excessive cleanliness of appearance, although the purity does not extend itself to speech.

As though there was need for it, the Salvation Army gathered in the Square, singing to cymbal and cornet. This was after dinner, as we sat in the broad window, under a sort of arch of chamois gloves, which I had washed out and pinned to the curtains. The cabbies were below counting over their fares for the day, and anathematising this new desire of Americans to walk.

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lamb," shrilled the Army, "or you can't go to Heaven

when you die," the threat gathering a fair complement of sailors and their girls. How well I remember the hoots that assailed the first endeavours of these uniformed men and women, of their arraignment by the clergy, of their condemnation as public nuisances. Now they are accepted by the noblest dame and the meanest roisterer with a respect which is granted the highest mission.

The deep whistle of a boat divested the Army of many of its audience. The cabbies leaped to their perches, and we left our bower of gloves to join the nightly rush to see the Fall River boat come in. The smell of autumn was in the air, long lines of covered broughams and victorias were waiting to be rolled on board and carried down to New York. Passengers were going on, attended by ladies'-maids and footmen, and hampered by jewel-cases held firmly in their hands.

On a level with the dock was the storage deck, and hundreds of barrels of fish, packed in ice, were going down to the city in a whirlwind of haste to see the sights. The boatswain stood with watch in hand as the stevedores ran back and forth with their trucks. They were given so many minutes to store away the morning's catch. The grind of small iron wheels was incessant, sweating bodies leaped through the air at the

A BIT OF THE SHORE LINE AT NEWPORT

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slight rise of the gangplank; some slipped, but righted themselves before the long trail was upon them. I do not know what stevedores receive for this herculean labour under stress of time, but whatever it is, they deserve it.

"Do they always get through?" I asked a by-stander, who looked as though he never did any work in his life, but took an enormous pride in the capacity of others. "Always," he answered, "but they're kinda tired afterwards."

"Kinda!"

There were little eating-places on one side the long causeway which connects the town with the dock. On the other side was the quiet water, with boats at anchor, showing milk-white lanterns of safety. There was not so much safety in the eating-places, yet there was kindness. One of the foreign tars, in the course of his meal—which he must have been too muddled to enjoy—fell off his high stool and lay on the floor contentedly, with his fork clutched correctly in his hand, until a fresh-faced waiter lifted him back, when he went on with his supper as though this were the proper thing to do between courses.

The scene was not Newport of the Cliffs or Bellevue Avenue or the great farms, and it was like our perversity to enjoy the very thing for which the famous resort was least noted. But

we went to rest feeling that we had "done" the town more thoroughly than if we had been hedged about by pomp and circumstance. And before he returned to the hotel, the Illustrator, I regret to say, attended the movies.

CHAPTER XIV

A Last Sketch and a Night Run

This is the last chapter. It was my plan to write thirteen, as I have faith in the lucky number, but my verbosity has ever been my curse.

I did not admit to W—— that the Fall River boat, going down to New York, had set my heart to singing, not from any love of boats, but, upon analysis, from the thought that it was going to New York, that it would be turning out its sleepy passengers just as we were waking, and that it would be back in Newport, rolling off winter hats, before we had passed the police station in Bronx Park—which cheerily marks the entrance to the city proper.

I was finding that the deep regret occasioned by the swift approaching end of our tour was blended with another regret that we were not ending it more swiftly. I looked at our buff motor-car reprovingly, as the hotel porter was packing in the things. I knew it was not its fault, but ours, that we had straggled over the route, yet I was unconsciously despising it because a Sound steamer could so outstrip it.

While I did not express this uncontrollable longing to get on, I noticed that the Illustrator was ready earlier than usual, that he had put on his best motor-coat, and that the chauffeur had removed his derby from the hatbox and was carrying it in a paper-bag among the pedals. He made no mention of this, but he affirmed that the engine was working better than ever, and he thought we would make Bridgeport early. It was plain that Bridgeport stood for New York, and, once there, that we had but to turn the corner to find ourselves before our apartment house, exchanging greetings with the elevator-boy—if he himself had not been exchanged since our departure for another elevator-boy, which was highly probable.

In spite of this, the Call of the City did not outroar the Call of the Road. We had a great day ahead of us, and, although it consisted, for a time, of riding about on ferries in an effort to get started, the joy from the revolution of the wheels was not entirely occasioned by the fact that we were revoluting toward home.

Our first ferry took us to Conanicut Island. It would not have taken us had our motor not raced to be among the first in line, for many are called but few are chosen on this poorly equipped route. They were not all motors that

were waiting. Many grocery wagons were going off with their families for an airing. I did not take these tradesmen, who had descended from the wide front seat to walk about the ferry, for what they were. There was one Englishman who, in appearance, was as perfectly fitted to enter the front as the back door of the great houses on the Cliff. He was confident, considerate, quiet, and awed by no man. I watched his wife with a like interest, and even when she regained the high seat, to gather up the reins thrown upon the back of their fine horse, I found her entirely suited to what is generally termed a better class than her own. America has done this for them, and I rejoiced in my country which brings assurance with success.

We outstripped the carts on the run across the island to the second ferry which carried us to the mainland. This was a more prepossessing vessel with an upper deck, on which sat serving-maids coming home from mass. They were attended—a friendship of the moment, I fancy—by soldiers in khahki, carrying bags of mail, and all were chaffing one another, the women, as usual, hitting at those who employed them, while the soldiers avoided the subject in a sort of military loyalty.

"It's not me that would be blacking boots,"

said a fine Irish girl, "if I served my country."

And while the orderly squirmed he made no reply. I stared coldly at the maid who, from the instinct of her race, was inciting to violence, but, to my unmilitary mind, she was speaking more than half the truth.

In the gay lithographs that are hung out before an enlisting station there are no enticing scenes of a soldier valeting his superior officer. He stands in the lithograph, brilliant in uniform, with a gun in his hand, and sometimes a short sword pendent from his belt. And while I haven't an idea how they could arrange matters other than they do—for I suppose a colonel must have studs in his shirt—I should think it would be fairer if the recruiting officer hinted upon this possibility of menial service.

The Illustrator said, when I commented upon the matter, that if I "put it in the book" some one would write me a letter. And while I enjoy letters, and love to have them shoved under the hall door by the elevator-boy, with a single ting of the bell, to show that it is not important, I hope I shall not get one about this. But if you must send me one, have it arrive with the morning's mail before the Illustrator is awake.

I was troubled about it as far as Narragansett

Pier, for I suppose we all like to be liked, and for all the engaging qualities of this famous resort my mind could have remained ill at ease. It is a mistake to form too definite an idea of a place. I have always imagined it a sparkling pier, gay red parasols sticking up out of the sand, bejewelled ladies sitting under them, and men and women, like the front cover of *Life* in August, standing sole deep in the water. We saw some of these things, but not to the extent that I hoped.

Perhaps I did not look about me as I should when I descended from the car to make a little promenade. But it was difficult to lift my eyes from the ground, for I was seeking the diamond horseshoes, pearl dog's-heads, and sapphire alligators, which are continually being lost at Narragansett Pier. I have never been fortunate in finding things, but I figured that, with close attention, I ought to pick up some small object in proportion to the vast number of jewels that the New York papers claim are disappearing there daily.

Yet I found nothing, finally bumping into an old gentleman who, at least, had a ruby nose. We were at that moment in front of a huge brown house, such as Thackeray would have written about, if not admired, and which, upon in-

quiry of the ruby-nosed one, was called Kenyon's Folly.

He told me all about it as we edged along like two crabs, I trying to get away from him and he trying not to let me. I do not know why I am always pursued by such unlovely types, unless it is to drive me back to W——, with a feeling that things could be worse. So my experience in glittering Narragansett was limited to a history of Captain Kenyon, who spent what he made out of steamers on a palace that eventually served as a lunatic asylum for his exasperated family. The moral being, that sailors should never go ashore.

The guidebooks say there is little of interest between the Pier and Stonington. I am always glad to read this, for it averts the necessity of watching for monuments. The Illustrator never reads up his guidebook until he has covered the ground, and he has a solemn way of looking at me from over the top of his book and saying, "Did you see the monument on the lower road?" All of which forces me to answer that I did see it whether I did or not, and I do not like to do this, as an untruth is corroding to the soul.

With no monuments to look for I could now lie back and let the first falling leaves blow into my face, and give time to the wild asters and the

early goldenrod. When a roadbed is good and through a pleasant countryside, how can any guide find it devoid of interest. "I must have time to reflect," I said to myself. "I must sum up matters, I must arrive at a decision concerning such things along the way as are still unexplained. About those arrows, for instance. But, good heavens, there hasn't been any time to think *back*. It's all been noticing, admiring, and going on."

Even the subject of arrows, which are put up to point the way, diverges into another branch of reflection. We were passing a number along the shore, green in colour, and shaped like a fish. And I was now wondering if an arrow could have been modelled in the first place from a fish. Not a fish with much eating on it, still one with a fair head and a very good tail.

Every object designed by man is not entirely original with him, but suggested by some earlier form. I sat back in the car and reviewed my designing of clothes, and, while it was good for my vanity, I was obliged to admit that every frill or tuck or gusset (I say gusset to please the men, as it is all they know of feminine apparel) had been worn to advantage ever since there was first felt a necessity for costumes. I suppose, really, that the only entirely original sartorial

creations were those "figge-tree leaf breeches," which, after 1590, were decided to be too inelegant to talk about.

I touch upon this subject as it is allied feebly with the tour that we were now closing. I very much want other people to follow this same route, partly for their own happiness and partly out of compliment to us. And I hope that you will not say, "we want something original," for you will not be doing anything original if you keep to the road—which is the proper place for an automobile. We were far from the first to plan this itinerary, and we are glad we were not the first, as that trip was, probably, very fearful "going."

There is a good deal of sneering at the "beaten track," and we all talk about wanting to get off it. But the *beaten* track is more suggestive of a level way, and ensuing motoring comforts, than the unbroken trail. Besides that, I believe that the beaten track embraces most of the beauty spots of the country, otherwise it would not have become smooth by the feet of the pilgrims. They would have learned that there were more lovely spots elsewhere and they would have gone to them. For it is instinctive in us to find the best.

I was so intent upon this subject that I missed the only monument on the way, or the only one that W—— saw. He looked back at me, re-

moving a leaf from his mouth before he could reproach me for not observing the marking of the state line between Rhode Island and Connecticut. "You are in Connecticut," he said, as though this was a special blessing, but he could not be severe, for it was like saying, "you are at home," and no one can mouth "home" in an ugly fashion.

We were nowhere near home and we knew it, but Connecticut is a neighbour whom we visit every Sunday, and while we did not have any great affection for this far-off end of the state, we held it in as much esteem as we might a second cousin once removed.

The state line is at Westerly, and I may have missed it by looking at acres of dahlias. The labourers were cutting the blossoms, and packing them in big boxes to send down to the City, and again a strange rebellion rose within me that they would be looking out of a Fifth Avenue shop-window before I could be looking in at one. The chauffeur was worse than I. He said he thought dahlias were prettier in shops than they were in fields, and this so savoured of the city boy that I feared he would leap out at the first railway station to take a train down.

As if to tempt him further, we struck a trail of arrows affixed to telegraph poles, when we

neared Stonington, which led us directly to the "depot," and which stopped there with the last arrow pointing to the ticket office. Yet this misuse of an emblem which we motorists have taken entirely to ourselves outraged us, and we again became fierce partisans of the road, the last arrow at the ticket office winning the chauffeur over to our side. I have seen a great deal of money go into a driver's pocket, but little come out of it.

There had been other arrows at branch roads at our left, pointing toward Watch Hill. Watch Hill is one of those resorts that we heard about in the West, when a trip to New York meant a paragraph in the social column, and going East for the summer sent a reporter to your door to write up your wardrobe.

I never got to Watch Hill, but my fond little neighbour spent a month there. She had a bathing suit to wear into the Ocean. It was dark blue flannel with white braid. One could hardly call it a novel suit either in material, colour, or cut, but I longed for it, and I thought of her all July. I dreamed myself there, in blue flannel and white braid also, saving her from drowning—saving every one from drowning.

When she returned the bathing suit was as fresh as ever, for she had been afraid to go into

the ocean, and I am inclined to think that, with my dreams, I had the more exciting summer after all.

I have had no mental association with this resort since, until last June, when my French professor wrote, "The school is sad without you," and asked for letters of introduction to Watch Hill cottagers. I was obliged to admit that I had known but one Watch Hill cottager, and she was a young woman of ten, who had summered there many years ago and didn't get her bathing suit wet. It was not easy to express this in French —in my French—the professor taking the pleasantry about bathing suits as the end-of-the-century joke regarding ladies who pose upon the sand for the benefit of mankind. Or, in the words of the old song, those who "hang their clothes on a hickory limb and don't go near the water."

He answered my letter in what he thought was a like vein, dwelling upon the reprehensible on the *plage,* and I so feared meeting him if we followed one of the arrows, and of ensuing difficulties of speech, that it was no temptation to pass them by—and Watch Hill went out of my life again.

I do not mean to speak lightly of him, for I stopped at the school recently, to see if it had recovered from its sadness, and found that he had

been among the first to go to the war—and among the first to be shot. I stood for an instant in the doorway after I had gained the street, and to the astonishment of a conventional gentleman, trying to pass me, I repeated the gallant, Gallic phrase this the little professor had earlier applied to me: "L'école est triste sans vous." It wasn't must of a service for the dead.

We lunched on a battlefield, for the Pequots had warred with the Colonists through this part of the country. The meal was not taken in picnic fashion, but at the old Stonington Manor set back among fine trees, which were too young for the Indians to have hidden behind, but offered pleasant shelter for young lovers.

It was early for luncheon, but we could not withstand the charm of that old house once we were within its forbidding walls. One would not expect such an exquisite display of taste in furnishings, to judge by the Victorian exterior. An old negro bowed us into the house and waved me up the wide staircase to the sleeping rooms above "jes for a look about." The doors of many of the rooms were open, and I walked in and out of the unoccupied apartments, fearing to awake. Here was a hotel furnished not only as a hotel should be, but as a home should be. It was as though the hosts had stepped out and

would return at any moment. And they would be nice hosts who would enjoy my walking about, and not arrest me for burglarising.

Each room was individual in its colour and style, each expressing a personality, not one personality for them all, but of several, as though the occupant had as much right to a room to fit his tastes as he had to a choice of viands at table. Fresh flowers were on the mantelpieces, hairpins in little tufted cushions which one can stab into, and coloured pins, such as it is a sin to steal, on chintz trays.

I sat down in *my* room—it was in deep rose—and looked out of the window at the stream on the estate twisting itself, like the Indians of old, among the trees. How fortunate that we had not begun our tour by going through Bronx Park and on to Bridgeport, New Haven, and Stonington. For, if we had done that I should have met the rose-room earlier, and never gone on at all. How unfortunate was it, on the other hand, that on the last day I should see this perfect bedroom, for New York was now calling me while the rose draperies were softly folding me about and bidding me stay.

I groped in my mind for some sustaining philosophical thought, but none came. Only the chauffeur's derby rose before me, an ugly thing,

and his proud air, when he would wear it home to tell his family all about the trip. I wondered if the tan bedroom with the lacquer furniture would hold out any inducement to him. But I felt that it would not. W—— found me there after a time, and while he admired the black apartment with the green parokeets, which I had picked out for him, he thought if I had some luncheon I would feel differently about it.

After luncheon, which was on inexpensive but lovely china, it occurred to me that this Stonington Manor was going to remain there, and that some day (on that future day when there would be "plenty of time") I could go there and rest for a while.

We motored off, only to back back again attracted by loud if cracked shouts from the ancient servitor, who was waving my jacket. It had clung to the newell post under the impression that the home was ours. The barkeeper, who was fleeter of foot than the old darky, ran through the woods with it, and while the Illustrator claims that I have mentioned the barkeeper in this graceful fashion to set at rest the mind of any future patron about the nightly highball, I am sure the reader can only be grateful to me.

We are always glad to hear of barkeepers doing

friendly acts like this. It gives a tone to their profession and justifies us in patronising them. They come out very well, nowadays, both in dramas and books, running a close second in popularity to thieves. And never, *never* have I seen a barkeeper in a moving picture take a drink, or offer one to others. His sole duty appears to be to warn mankind against the evil, which gives him, of course, the "sympathy of the audience," but is a little hard on the saloon keeper who employs him.

W—— aroused me from my reverie over the liquor business, to hope that I was going to have some history in this last chapter. He has a formula for motoring literature. It should be about two-eighths road, one-eighth weather, one-eighth personalities, and four-eighths history. This is all very well for him who doesn't have to read up on these things, and who is modestly disinterested in himself. But I am a modernist. I am interested in men and women of to-day. To go into it more deeply, I am a suffragist (sort of a one) and am interested in women, and above all I am an individualist, interested in myself. It's a creed with me. And I beg, if you have grown maddened by the way the I's flash along like a picket fence, that you will remember this is only the observance of my religion.

But to please the Illustrator: do not fail, as you follow this route, to observe the Pequot Battle Monument at Mystic; nor, as you approach Groton, the splendid shaft of stone which commemorates the battle of Groton Heights. To save me, I cannot remember seeing either of these. In Mystic, which is plain before me as a rare old town, I was on the lookout for a friend of mine who has kennels, and who sends me calendars with adorable puppies' heads sticking up over January.

I have never met this friend, but once I said something in print, that she liked, about a horse, and, while she was sorry it was not about dogs, in which she specialises, she feels that I am an animal lover, and decorates my desk yearly with her welcome gift.

There is no excuse for my not seeing the monument at Groton, except that I was peering about for the boys of Groton School. Famous boys come from Groton, or perhaps I should say famous men develop from boys who went to Groton. While at school they were not unusual, except, as a rule, being unusually bad or unusually dull. I like to see boys at this stage. I feel that each one of them is a little embryo monument of their day. They may never leave the world anything but a small round stone,

which heads their grave, but, again, they may mark their generation with the gift of a great intellect. An intellect that soars above our little workaday minds, but which we can look up to, yes, and aspire to, and point out to posterity.

That I think is a real monument, quite as great as (to quote directly from the guide) "The Obelisk—on the east side of the river (ferry 4c.)—erected to commemorate the burning of the town by Arnold, and the massacre of Fort Griswold on Sept. 6th, 1781 (view from the top; adm. 10c.)." Pretty things to commemorate!

But we saw no Groton boys, and my interest was diverted from them by a fear that we might miss the ferry across to New London. One always speaks of a ferry as *the* ferry, as though there would never be another, and, while we do not dash our heads against a subway post when we miss an express, we take on the grief of those with a Lost Cause when we see one of these flat creatures leaving the slip.

We got *the* ferry, and were held up on the other side for the long train to pass which was going down to New York. We could see happy New Yorkers at the windows who would get there ahead of us. It was very trying to our young driver. Even with a three-dollar-and-fifty-cent fare, he might have deserted us but

that I had removed his derby from among the pedals, and had my feet on it. His nostrils did not quiver, for he was not the kind of a boy to have quivering nostrils. If they had quivered he would have been a bad chauffeur, and we still would have been sitting in the Vermont mud. But he scrouched down with a sort of groan, and acting on an impulse (for W—— had gone to buy the New York papers, and I could indulge myself in impulses) I asked him, in a hasty whisper, if he was in love.

And he was!

Of course he wanted to get back to her, and of course I wanted him to, and before the New York papers were plunked down at my feet I had more than suggested that we reach the City that night. He was at the wheel for the next two hours while the Illustrator read headlines with difficulty. Now and then he would look at the speedometer and at the boy, who would pull down the throttle hurriedly—and twitch it up again by degrees.

We scarcely saw New London. We included it in the itinerary because it is the home of American yachting and boat racing, where every inland motorist should linger. Before this metropolitan fever had swept over me I had hoped to visit the little schoolhouse where Nathan Hale had

taught. He is one of my heroes, and frequently I have a "pretend" to myself, which consists of leading a small boy of my own about whose name is Nathan.

Once upon a time I knew a Nathan, although his last name was not that of the hero, but he played his part as well, for he went into a flaming house to save a little boy (who, I hope, was worth the saving), and he got out the little boy but went back for others—and they found him the next day. One does not need a Christan name for what we call a Christian deed. And that is another reason why my little boy is named Nathan in my "pretend."

The Illustrator would say to me occasionally (call to me with his hands hollowed, as though it was impossible to be heard with all this gravel flying) that he had always hoped to linger along this route, and make sketches in color. This was after we had swept through Lyme as though it were not. Some of America's greatest painters go there, and at the spring exhibitions we see in the galleries quiet houses bathed in moonlight, or a ragged road leading to a hilltop, the picture stopping there and leaving us to imagine the scene on the other side—of the canvas, I suppose it would be. Rich men pay many thousands of dollars for them. The rich men would hate most

awfully to live in these houses or climb the ragged roads, but still they buy the pictures, and it must be, in the rush of their lives, that they find a sort of vicarious peace in having them on the walls of their great palaces.

Yet the Illustrator was undoubtedly enjoying the pace. As I have said before, the mechanic in him is ever striving to master the artist. "A sketch!" cries the artist within him as we pass a fine composition. "Speed on!" urges the mechanic. And Art, figuratively, climbs into the back seat with me.

Art has learned that sometimes one stops for gasoline. It was hoping we would do so at Guilford, but the tank showed no disposition for a drink, and before we knew it we saw, from afar, the war monument of East Rock, and knew that we were nearing New Haven. For years I have seen that monument going up to Boston, and seen it coming back from Boston (I mean, I was going up—the monument has never stirred), and on that remote, leisurely day on our way to Stonington, with a stop-off for sketching at Lyme, I hope to get close to that tall shaft, and see what it is all about.

The guidebooks say that New Haven is known as the "City of Elms," but I think it would be a poor way of buying a railway ticket with this

destination in view. The necessary sum poked under the bars at the railway station, and a request for "Yale," would meet with instant response, and, of late, to judge by the pride of the citizens, one might get a ticket to New Haven by asking for "The Taft."

This would not mean our ex-President, although he would not be difficult to find there; at least he would not be difficult to find if he chanced to be there (but that is worn-out humour). At last New Haven has a hotel, a big hotel, with automobiles from the whole countryside gathered about at tea-time, and proud mothers come to visit their sons, who are unhappily doing the honours.

There was no escaping gasoline in New Haven, and as soon as the car settled down to its draught, the young chauffeur and I witnessed the artist gaining the ascendency over the mechanic. The Illustrator brought out his materials. He was ruddy with the rush through the sun, so that he looked very unlike an artist. And he was glad of that, as one never outgrows the fear of the ridicule of college boys, but he was firm of purpose. He stalked toward the campus, muttering something about the beauty of the old church on the green.

He was going to make a sketch! He was

going to *make* a *sketch!* There was no use in opposing him. Artistic inclinations feed on opposition as many a paterfamilias knows. I wasn't altogether sorry, for I could walk up Hillside Avenue, which, next to State Street in Portland, is the loveliest in the world. But I knew the young driver was grieving, and doubtless saying to himself: "It's all very well for you two. He's got you and you've got him. But how about me and her?"

My friends were not at home when I rang a Hillside Avenue doorbell. I could have lifted the great knocker, but in these days of electricity it frightens the maids when the sound goes rat-tat-a-tat through the house. Electricity has no awe for them—that is perfectly simple.

A great football authority lives in this house, and once I was taking tea with the lady of the manor while he was having a conference with the team. She made me go in for a moment as "the boys would be so proud to meet me." I thought of the thousands of girls who, with the liberality of youth, would give ten years of their age (old age) to meet those boys, to say nothing of what my own something-over-thirty pride was. They were so delightful, shuffling uncomfortably, and falling over each other, and sitting down gingerly on chairs which creaked under them.

CENTER CHURCH, NEW HAVEN GREEN

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The family were entirely given over to football. I remember their huge son who, when in strict training, asked at luncheon if he could have a second cup of coffee, and the cold, amazed looks that were turned upon him. He was not even answered. "Oliver Twist had asked for more!"

It was quite a boy-day with me, and ever my heart warmed toward our young driver who had never known Groton, never longed for Yale, and yet, just like the rest of them, was interested in this marrying business—and would see it through long before the university men could manage it.

With renewed resolve I hunted out the Illustrator, who was also hunting me out. He had put away his block of paper and was back to his map, and he greeted me with the elaborate manner which he believes to be diplomatic. He asked me how I felt and I said I felt well, and he told me then, yawning casually, that the whole distance from Newport to New York was but one hundred seventy-seven miles. I stood still, but my heart kept on running. It was so splendid that he wanted to go down to New York that night, and wanted me to suggest it. It was not splendid that he wanted me to make the suggestion. He had his reason for that. If anything went wrong, then it would be my fault. Not that

he would blame me—I grant him a good sportsman—but that I couldn't blame him.

So I said in a very small voice, "Let's have a night ride to New York." And he pretended that he couldn't believe his ears, but I pointed out that we had not driven through the night on our entire tour, and that it was due "the book." This seemed to clinch the matter. "Of course," I added, "we will have to cut out the history and monuments." And he thought, striding toward the car, that perhaps the reader would be generous, since riding into the night would be so very pleasant for us.

In the early twilight we went toward Bridgeport, taking the short cut instead of going by the water's edge through Savin Rock and Woodmont. We were punished for closing our hearts to the appeal of nature by suddenly and unreasonably getting lost, and finding ourselves miles from Bridgeport but near Derby. To this day W—— cannot solve how he managed it, but I am inclined to believe that it was caused by the chauffeur's hat—like calling unto like. The way of the digressor is hard, I said to the Illustrator, who from a limited acquaintance with the text thought I was quoting correctly, and said there were a lot of good things in the Bible.

It made us late for dinner at the Stratford

Hotel, but was this not a fitting ending to our little journey in the world? We had generally been late. It is such a specialty of ours that a householder invites us to dine a half hour ahead of the other guests, and if by any chance we arrive at the time given us, we have a melancholy reward sitting in an empty drawing-room while the hostess is getting herself fastened up.

We fought off the bell-boys, who showed an inclination to take everything off the car, and went in to dinner—which we determined to make a good one. The chauffeur insisted upon eating in an Owl Lunch across the street so that he could keep his eye on the machine. Nothing but the theft of the automobile could separate him much longer from the home of his birth.

The Stratford owed us a good dinner. Once before we had gone to Bridgeport to attend the try-out of a new comedy. The playwright was with us, the manager and the star, all so sick with anxiety that we caught the contagion of misery and could only stare at the courses as they were set down before us, and make futile passes with our knives and forks. I remember how we ate our late supper at the night lunch of the chauffeur, and how gay we were, now that the play was over—and a "hit," and how good were the onion sandwiches.

Yes, even Bridgeport was tinged with city life. I need no longer observe, for I knew the road and the people on either side of it, and while we had seventy miles to go, I knew I could take the train in, yet deceive the wariest reader into believing that I had covered the distance notebook in hand.

Here at last was the opportunity for the résumé of the trip, for figuring out about those arrows, for asking why I had not given more time to the scenery and less to myself, for wondering if I had really made fun of the Illustrator when I—really—like the man, for mentally retracting anything that would give offence to any one. I have never been troubled with a sense of pride, and I have always found that "eating my words" was not a bad meal after all.

I would have time, also, to think of the misstatements I have made, the confusing of historical events, and that chief crime to a locality: calling a good road a bad one. I grew a little afraid to sit alone in the back seat, alone with this responsibility, and I communicated this to W——, who suggested that he and I make the trip together and stow away the chauffeur in the rear. The boy climbed in among the folderols, and I did not look back at him, for I knew he was eating peanuts and would have to be repri-

manded. He was alone with peanuts and his girl, and the Illustrator and I were alone, as we had been so many times on night flights through the Latin countries.

One may ask why I did not sit on the front seat with him earlier on the tour. And it is difficult to answer this unless the reader is a nervous woman herself and hopes to "hold him." I have never outgrown the measuring eye. The eye that sees the dog or the child or the oncoming motor, and wonders just how far we can go before we will have to turn out for these objects. And this is not conducive to the "rest and change" for which one makes a trip.

Nor is it conducive to the good temper of the driver. In early motoring days I could not believe that the Illustrator saw the dog or the child or the oncoming motor. I alone saw them, and out of kindness of heart I would tell him of these objects ahead. He was always gentle about it up till noon, but later in the day he would appear to be talking through clenched teeth as he would respond, "I see it, I see it," or sometimes merely, "I have eyes, *dear*."

As I became more skilled in motoring etiquette I ceased telling him, flatly, what I saw, but referred to the obstacles in a veiled manner as though from an affectionate interest in them.

"That's a curious-looking dog ahead," I would exclaim; or, "What a pretty little child running down the road!"; or, again, "Do look at this oncoming car, what make can it be?"

But it did not deceive him, and I admit it was rather mean, for in nine years' motoring through the crowded ways of Europe there is only the toll of a dog—and the acquiring of some mysterious chicken feathers on the radiator.

Another sensation which I have never been able to overcome, and which other motorists may share, is the one that creeps over me as we pass a sleek horse. I always feel that we are going to take a slice off that animal's side as it protrudes richly over the shaft. In my vanity, I feel our own car to be as big as a motor bus, and that nothing can hurt us. There are women who say that they don't look down the road as they travel. But as long as I sat up in front, it seemed to be necessary to look, that we would surely run into something if I *didn't* look, even though I controlled my vocal exclamations and turned them into gay snatches of song.

There was one emotion which could be classed as satisfactory during those early days, and that was occasioned by the relieving discovery, whenever we passed some scary object, that our car didn't "shy." Although I knew the vehicle we

were travelling in was propelled by mechanical means, I could not help hoping, for a long time, that paper would not blow up the road, nor little boys yell at us. And I always felt a glow of kindliness for the motor when it ran over the paper with perfect sangfroid, and, restrainedly, did not run over the little boys.

When we acquired a back seat I was relegated to it, where I could hide behind the driver's back, and enjoy the wayside scenes which, as scenes ahead, might have filled me with concern. I cannot recommend a back seat too strongly as a method for "preserving the home." How few of us realize, as we fly to all parts of the country for easy divorces, that the real trouble began with the first runabout!

But at night the roads are clear, one can lie with one's head on the back of the seat and watch the stars without feeling any necessity for watching for chickens. Or one can talk to the driver, for the motor seems to work more quietly. The headlights make a lane for us which we cannot run into, no matter how fast we go. At a curve in the road one might fear the light will not get there in time to show the turn, but this is always managed.

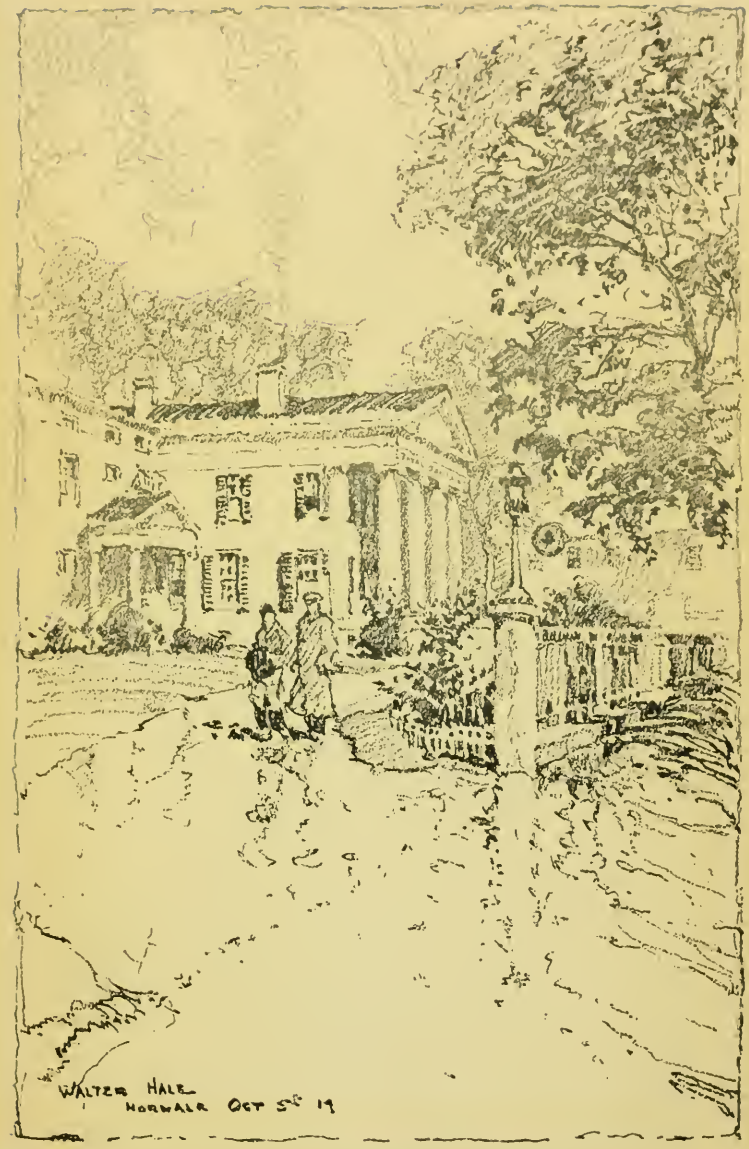
It was delightfully wicked—this going over famous country without paying the smallest at-

tention to it. There was once a member of a Cook's party who came back on the boat with us. She was worn out from sightseeing, for their guide had kept them at it early and late. "But do you know," she said with a hysterical giggle, looking over her shoulder as though she expected Monsieur Cook to pounce down upon her, "in Geneva I didn't go into the cathedral at all!"

One knows Geneva for its jewelled lake but not for its cathedral, just as we had known these little towns we were passing through for pleasant places to spend a week-end. We give little time to think of a shaping of a country, of the sufferings that must be endured before these present-day comforts—before this graciousness of country-house life—can be offered to us.

Although I had not expected it, as we sped over the Boston Post Road in the quiet of the night, this came to me more strongly than when fortified by historical facts. Our humming motor was the evolution of the post-boy on horseback, of the mail-coach, and, in the wake of that lumbering vehicle, of the rude efforts of rail and steam. What will come after us, I wonder, after this present day of wonders.

A gentle wind arose when we reached Norwalk and we stopped for an instant before the Royal James Inn to put on heavier coats. The proprie-



THE ROYAL JAMES INN, NORWALK

tor strolled down to greet us, and, because I didn't have to be, I grew interested in the old house. The land on which it stands was a grant to the James family from an English king. The landlord sent us a letter with a more complete history later, the main romantic facts lingering in my memory that one of the Jameses had expected to marry "a young lady of the town," and had built this house for her, but ere it was completed she had married some one else.

This proved a shock to Mr. James, who kept the house closed for twenty years, which may have been one of the reasons that it eventually became an inn. The idea is more embracing than Mr. James may have entertained, for it now gives enjoyment to many happy couples instead of one. The thought of the jilt must be disquieting to prospective young husbands engaged in building dove-cotes, especially in these days of carpenters' strikes. And one would advise them to put a time limit on the period of construction.

The proprietor stood under the sheltering elms and waved us good-bye, as not many other proprietors had done—although they usually had elms to stand under. I settled back and thought about elms. New Haven, the "Elm City?" Every New England town has a just claim to that title. How they grow for the Yankees—

these trees! How they grow for all people and villages! Whoever heard of an elm forest? They are like dogs, they must have human beings about them. They are the lovely watch trees of man's habitation. They are the true family trees of this part of our country. They are——

"Stamford" said the Illustrator.

I looked uneasily up a street which leads to New Canaan. I have a confession to make to the owner of a New Canaan country house. I have often wondered how I could manage to break the news to her, and it has occurred to me that if I put it in a book she may read it, and forgive me without my blundering through an apology.

It all comes of raising chickens scientifically. No, it comes of going to church Sunday morning. Or, perhaps, it comes from not being a stern hostess and forcing guests to go to church. While she was gone I strayed among the chickens and some got out, and in a wild panic (not the chickens in a panic, they were enjoying themselves in the flower beds) I caught them and threw them over the wire nettings back into their homes. But *in* my panic I threw the wrong chickens into the wrong homes, and now there is a blending of Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorn and Black Spanish on that scientific farm

which my hostess, with her fixed principles about the rearing of everything, cannot possibly understand. But she does from now on, and that is another thing for which I hope to be forgiven.

Then came Greenwich, and Rye, with white doors along the way closed for the first time against us. I patted the arm of my seat affectionately, for this staunch little car had done away with the horrors of catching trains for Sunday visiting; of early morning snappings at each other because we had to leave on schedule time; of watching the hour at country dinner-tables so that we could get the crowded last train back. How these annoyances have faded from our memory, just as the recollection of the pale rays from gas illumination has been effaced by the glare of electricity!

We were now among the inns of gentle name and vigorous hospitality. The voice of W—— was heard now and then, not romantically but reminiscently, as we passed them by: "Got a drink there—dried your hat here—they stole the wrench at that joint." Not romantic, but life, and more of life before us, long stretches of life. For to all death may be near to the next man—but not to us. It must be a soldier's sustaining thought—his own invulnerability.

I may have been thinking about the first man

who put up the first arrow to mark the way, so that I did not notice the distance covered, but from out the semi-gloom of Bronx Park the sharp voice of an officer cried: "Headlights out!" And we were in New York.

We waited for our chauffeur to leap from the back seat, probably wearing the derby, to do his last duty. He did not stir. I had imagined him wrapped in dreams, and so he was—but with his mouth open, snoring comfortably. It was trying, as I remembered his anxiety to get to Her. But the Illustrator and I had remained awake—and, on second thoughts, it was rather entrancing that the middle-aged couple in the front seat were more stirred than youth by the warmth of swift motion, and scented darkness, and far-off villages, and Fifth Avenue—inviting us the length of its mirroring asphalt.

We *did* find a new elevator-boy who said, when we mumbled something about ourselves, that "Mistah an' Mis' Hale am out of town." But we took off the baggage just the same, for Mistah an' Mis' Hale am at HOME.

THE END

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